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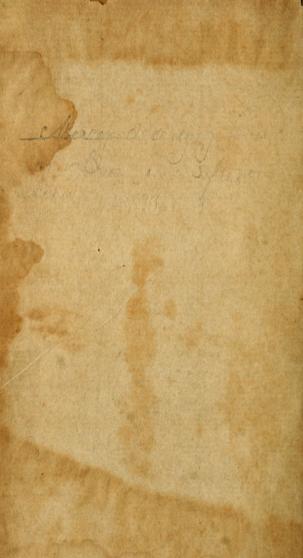
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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Section





SELECTION 13 1935

# HYMNS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

INTENDED TO BE AN

## APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

1NCLUDING THE NAMES OF THE TUNES ADAPTED TO MOST OF THE HYMNS.

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# PREFACE.

THE Hymns and Pfalms of that fweet finger in Ifrael, Dr. Watts, have justly obtained a distinguished reputation, among different denominations of good men, and rendered his memory dear to thousands. They appear to me better adapted to public worship, than any other book which I have seen, and it would pain me very much, to find any one suspecting my most cordial attachment to them. Unless I am very much mistaken, I have often felt their beneficial influence on my mind, and I do, with the greatest pleasure, rank among their warmest admirers.

#### OCCASION OF THIS SELECTION.

But it was never imagined, by Dr. Watts, or any other intelligent person, that it would be for ever improper to introduce other hymns into a congregation where his are used. And it must be acknowledged, copious and excellent as they are, that they do not include every subject that is needful for public worship; for it has often been very difficult if not impossible after fermon, to find a hymn or pfalm quite fuited to the discourse which has been delivered. Hence, the minister, or leader of the psalmody has been under the necesfity of taking a hymn, now from one author, and then from another, and many of our fenior ministers have sometimes given out a composition of their own. These methods have been edifying to the people, but an inconvenience has attended them; the people have not had the hymn which has been fung, and, to-day they have asked, "Who was the author of it?" and have been told, it was one of Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems; a month after they have made a fimilar enquiry, and have learned that the hymn was Dr. Doddridge's; the next time they enquired, they found they had been comforted by one of prefident Davies's of America, or elfe, by the united piety and poetry of Theodofia.- At last, not being able to find all these hymns, in any two, or three, or ten books, they have asked another question, " Why could we not have fome of the best hymns in all these authors put together, and used with Dr. Watts?" Such enquiries gave birth to the present publication.

INTENTION OF THIS VOLUME.

This Selection was never intended, either directly or andirectly, to fet afide Dr. Watts, in any congregation upon earth; on the contrary, it is hoped that he will be more used than ever. And that he may be so, his Hymns and Psalms keeping their former place, a number of hymns has been introduced from his Lyric Poems, Sermons, and Miscellanies, into this volume, not only greater than has yet appeared in any one collection for public worship; but, I believe, exceeding what has been printed in all of them put together. These, I flatter myself, will be highly acceptable to the real friends of Dr. Watts.

But as Dr. Watts has not many whole hymns, on the characters of Christ—the work of the Spirit—the christian graces and tempers—the parables of the New Testament—the ordinance of baptism—and but sew fuited to associations and general meetings of churches and ministers—ordinations—church meetings—meetings of prayer—annual sermons to young people, &c. great care has been taken, that this book should be on the one hand, a good Supplement, filling up, in some measure, these desciences; while it is on the other, an Appendix, containing some hymns on the same subjects as may be found in Dr. Watts: these have been selected that we may not always sing of the same thing in the same words, but enjoy variety in the work of praise, which is generally so

acceptable in the duty of prayer.

When Dr. Watts's Hymns and Pfalms were introduced, there were some who found great fault with them, intimating that they had pfalms enough already; and it may be there are some well-meaning persons now, of a similar description—to such, I take the liberty of saying, that, I think, it will be very difficult to sind any wise and good man, who has taken the lead in public psalmody, with proper attention, for seven years, and is, after such a trial, of their way of thinking. Too great a variety is scarcely to be conceived of, and I consess my fear is, notwithstanding this addition of above five-hundred hymns, that after sermon there will be many subjects sought for in vain, both in this Appendix, as well as in Dr. Watts. To provide for this inconvenience, as far as possible, I have placed together a number of short hymns, to be sung after fermon. These will, perhaps, often be helpful, when no one can be sound exactly suitable to the discourse, as they are on very general subjects, such as "Praise

for the gospel—A bleffing requested on the word preached," and, on many other topics of very common consern.

Some of the belt judges who have been confulted on this head, have recommended a variety of measures. Patrick's Pfalms are confined, I observe, to three measures; Dr. Watts's Pfalms are thrown into nine; but some of these measures are now so much out of use, that they are searcely ever sung. In their room I have introduced a sew others, perhaps not enough to gratify every one, but, I believe, most of those which are known, and valued in our diffenting congregations, throughout England.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

The numerous ministers, and other brethren to whom I have read, or fent my defign, have, one and all, unanimously encouraged me to go forward; and after I had laid my plan, and collected great part of my materials, I was, more than ever, convinced that an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Hyms and Pfalms, was very generally defired, from one end of the kingdom to the other. For I found, that feveral ministers, in very different counties, who were unacquainted with each others intention, had actually begun a work of this kind; but, hearing that I had advanced pretty far in a Selection, which should be distinguished from others, by an orderly arrangement of fubjects, they dropped their defign, and three of them, very politely and voluntarily favoured me with fuch communications, as lay me under very confiderable obligations. My grateful acknowledgments attend these my brethren, as well as feveral other of my friends who have in different ways, generously contributed towards this compilation.

#### MATERIALS AND AUTHORS.

As this book is an Appendix to Df. Watts's Hymns and Pfalms, none of them have been felected; but I have gone through more than Ninety printed volumes of Hymn-Books, Hymns, Pfalms, &c. attentively perufing all the collections I could obtain in this country and from America. In confequence of which, this publication ought to contain a greater variety of fubjects and metres, than either of the collections extant. It may, indeed, be ufed alone; but it is principally defigned for those congregations in which Dr. Watts's Hymns and Pfalms have ftill the preference to all others.

I hope it will be observed, that some of the hymns which are chosen, have been inserted in the greater part of the best collections; and I judge it is a sufficient proof of their worth, that they have been efteemed by so many good men. There are more than three bundred others, some of which indeed have been printed before, but none of them, I think, have ever appeared in any collection for public worship till now.

The ORIGINAL hymns which adorn this volume, and which were never before printed, make almost one-fourth part of the whole. For these (not to mention here all the valuable perfons, whose names or fignatures stand in the book) I am indebted to the present Dr. Stennett, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abingdon, the Rev. Mr. Beddome of Bourton, and the Rev. Mr. Francis of Horsley; names-which have been for many years ornaments of the denomination to which they belong, and which I mention with the highest personal respect-a respect, in which I am joined by the wifest and best men in all our churches. The friendly communications of these gentlemen, have been no inconsiderable acquisition: but it is proper to remark, that though this volume is indebted to them, for many of its beauties, they are accountable for none of the blemishes, that may appear in the hymns which do not bear their names

In most places, where the names of the authors were known, they are put at full length; but the hymns which are not so distinguished, or which have only a single letter prefixed to them, were, many of them, composed by persons unknown, or else have undergone some considerable alterations. The author of the first hymn wishes it somewhere to be said,

that the leading idea of it was taken from Addison.

I trust it will be found, that the hymns in this Selection are truly evangelical; but if any sentiment or expression has escaped me, that is contrary to the facred oracles, I hope I shall be willing to correct it, whenever an opportunity may offer. It would pain me beyond expression, if there were any hymn in the book, that might give just reason for offence to any ferious mind. I hope no line, nor even syllable will be found, tending to make the breaches between good men, wider than they are already. It has given me no small pleasure to unite, as far as I could, here below, different denominations of ministers, and christians, in the same noble work, which shall for ever employ them above. My enquiry has not been, webs's hymns shall I choose, but what hymns;

and hence it will be feen, that churchmen and diffenters, Watts and Tate, Wesley and Toplady. England and America, fing fide by fide, and very often join in the fame triumph, using the fame words. And when Christ has been the subject of the fong, we have been ready to fay,

Europe and Afia shall resound, With Africa, his same; And thou, America, in songs Redeeming love proclaim.

#### ORDER OF THE VOLUME.

I have aimed, all through the book, at an easy method, a scheme of which may be seen in the page which faces the first hymn! By this means, I hope, it will be eafy to find almost any fubject. But as no two persons would be likely to arrange five hundred hymns alike, and as fome hymns may bear two or three titles (as many in Dr. Watts's book do) and therefore stand with propriety under different heads, perhaps it may turn out on examination, that I have not placed all the hymns, where some attentive persons would have expected to find them. Should any of them be found in a less proper place than they might have had, it will give me pleasure if none of them stand in an improper place. There appeared to me fome reason for placing them where they are; if this should not appear to others, I have the consolation to reflect, that the intrinsic merit of the hymn will not be leffened by its standing in a wrong leaf, and that if the whole book is not reduced to a perfect method, a copious Index will be very likely to make amends, for all deficiencies of this fort.

#### MANNER OF SINGING.

"It were to be wished," fays Dr. Watts, "that we might not dwell so long upon every fingle note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent, with a constant uniformity of time; which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or fix stanzas: whereas if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed of pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm, with less expense of time and breath; and our psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to curselves—It were to be wished also, that all congregations

and private families would fing as they do in foreign Pro-

testant countries, without reading line by line."

The feveral ministers who preached a course of sermons in East Cheap, dated 1708, 1711, 1713 and 1717, say under the duty of singing, "There remains one thing we are concerned to plead for, namely, a practice which has lately obtained in some of our congregations, and that is singing of plasms without reading. This has been matter of scruple to some people, and to remove an old custom, though a bad one, is like removing the ancient land marks, &c." The arguments which are given in these fermons for singing without parcelling out the lines, are very convincing—and I have the pleasure to remark, that this practice is gaining ground in some congregations of the first note in London, at Bristol, and essentially sent a bristol.

#### CONCLUSION.

I am not so vain as to suppose, that these materials would not have appeared to greater advantage, if they had passed through other hands; but I can say with truth, I have done my best—And when I have looked around, and seen the men who were most sitted for this work, bussly and honotably engaged in writing and printing on such subjects as the spirit of the times makes it necessary to discuss, or in preaching very frequently (blessings to the churches over which they preside, and to the villages all around them); a hope has been indulged, that it would not be thought presumptuous even in a junior brother, were he (borrowing a similitude) to walk abroad and gather up the golden ears which have long lain scattered in the fields of piety and genius, that so a sheaf of gratitude hight be presented by an assessment paster to his affectionate people.

J. R.

No. 10. Grange Road, Southwark.

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Note. It may be proper to intimate to the reader, that in this edition the 533d, 534th, and 536th Hymns, being inapplicable to this country, have been suppressed, and others in their stead inserted. A few other trisling alterations have been made, but they have generally been such as local propriety dictated.

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# HYMNS, &c.

#### GOD.

#### HYMN I. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

## A Song of Praise to Gov.

- TO God the univerfal king

  Let all mankind their tribute bring:

  All that have breath, your voices raife,
  In fongs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread, And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head, A large and solemn temple frame, To celebrate its builder's same.
- 3 Here the bright fun that rules the day, As thro' the sky he makes his way, To all the world proclaims aloud The boundless fov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the fun retires, And with the day his voice expires, The moon and stars adopt the fong, And thro' the night the praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears Th' harmonious music of the spheres; And all her tribes the notes repeat, That God is wife, and good, and great.
- 6 But man endow'd with nobler pow'rs, His God in nobler strains adores: His is the gift to know the fong, As well as fing with tuneful tongue.

### II. L. M. WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.

### The Unity of God, Deut. vi. 4.

TETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being fingly stands, Of all within itself possest; Control'd by none are thy commands; Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourfelves we owe; Let heav'n and earth due homage pay; All other gods we difavow, Deny their claims, renounce their fway.

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

#### III. L. M.

## The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.

THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure, Invisible to mortal eyes; Th' immortal, and the eternal king, The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die, Thy essence pure no change shall see, Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great invifible! what hand Can draw thy image fpotless fair? To what in heaven, to what on earth, Can men th' immortal king compare?

- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
  Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
  Ours is the God that made the heavens,
  Jehovah He, and God alone.
- 5 My foul, thy purest homage pay, In truth and spirit him adore; More shall this please than facrifice, Than outward forms, delight him more.

#### IV. L. M. STEELE.

The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality, Pfalm xc.

- I ORD, thou hast been thy children's God, All-powerful, wise, and good, and just, In every age their safe abode, Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth, Or spread the starry heavens abroad, Or form'd the varied sace of earth, From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 Great father of eternity,
  How short are ages in thy fight!
  A thousand years how swift they fly,
  Like one short filent watch of night!
- 4 Uncertain life, how foon it flies! Dream of an hour, how fhort our bloom! Like fpring's gay verdure now we rife, Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning days, And with true diligence apply Our hearts to wisdom's facred ways, 'That we may learn to live and die.

- 6 O make our facred pleafures rife
  In fweet proportion to our pains,
  'Till e'en the fad rememberance dies,
  Nor one uneafy thought complains.
- 7 [Let thy Almighty work appear With power and evidence divine; And may the blifs thy fervants share, Continued to thy children shine!
- 8 Thy glorious image fair imprest, Let all our hearts and lives declare; Beneath thy kind protection blest, May all our labours own thy care!]

#### V. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Immutability of God, and the Mutability of the Creation, Pfalm cii. 25-28.

- I GREAT former of this various frame, Our fouls adore thine awful name; And bow and tremble while they praise The ancient of erernal days.
- 2 Thou, I ord, with unfurpris'd furvey, Saw'st nature rising yesterday; And as to-morrow, shall thine eye See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vifion bright, Thou dwell'ft in felf-existent light; Which shines with undiminish'd ray, While sund worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run, And change with ev'ry circling sun; And in the firmest state we boast, A moth can crush us into dust.

- 5 But let the creatures fall around: Let death confign us to the ground: Let the last general slame arise, And melt the arches of the skies;
- 6 Calm as the fummer's ocean, we Can all the wreck of nature fee While grace fecures us an abode, Unshaken as the throne of God.

#### VI. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

## The Infinite.

- THY names, how infinite they be!
  Great Everlassing one!
  Boundless thy might and majesty,
  And unconsin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories fine of wondrous fize, And wondrous large thy grace; Immortal day breaks from thine eyes, And Gab. iel veils his face.
- 3 Thine effence is a vaft abyfs,
  Which angels cannot found,
  An Ocean of infinities
  Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The mysteries of creation lie
  Beneath enlighten'd minds;
  Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
  And sly before the winds.
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills, And stretch from pole to pole, But half thy name our spirit sills, And overloads our soul.

#### THE BEING AND

6 In vain our haughty reason swells, For nothing's found in thee But boundless unconceiveables, And vast eternity.

7.

#### VII. L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

Omnipotence; or, the Power and Providence of God, Pfalm cxxxv.

- I YE fervants of your God, his fame
  In fongs of highest praise proclaim:
  Ye who, on his commands intent,
  The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.
- 2 Him praise the everlasting king,
  And mercy's unexhausted spring:
  Haste, to his name your voices rear;
  What name like his the heart can cheer?
- 3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest, With awful gratitude impress'd, Nor know among the seats divine, A power that shall contend with thine:
- 4 O thou, whose all-disposing sway,
  The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;
  Whose might through all extent extends,
  Sinks through all depth, all height transcends;
- 5 From earth's low margin to the skies, Now bids the pregnant vapours rife, The lightning's pallid sheet expands, And glads with show'rs the surrow'd lands;
- 6 Now from the storehouse, built on high, Permits the imprison'd winds to fly, And, guided by thy will, to sweep The surface of the soaming deep.

7 Him praife, the everlasting king;
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

#### VIII. C. M. BLACKLOCK.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God, Psalm cxxxix.

I ORD, thou with an unerring beam Surveyest all my powers;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my resting hours.

- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth, Great God, are known to thee: Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee the labyrinths of life
  In open view appear;
  Nor steals a whisper from my lips
  Without thy listening ear.
- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
  Before me shines thy name;
  And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
  Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain effays Of my aftonish'd mind; Nor can my reason's soaring eye Its towering summit find.

#### PAUSE.

6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
 The pinions of my slight?
 Or where, thro' Nature's spacious range,
 Shall I elude thy sight?

- 7 Scal'd I the skies; the blaze divine Would overwhelm my foul: Plung'd I to hell; there should I hear Thine awful thunders roll.
- 8 If on a morning's darting ray
  With matchless speed 1 rode,
  And slew to the wild lonely shore,
  That bounds the ocean's slood;
- 9 Thither thine hand, all-prefent God, Must guide the wondrous way, And thine omnipotence support The fabric of my clay.
- To Should I involve myfelf around
  With clouds of tenfold night,
  The clouds would fhine like blazing noon
  Before thy piercing fight.
- "The beams of noon, the midnight hour, "Are both alike to thee:
  - "O may I ne'er provoke that power
    "From which I cannot flee!"

### IX. C. M. Dr. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

- KEEP filence all created things,
  And wait your maker's nod:
  My foul stands trembling, while she sings
  The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown Hang on his firm decree: He fits on no precarious throne, Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
  With all the fates of men,
  With every angel's form and fize,
  Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
  And makes his councils shine;
  Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke
  Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
  To fceptres and a crown;
  And there, the following page he turns;
  And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why, Nor God the reason gives; Nor dares the savourite angel pry Between the folded leaves.
- My God, I would not long to fee
  My fate with curious eyes,
  What gloomy lines are writ for me,
  Or what bright feenes may rife.
- In thy fair book of life and grace, O may I find my name, Recorded in fome humble place, Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

### X. Sevens. B. FRANCIS.

# The Majesty of GoD.

Let all worlds his power proclaim.

Clad in majefty fupreme!

Let all heaven his praifes fing,

Let all worlds his power proclaim.

- 2 Through eternity he reigns In unbounded realms of light; He the universe sustains, As an atom in his sight.
- 3 Suns on funs thro' boundless space, With their systems move or stand; Or to occupy their place, New orbs rife at his command.
- 4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall, Nations live, and nations die, All forms nothing, nothing all— At the movement of his eye.
- 5 O let my transported soul Ever on his glories gaze, Ever yield to his control, Ever sound his losty praise!

#### XI. L. M. BEDDOME.

# The Wisdom of God.

- Tumultuous passions, all be still!

  Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
  His ways are just, his councils wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells, Performs his work, the cause conceals; But tho' his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and feas, He executes his firm decrees; And by his faints it stands confest, That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my foul, submissive wait, Prostrate before his awful seat; And 'midst the terrors of his rod Trust in a wife and gracious God.

#### XII. C. M. STEELE.

# The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

- YE humble fouls, approach your God
  With fongs of facred praife,
  For he is good, immenfely good,
  And kind are all his ways.
- All nature owns his guardian care,
  In him we live and move;
  But nobler benefits declare
  The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his fon, his only fon, To ranfom rebel worms;
  'Tis here he makes his goodness known
  In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
  'Tis here our hope relies;
  A fafe defence, a peaceful home,
  When florms of trouble rife.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard, The fouls who trust in thee; Their humble hope thou wilt reward, With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love, What honors shall we raise? Not all the raptur'd songs above, Can render equal praise,

#### XIII. L. M.

# The Loving-kindness of the LORD, Ifa. lxiii. 7.

- A WAKE, my foul, in joyful lays,
  And fing thy great Redeemer's praife;
  He justly claims a fong from me,
  His loving-kindness O how free!
- 2 He faw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwithflanding all; He fav'd me from my loft eftate, His loving-kindnefs O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness O how strong!
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud, He near my foul has always stood, His loving-kindness O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my finful heart, Prone from my Jefus to depart; But tho' I have him oft forgot, His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail; O! may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and foar away To the bright world of endless day, And fing with rapture and furprise His loving-kindness in the skies.

# XIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

The Grace of GOD; or, Divine Condescension.

To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings:

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above Disdain so lostly kings? Say, Lord, and why such looks of love Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Difpute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace, All fov'reign, and all free; Great God, how searchless are thy ways! How deep thy judgments be!

### XV. Elevens. S\_\_\_\_.

# The Mercy of God, Pfalm Ixxxix. 1.

Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my fong, The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last, Hath won my affections, and bound my foul fast,

2 Without thy fweet mercy I could not live here. Sin foon would reduce me to utter despair; But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive, And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart, Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart; Diffolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day Toth' poor and the needy, who knock by the way; No sinner shall ever be empty sent back, Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell; Its glories I'll fing, and its wonders I'll tell: 'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the tree, Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great father of mercies, thy goodness I own And the covenant love of thy crucify'd fon; All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine, Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

#### XVI. Sevens.

The Long-fuffering, or, Patience of GoD.

- I ORD, and am I yet alive,
  Not in torments, not in hell!
  Still doth thy good Spirit strive!
  With the chief of sinners dwell!
  Tell it, unto sinners tell,
  I am, I am out of hell!
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
  Will not of thy love despair;
  Still in spite of sin I'rise,
  Still I bow to thee in prayer.

Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!

Jesus, Saviour, can it be?

All thy mercies height I prove,

All the depth is seen in me,

Tell

Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire Unconsum'd amid the slame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am.

Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give.
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

#### XVII. C. M.

The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

HOLY and reverend is the name Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us fing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd, How mean they look, and dim! The fairest angels have their spots, When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works, And truth is his delight; But finners and their wicked ways Shall perish from his fight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind, Pay, O my foul, to God; Lift with thy hands a holy heart To his sublime abode.

With facred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God! preferve my foul From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight, And they thy face shall see.

### XVIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Justice and Goodness of GoD.

- REAT God, my maker, and my king, Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing; All thou hast done, and all thou dost Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:
- Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees, Thy threat'nings and thy promifes, The joys of heaven, the pains of hell, What angels taste, what devils feel.
- 3 Thy terrors, and thine acts of grace, Thy threat'ning rod, and fmiling face, Thy wounding, and thy healing word, A world undone, a world restor'd:
- While these excite my fear and joy; While these my tuneful lips employ; Accept, O Lord, the humble song, The tribute of a trembling tongue.

#### XIX. L. M. N----

The truth and Faithfulness of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

- The honours of a faithful God,
  How just and true are all his ways,
  How much above your highest praise!
- 2 The words his facred lips declare
  Of his own mind the image bear;
  What should him tempt, from frailty free;
  Blest in his felf sufficiency?

- 3 He will not his great felf deny: A God all truth can never lie: As well might he his being quit As break his oath, or word forget.
- Let frighten'd rivers change their course, Or backward hasten to their source; Swift thro' the air let rocks be hurl'd And mountains like the chast be whirl'd.
- 5 Let fun and stars forget to rife, Or quit their stations in the skies; Let heaven and earth both pass away, Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- True to his word, God gave his Son,
  To die for crimes which men had done;
  Blest pledge! he never will revoke
  A single promise he has spoke.

# XX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

# God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

- WHAT is our God, or what his name,
  Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
  He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
  Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The fpacious worlds of heav'nly light, Compar'd with him, how short they fall! They are too dark, and he too bright, Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He fpoke the wondrous word, and lo, Creation rofe at his command: Whirlwinds and feas their limits know, Bound in the hollow of his hand.

- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres, There nature leans, and feels her prop: But his own self-sufficience bears The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows, Measuring their changes by the moon: No ebb his sea of glory knows; His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my fong, an endless round, The lofty tune let Gabriel raise; All nature dwell upon the found, But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

#### XXI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Mercy and Truth met together; or, the Harmony of the divine Perfections, Pfalm lxxxv. 10.

- WHEN first the God of boundless grace Disclos'd his kind design,
  To rescue our apostate race
  From mis'ry, shame and sin;
- 2 Quick, through the realms of light and blifs, The joyful tidings ran; Each heart exulted at the news, That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile, And ask'd with strange surprise, "But how can injur'd justice smile,

"Or look with pitying eyes?

4 ["Will the Almighty deign again "To vifit yonder world; "And hither bring rebellious men,

46 Whence rebels once were hurl'd?

"Their tears, and groans, and deep distress "Aloud for mercy call;

"But ah! must truth and righteousness
"To mercy victims fall?"

6 So fpake the friends of God and man, Delighted, yet furpris'd; Eager to know the wond'rous plan, That wifdom had devis'd.

7 The Son of God attentive heard, And quickly thus reply'd,

"In me let mercy be rever'd, "And justice satisfy'd.

8 "Behold! my vital blood I pour, "A facrifice to God;

" Let angry justice now no more " Demand the finner's blood."

9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung, With shouts of loud applause;

"He dy'd," the friendly angels fung, Nor cease their rapturous joys.

### XXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Use of it, Eph. ii. 18.

TATHER of glory, to thy name Immortal praife we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son, Who makes thine anger cease; Our lives he ransom'd with his own, And dy'd to make our peace.

- 3 To thy almighty Spirit be Immortal glory given, Whose influence brings us near to thee, And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice, Adore th' eternal God, And spread his honours and their joys, Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join, One general fong to raife; Let faints in earth and heav'n combine, In harmony and praife.

# XXIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

# The Incomprehensibility of GoD.

- Th' ALMIGHTY THREE, th' ETERNAL ONE:
  Nature and grace, with all their powers,
  Confess the Insinite unknown.
- Thou art thy own original,
  Made up of uncreated things,
  And felf-fufficience bears them all.
  - 3 'Thy voice produc'd the feas and fpheres, Bid the waves roar and planets shine; But nothing like thy felf appears, Through all these spacious works of thine.
  - 4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
    From change to change their creatures run;
    Thy being no succession knows,
    And all thy vast designs are one.

- Thrones and dominious round thee fall, And worship in fabruissive torms. Thy presence taskes this lower ball, This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 6 How shall affrighted mortals dare To sing thy glory or thy grace, Beneath thy feet we lie to far, And see but shadows of thy face?
- 7 Who can behold the blazing light? Who can approach confuming flame? None but thy wifdom knows thy might, None but thy word can fpeak thy name.

### XXIV. L. M. N-.

The Moral Perfections of Deity imitated, Matt. v. 48.

- GREAT author of th' immortal mind!
  For noblest thoughts and views design'd:
  Make me ambitious to express
  The image of thy holiness.
- 2 While I thy boundless love admire, Grant me to catch the facred fire; Thus shall my heavenly birth be known, And for thy child thou wilt me own.
- 3 Father, I fee thy fun arife
  To cheer thy friends and enemies;
  And when thy rain from heaven descends,
  Thy bounty both alike befriends.
- 4 Enlarge my foul with love like thine; My moral powers by grace refine; So shall I feel another's woe, And cheerful feed an hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon thro' thy Son,
For all the crieffs which I have done:
O, may the grace that pardons me
Conftrain me to forgive like thee!

## XXV. L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

#### The divine Perfections celebrated, Plalm lxxxix. cxlv.

- 1 MY grateful tongue, immortal king, Thy mercy shall for ever sing; My verse to time's remotest day, Thy truth in facred notes display.
- 2 O fay, what strength shall vie with thine? What name among the seats divine, Of equal excellence possess'd, Thy Sov'reignty, great God, contest?
- Thee, Lord, heaven's host their leader own;
  Thee, might unbounded, thee alone
  With endless majesty has crown'd,
  And faith, unfully'd, vests thee round.
- 4 The heaven above and earth below, Thee, Lord, their great possessor know; By thee this orb to being rose, And all that nature's bounds inclose.
- 5 From thee amid the aerial space The north and south assume their place; 'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide, And calm at will its swelling tide.
- 6 O, blefs'd the tribes, whose willing ear Awakes the feltal shout to hear; Who thankful see, where'er they tread, Thy favoring beams around them spread.

- 7 How shall they joy from day to day, Thy boundless mercy to display, Thy rightcousness, indulgent Lord, With holy considence record!
- 8 O wife in all thy works! thy name Let man's whole race aloud proclaim, And, grateful, thro' the length of days, In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

# XXVI. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

# God exalted above all Praise.

- I ETERNAL power! whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; Infinite length, beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- The lowest step above thy feat Rises too high for Gabriel's feet; In vain the tall arch angel tries To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
  We would adore our Maker too;
  From sin and dust to thee we cry,
  The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH.
- And worms have learn'd to lifp thy name;
  But O, the glories of thy mind
  Leave all our foaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below; Be short our tunes; our words be sew: A facred reverence checks our songs, And praise sits silent on our tongues.

# CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

### XXVII. L. M. NEEDHAM.

# A Summary View of the CREATION, Gen. i.

- TOOK up, ye faints, direct your eyes
  To him who dwells above the skies;
  With your glad notes his praise rehearse
  Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He fpoke, and from the womb of night At once fprang up the cheering light; Him discord heard, and at his nod Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient fun Began his glorious race to run: Nor filver moon, nor stars delay To glide along th' ætherial way.
- 4 Teeming with life, air, earth and fea Obey th' Almighty's high decree; To every tribe he gives their food, Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But to complete the wond'rous plan, From earth, and dust, he fashions man; In man the last, in him the best, The Maker's image stands confest.
- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works 1 view, Form thou my heart and foul anew; Here bid thy purest light to shine, And beauty glow with charms divine.

### XXVIII. C. M. PLACELOCK.

The Creation of Man; or, God the Searcher of the Heart, Pialm cxxxix.

L ORD, thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom: And in thy circling arms I lay A flumberer in the womb-

2 Thee will I honour, for I stand A volume of thy skill, Stupendous are thy works, and they My contemplations fill.

Thine eye beheld me when the speck Of entity began; And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,

Thy rich embroid'ry ran.

4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen; My structure in thy book Was plann'd, before thy curious mould The future embryo took.

5 How precious are the streaming joys That from thy love descend! Would I rehearse their numbers o'er, Where would their numbers end?

6 Not ocean's countless fands exceed The bleffings of the skies; With night's descending shades they fall, With morning splendors rife.

"Thy awful glories round me shine, " My flesh proclaims thy praise:

" Lord, to thy works of nature join " Thy miracles of grace."

### XXIX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

## A Song to creating Wisdom.

TTERNAL Wifdom, thee we praife,
Thee the creation fings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and feas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly due.

Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye, And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round, And strike the gazing fight, Thro' skies and seas, and solid ground, With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad;
Our fouls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our foster passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore and love.

#### XXX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

# God's Goodness to the Children of Men, Psalm cvii. 31.

The various wonders of the Lord; And let his power and goodness found Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your fongs invite, These spacious fields of brilliant light; Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd, Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and fhade; Peopled with life of various forms, Of fith, and fowl, and beafts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad fea's majestic plains, And think how wide its Maker reigns; That band remotest nations joins, And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O! that brighter world above, Where lives and reigns incarnate love God's only fon, in flesh array'd, For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my foul, with rapture foar There in the land of praise adore; The theme demands an angel's lay, Demands an everlasting day.

### XXXI. L. M.

Providence; or, God working all Things after the Council of his own Will.

- THY ways, O Lord, with wife defign, Are fram'd upon thy throne above, And every dark or bending line, Meets in the centre of thy love.
- With feeble light, and half obscure, Poor mortals thy arrangements view, Not knowing that the least are sure, And the mysterious just and true.
- Thy flock, thy own peculiar care, Tho' now they feem to roam uney'd, Are led or driven only where They best, and safest may abide.

- 4 They neither know, nor trace the way, But trusting to thy piercing eye; None of their feet to ruin stray, Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd foul shall meekly learn, To lay her reason at thy throne; Too weak thy secrets to discern, I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

### XXXII. C. M. STEELE.

#### Creation and Providence.

- \* LORD, when our raptur'd thought furveys Creation's beauties o'er,
  All nature joins to teach thy praise,
  And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes, Thy radiant footsteps shine; Ten thousand pleasing wonders rife And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms, In earth, and sea, and air; The meanest flies, the smallest worms Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
  In all thy works appear:
  And, O! let man thy praise record,
  Man, thy distinguish'd care!
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
  That breath thy power maintains;
  Thy tender mercy, ever new,
  His brittle frame fustains.

- 6 Yet nobler favors claim his praife, Of reason's light possess'd; By revelation's brightest rays, Still more divinely bless'd.
- 7 Thy providence, his conflant guard, When threat'ning woes impend: Or will th' impending dangers ward, Or timely fuccors lend.
- 8 On us that providence has shone With gentle smiling rays;
  O, may our lips and lives make known
  Thy goodness and thy praise!

### XXXIII. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind, Pfalm cvii-

- THRO' all the various shifting scene, Of life's mistaken ill or good, Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care, Howe'er unjustly we complain, To each their necessary share Of joy and forrow, health and pain.
- Trust we to youth, or friends, or power, Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
  When most fecure, the coming hour, If thou fee sit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest funk with grief and shame, Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup, Lost to relations, friends and same, Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

- Thy powerful confolations cheer,
  Thy fmiles suppress the deep fetch'd sigh,
  Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
  That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heaven On thy eternal will depend; And all for greater good were given, And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care; to all befide Indifferent let my wishes be;
  " Passion be calm; and dumb be pride,
  " And fix'd, O God, my foul on thee."

### XXXIV. C. M. COWPER.

The Mysteries of Providence; or, Light shining out of Darkness.

- GOD moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful faints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble fense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen sast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the slower.

6 Blind unbelief is fure to err
And fean his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

### XXXV. C. M. BEDDOME.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal fight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

The won'drous methods of thy grace Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of blifs above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of Righteoufness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

### XXXVI. C. M. Addison.

The Traveller's Pfalm.

I TOW are thy fervants bless'd, O Lord, How fure is their defence! Eternal Wisdom is their guide, Their help Omnipotence. 2 In foreign realms and lands remote, Supported by the care, Through burning clames they pass undurt,

And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne, High on the broken wave, They know thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In 'midft of dangers, fears and deaths, Thy goodness we'll adore; We'll praise thee for thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preferv'st that life, Thy facrifice shall be; And death, when death shall be our lot, Shall join our souls to thee.

### XXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

Praise for the Bleffings of Providence and Grace.
Plalm CXXXIX.

A LMICHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In fongs of grateful praife.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame Was thy indulgent care, Long ere I could pronounce thy name, Or breathe the infant prayer.

- 3 [Around my path what dangers rofe! What fnares fpread all my road! No power could guard me from my focs, But my Preferver, God.
- 4 How many bleffings round me shone, Where'er I turn'd my eye! How many past almost unknown Or unregarded, by!]
- 5 Each rolling year new favors brought From thy exhaustless store; But ah! in vain my laboring thought Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While fweet reflection, thro' my days
  Thy bounteous hand would trace;
  Still dearer bleffings claim thy praife,
  The bleffings of thy grace.
- 7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord, For favors more divine; That I have known thy facred word, Where all thy glories shine.
- 8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays; And every weakness dies, Complete the wonders of thy grace, And raise me to the skies.
- 9 Then shall my joyful powers unite, In more exalted lays, And join the happy sons of light In everlasting praise.

#### THE FALL.

# XXXVIII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Original Sin, or, The first and second Adam.

- The fiery law fpeaks all despair,

  There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies; Seraphs, the mighty and the wise, Speak; are you strong to bear the load, The weighty vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground; There's not a glorious mind above Has half the strength or half the love.
- 4 But O! unmeasurable grace! "
  Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
  Down to our world the Saviour flies,
  Stretches his arms and bleeds and dies.
- 5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies, Wonder and gaze with all your eyes; Ye faints below and faints above, All bow to this mysterious love.

## XXXIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

I WITH tears of anguish I lament, Here at thy feet, my God, My passion, pride, and discontent, And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base
  So false as mine has been;
  So faithless to its promises,
  So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
  Are holy, just, and true;
  Tells me whate'er my God demands
  Is his most righteous due.
- And all her words approve:
  But still I find it hard t' obey,
  And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel These struggles in my breast? When wilt thou bow my stubborn will, And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, fov'reign grace, O break the charm, And fet the captive free: Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm, And haste to rescue me.

### XL. S.M.

The Evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

- A STONISH'D and distress'd
  I turn mine eyes within;
  My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
  The seat of every sin.
- What crowds of evil thoughts, What vile affections there! Distrust, presumption, artful guile, Pride, envy, slavish fear.

- 3 Almighty King of faints,
  These tyrant lust subdue;
  Expel the darkness of my mind,
  And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice Shall loud hofannas raife; My foul shall glow with gratitude, My lips proclaim thy praife.

### XLI. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

# Sin and Holinefs.

- HAT jarring natures dwell within, Imperfect grace, remaining fin!

  Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,

  Tho' each by turns my heart affail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die, Now raife my fongs of triumph high, Sing a rebellious paffion flain, Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rife, Borne upwards to my native skies, While faith affists my foaring flight To realms of joy, and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll, Ere earth reclaims my captive foul; I feel its fympathetic force, And headlong urge my downward courfe.
- 5 How short the joys thy visits give; How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve! What clouds obscure my rising sun, Or intercept its rays at noon!

- 6 [Again the Spirit lifts his fword, And power divine attends the word; I feel the aid its comforts yield, And vanquish'd passions quit the sield.]
- 7 Great God, affift me thro' the fight, Make me triamphant in thy might; Thou the desponding heart canst raise, The victory mine, and thine the praise.

### XLII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Pfalm cxix. 136, 158.

- A RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
  To torrents melt my streaming Eyes;
  And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
  Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- See human nature funk in shame; See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name; The Father wounded thro' the Son; The world abus'd; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight Closing in everlasting night;— In slames that no abatement know, Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful fcene; My bowels yearn o'er dying men; And fain my pity would reclaim, And fnatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 6 But feeble my compassion proves, And can but weep where most it loves; Thy own all-saving arm employ, And turn these drops of grief to joy.

# SCRIPTURE;

#### THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

#### XLIII. C. M.

The inspired Word a System of Knowledge and Joy: Psalm exix. 105.

- I TOW precious is the Book divine, By infpiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It fweetly cheers our drooping hearts
  In this dark vale of tears;
  Life, light, and joy, it flill imparts,
  And quells our rifing fears.
- 3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night Of life shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.

### XLIV. BEDDOME.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

- HEN Ifrael thro' the defert pass'd,
  A fiery pillar went before,
  To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
  And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God, 'Tis for our light and guidance given; It sheds a lustre all abroad, And points the path to blis and heaven.
- 3 It fills the foul with fweet delight,
  And quickens its inactive powers,
  It fets our wandering footsleps right,
  Difplays thy love, and kindles ours-

- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
  Its doctrines are divinely true;
  Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
  It comforts, and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word, Ye fairts, who feel its faving power, Unite your tongues to praife the Lord, And his distinguished grace adore.

### XLV. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

# The Riches of Gon's Word.

- TET avarice from fhore to fhore Her fav'rite god purfue; Thy word, O Lord, we value more Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy Are open'd to our fight: The purest gold without alloy, And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counfels of redeeming grace These facred leaves unfold: And here the Saviour's lovely face Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 6 Here light defcending from above Directs our doubtful feet: Here promifes of heavenly love Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest, And all our wants supplied: Nought we can ask to make us blest, Is in this Book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

#### XLVI. C. M. STEELE.

# The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- TATHER of mercies, in thy word
  What endless glory shines!
  For ever be thy name ador'd
  For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched fons of want Exhaustless riches find; Riches, above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows. And yields a free repast, Sublimer fweets than nature knows Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life, and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord, Be thou for ever near, Teach me to love thy facred word, And view my Saviour there.

#### THE MORAL LAW, &c.

XLVII. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3-12.

THAT God, who made the worlds on high, And air, and earth, and fea, Own as thy God, and to his name In homage bow the knee.

Let not a shape which hands have wrought Of wood, or clay, or stone, Be deem'd thy God, nor think him like

Aught thou hast feen or known.

Take not in vain the name of God:
Nor must thou ever dare,
To make thy falshood pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.

That day on which he bids thee rest From toil, to pray and praise, That day, keep holy to the Lord, And consecrate its rays.

5 O may that God, who gave these Laws, Write them on every heart, That all may feel their living power, Nor from his paths depart!

## XLVIII. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

THY fire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love and ferve; fo shall thy days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

2 The blood of man thou shalt not shed Its voice will pierce the sky, And thou by the just laws of heaven For the dire crime shalt die.

- 3 To thine own couch thou shalt not take
  A wife but her thine own:
  Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
  Heaven darts its vengeance down.
- 4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,

  Take aught by force or stealth;

  Thy goods, thy stores must grow from right,

  Or God will curse thy wealth.
- 5 No man shalt thou by a false charge, Or crush or brand with shame; Dear as thine own, so wills thy God, Must be his life and name.
- 6 Thy foul one wish shall not let loose For that which is not thine; Live in thy lot, or small or great, For God has drawn the line.

Hymn XLVII. verse 5, may be added here.

### XLIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

- There shall God's justice be display'd,
  And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale his perfect law,
  Mark, with what force its precepts draw;
  Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
  Thy works how light, thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold! the hand of God appears
  To trace these dreadful characters;
  "Tekel, thy soul is wanting sound,
  "And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

- 4 Let fudden fear thy nerves unbrace; Confusion wild o'erspread thy face; Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll, And deep repentance melt thy soul.
- One only hope may yet prevail;
   Chrift, in the fcripture turns the fcale;
   Still doth the gospel publish peace,
   And shew a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Jefus, exert thy power to fave, Deep on this heart thy truth engrave; Great God, the load of guilt remove, That trembling lips may fing thy love.

#### L. L. M.

The practical Use of the Moral Law to the convinced Sinner.

- HERE, Lord, my foul convicted stands Of breaking all thy ten commands:

  And on me justly might'st thou pour Thy wrath in one eternal show'r.
- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms Have warn'd me of approaching harms: And now, O Lord, my wants I fee, Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I fee my fig-leaf righteoufnefs
  Can ne'er thy broken law redrefs:
  Yet in thy gospel plan I fee
  There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord, How Christ hath to thy law restor'd Those honors on th' atoning day, Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love, Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

### LI. C. M. COWPER.

# Legal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

- NO strength of nature can suffice To serve the Lord aright;
  And what she has, she misapplies,
  For want of clearer light.
- How long beneath the law I lay
  In bondage and diffres!
  I toil'd the precept to obey,
  But toil'd without fuccess.
- 3 Then to abstain from outward sin Was more than I could do; Now, if I feel its power within, I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then all my fervile works were done
  A righteoufness to raise;
  Now, freely chosen in the Son,
  I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What shall I do, was then the word, That I may worthier grow? What shall I render to the Lord? Is my enquiry now.
- 6 To fee the law by Chrift fulfill'd, And hear his pard'ning voice, Changes a flave into a child, And duty into choice.

### LIL L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

"CURST be the man, for ever curst, "That doth one wilful fin commit;

"Death and damnation for the first,

"Without relief and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings, But, Jefus, thy dear gasping breath, And Calvary say gentler things;

3 "Pardon, and grace, and boundless love; "Streaming along a Saviour's blood, "And life, and joys, and crowns above,

" Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

A Hark, how he prays, (the charming found Dwells on his dying lips) FORGIVE;
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father. let the rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the law, And toil and seek salvation there, Look to the slame that Moses saw, And shrink, and tremble, and despair;

6 But I'll retire beneath the Crofs, Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie; And the keen fword that justice draws, Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

> LIII. 148th M. Cowper. The Ceremonial Law; Heb. iv. 2;

ISRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

I

- 2 The paschal facrifice,
  And blood-besprinkled door,
  Seen with enlighted eyes,
  And once apply'd with power,
  Would teach the need of other blood,
  To reconcile an angry God.
- The lamb, the dove, fet forth
  His perfect innocence,
  Whose blood of matchless worth
  Should be the soul's defence;
  For he who can for fin atone,
  Must have no failings of his own.
- The fcape goat on his head
  The people's trespass bore,
  And, to the defert led,
  Was to be feen no more;
  In him our furety feem'd to fay,
  "Behold I bear your fins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
  The living bird went free;
  The type well understood,
  Express'd the sinner's plea;
  Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
  And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 Jefus, I love to trace
  Throughout the facred page,
  The footsleps of thy grace,
  The fame in ev'ry age!
  O grant that I may faithful be
  To clearer light youchfaf'd to me.

#### THE GOSPEL.

### LIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

# The Gospel of CHRIST.

- TGOD, in the gospel of his Son,
  Makes his eternal councils known;
  'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
  And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here finners of an humble frame May taste his grace, and learn his name; 'Tis writ in characters of blood Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways, His foul-attracting charms displays, Recounts his poverty and pains, And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
  To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
  Its influence makes the sinner live,
  It bids the drooping faint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls, And comfort yields to contrite souls; It brings a better world in view, And guides us all our journey thro'.
- 6 May this bleft volume ever lie Close to my heart, and near my eye, 'Till life's last hour my foul engage, And be my chosen heritage!

### LV. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation; I Tim. i. 15.
I ESUS, th' eternal Son of God,

Whom feraphim obey, The bosom of the Father leaves, And enters human clay. 2 Into our finful world he comes The meffenger of grace. And on the bloody tree expires, A victim in our place.

'3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him falvation find:
His blood removes the foulest guilt;
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell, His words are true and sure, And on this Rock our faith may rest Immoveably secure.

5 O let these tidings be receiv'd With universal joy, And let the high angelic praise Our tuneful powers employ!

6 "Glory to God who gave his Son
"To bear our shame and pain:
"Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
"In endless bleffings reign."

#### LVI. C. M.

# The Gospel a Feast, Isaiah xxv. 6.

- ON Sion, his most holy mount, God will a feast prepare, And Ifrael's fons, and Gentile lands Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food His bounteous hand bestows: Wine on the lees, and well refin'd, In rich abundance flows.

5 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pain'd, the fick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown, What dainties shall be given, When, with the myriads round the throne, We join the feast of heaven!

6 There joys immeasurably high Shall overflow the soul, And springs of life, that never dry, In thousand channels roll.

LVII. As the 148th. Altered by TOPLADY.

# The Jubilce.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow The gladly folemn found! Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The fin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranfom'd finners, home.

3 [Ye, who have fold for nought
The heritage above;
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jefus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranfom'd finners, home.]

Ye flaves of fin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And fafe in Fesus dwell,
And blest in Fesus live:
The year of jubice is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The goipel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy fouls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranfom'd finners, home.

6 Jefus our great high priest
Has full atonement made:
'Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

# LVIII. L. M. Gloucester Tune. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Gofpel Jubilee, Pfalm lxxxix. 15.

I OUD let the tuneful trumpet found,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry foul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know, That you ten thousand talents owe, When humble at his feet you fall, Your gracious God forgives them all.

- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain Of fin and hell's tyrannic reign, To liberty affert your claim, And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven, Your joy, your boaft, is freely given; Fair Salem your arrival waits, With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her bles'd inhabitants no more, Bondage and poverty deplore; No debt, but love immenfely great, Their joy still rifes with the debt.
- 6 O happy fouls that know the found, Celetrial light their steps furround, And shew the jubilee begun, Which thro' eternal years shall run.

# LIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

# The glorious Gofpel of the bleffed God, 1 Tim. i. 11.

- Thro' all the gospel shine!

  'Tis God that speaks, and we confess

  The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high, Th' almighty Saviour comes; Lays his bright robes of glory by, And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that finners ow'd, Upon the crofs he pays; Then thro' the clouds afcends to God, Midft shouts of loftiest praise.

- 4 There he our great high priest appears
  Before his Father's throne;
  Mingles his merits with our tears,
  And pours falvation down.
- 5 Great God, with reverence we adore
  Thy justice and thy grace:
  And on thy faithfulness and power
  Our firm dependance place.

# LX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation, Rom. i. 16.

- WHAT shall the dying sinner do, That seeks relief for all his woe? Where shall the guilty conscience find Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n, Or form our natures sit for heaven? Can souls, all o'er desil'd with sin, Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we fearch, in vain we try, Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh; 'Tis there that power and glory dwell That save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
  That bears our fainting spirits up;
  We read the grace, we trust the word,
  And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
  Where nature's golden treasure shines;
  Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
  All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain, Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain, We'll meet the scandal and the shame, And sing and triumph in his name.

### LXI. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

# A Rational Defence of the Gospel.

- T SHALL atheists dare infult the cross Of our incarnate God?
  Shall infidels revile his truth,
  And trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways To cleanse us from our faults? May not the works of sovereign grace Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us strive
  With sless, and felf, and sin?
  The prize is most divinely bright,
  That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the men, despis'd on earth, Still of his grace partake? This but confirms his truth the more, For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do fome that own his facred truth, Indulge their fouls in fin? None should reproach the Saviour's name, His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith be firm and strong, Our lips profess his word; Nor ever shun those holy men, Who sear and love the Lord.

#### SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

LXII. 5.6. TOPLADY.

Everlasting Love and electing Grace.

HOW happy are we Our election who fee,

And venture, O Lord: for falvation on thee?

In Jefus approv'd,

Eternally lov'd,

Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis fweet to recline On the bosom divine,

And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love

With finging and triumph to Zion we move.

Our feeking thy face, Was all of thy grace,

Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise.

No finner can be

Beforehand with thee.

Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 Our Saviour and friend His love shall extend,

It knew no beginning, and never shall end.

Whom once he receives His Spirit ne'er leaves,

Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

This proof we would give, That thee we receive,

Thou art precious alone to the fouls that believe.

Be precious to us!
All beside is as dross,

Compat'd with thy love and the blood of thy cross-

#### PART THE SECOND.

Yet, one thing we want, More holinefs grant!

For more of thy mind, and thine image we pant:

Thine image impress On thy favorite race,

O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.

7 Thy workmanship we More fully would be,

Lord, stretch out thy hand, and conform us to thee:

While onward we move

Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

S Vouchfafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd;
Salvation to Fesus thro' heaven shall resound.

#### LXIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

# The Consequences of Election, Rom. viii. 33-39.

- The chosen people of our God?

  Since in the book of life their names

  Are fairly writ in Jefus' blood.
- 2 He, for the fins of all th' elect, Hath a complete atonement made; And justice never can expect That the same debt should twice be paid.

- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness, The famine, peril, or the sword; Not persecution, or diffress, Can separate from Christ the Lord.
- 4. Nor life, nor death, nor depth nor height, Nor powers below, nor powers above; Not prefent things, nor things to come, Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 His fovereign mercy knows no end, His faithfulness shall still endure: And those who on his word depend, Shall find his word for ever sure.

# LXIV. As the 148th. L. H. C.

Eternal and unchangeable love, 2 Tim. i. 12. Chap. ii. 13. Phil. i. 6.

- My distrustful heart,
  How small thy faith appears!
  But greater, Lord, thou art,
  Than all my doubts and fears:
  Did Jesus once upon me shine?
  Then Jesus is for ever mine.
- Unchangeable his will,
  Tho' dark may be my frame;
  His loving heart is still
  Eternally the fame:
  My foul thro' many changes goes;
  His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
  And perfectly perform
  The work thou hast begun
  In me a sinful worm;
  Midst all my fears, and sin and woe,
  Thy Spirit will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
As fift did freely move:
I still final fee thy face,
And feel that God is love!
Myfelf into thy arms I cast;
Lord, fave, O fave my foul at last.

LXV. 8.7.4. Lewes Tune.

The godly Consideration of Election in Christ comfortable.

Sons we are, thro' God's election,
Who in Jefus Christ believe:
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

2 Every fallen foul by finning, Merits everlasting pain; But thy love without beginning, Has restor'd thy fons again: Countless millions Shall in life, through Jesus reign.

3 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder!
Ask, "O why such love to me?"
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's sumily:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

And shall never never cease;

Keep, O keep me, Lord, from faring!

Guide me in the way of peace!

Make me walk in

All the paths of holiness.

- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
  And my foul returns to thee;
  Let the power of thy ascension
  Manifest itself in me:
  Thro' thy Spirit,
  Give the final victory!
- 6 When the angel founds the trumpet;
  When my foul and body join;
  When my Saviour comes to judgment,
  Bright in majesty divine;
  Let me triumph
  In thy righteousness as mine.
- 7 When in that bless'd habitation, Which my God has fore ordain'd; When in glory's full possession, I with faints and angels stand; Free Grace only Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

# LXVI. 6.8.4. Leoni Tune: OLIVER.

# The Covenant GoD.

- THE God of Abram praife,
  Who reigns enthron'd above;
  Ancient of everlasting days,
  And God of love!
  Jehovah, great I AM!
  By earth and heaven confest,
  I bow and bless the facred name,
  For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abram praise At whose supreme command, From earth I rise and seek the joys At his right hand.

I'd all on earth forfake,
Its wifdom, fame and power:
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praife,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagles wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

#### PART THE SECOND.

The' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand:
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And thre' the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I fee,
With peace and plenty bleft;
The land of facred liberty,
And endlefs reft.

There wilk and honey flow, And oil and wine abound; And trees of life for ever grow, With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our king,
The Lord our righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The prince of peace.
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his faints in light,

For ever reigns.

8 The ranfom'd nations bow Before the Saviour's face, Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,

O'erwhelm'd with grace: He shews his scars of love; They kindle to a slame,

And found through all the worlds above, "The flaughter'd Lamb."

The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high:

"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry.

Hail Abram's God and mine, I join the heavenly lavs:

All might and majesty are thine, And endless praise.

LXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.
Support in God's Covenant under Trouble,
2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

I MY God, the covenant of thy love Abides for ever fure, And in its matchless grace I feel My happiness secure.

- 2 What tho' my house be not with thee, As nature could defire? To nobler joys than nature gives, Thy servants all assire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
  My father art become;
  Jesus my guardian and my friend,
  And heaven my final home;
- A I welcome all thy fov'reign will,

  For all that will is love:

  And when I know not what thou doft,

  I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant the last accent claims Of this poor faultering tongue; And that shall the first notes employ Of my celestial fong.

### LXVIII. 112th Scarboro' Tune. BENTLEY'S COL.

Pleading the Covenant, Pfalm lxxiv. 20.

- I ORD my God, whose sovereign love Is still the same, nor e'er can move; Look to the covenant, and see, Has not thy love been shown to me? Remember me, my dearest friend, And love me alway to the end.
- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
  And help me forward more and more;
  My strong, my stubborn will incline
  To be obedient still to thine:
  O lead me by thy gracious hand,
  And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

# LXIX. 7. Bath Abbey Tune.

## Redeeming Love.

- NOW begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesu's name: Ye, who his falvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who fee the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praife and blefs redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning fouls, dry up your tears, Banish all your guilty sears; See your guilt and curse remove, Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been Willing flaves of death and fin, Now from bliss no longer rove, Stop and taste redeeming love.
- Welcome all, by fin oppreft, Welcome to his facred reft; Nothing brought him from above, Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home, When we to his glory come, We shall all the fulness prove, Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd th' infernal powers, Those tremendous soes of ours, From their cursed empire drove; Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring, Strike aloud each cheerful string, Mortals join the host above, Join to praise redeeming love.

### LXX. L. M. STEELE.

# Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

- ENSLAV'D by fin and bound in chains,
  Beneath its dreadful tyrant fway,
  And doom'd to everlasting pains,
  We wretched, guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace; Nor the whole world's collected ftore Suffice to purchase our release; A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God, An all-sufficient ransom paid: Invalued price! his precious blood For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the facrifice became
  To rescue guilty souls from hell;
  The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
  Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
  O may our grateful hearts adore
  The matchless grace, nor yield to fin,
  Nor wear its cruel fetters more!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy love purfue The glorious work it has begun, Each fecret lurking foe fubdue, And let our hearts be thine alone.

# LXXI. 8.7.4. Westbury Tune.

# Finished Redemption.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks afunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the fky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure Do these charming words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord. It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
  Of the ceremonial law!
  Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
  Death and hell no more shall awe.
  It is finish'd!
  Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy fouls, approach the table, Tatte the foul-reviving food; Nothing half fo fweet and pleafant As the Saviour's flesh and blood. It is finish'd! Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye feraplis,
  Join to fing the pleafing theme;
  All on earth, and all in heaven,
  Join to praife Immanuel's name!
  Hallelujah!
  Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

### LXXII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

It is finished, John xix. 30.

- TIS finished, so the Saviour cried,
  And meekly bow'd his head and died,
  'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
  The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heaven decreed, And all the ancient prophets said Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd, In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more Must stain his robes with purple gore: The facred veil is rent in twain, And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
  Shall sins of every kind atone:
  Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
  By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—Heav'n is reconcil'd, And all the powers of darkness spoil'd: Peace, love, and happiness again Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful found Be heard thro' all the nations round: 'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

LXXIII. 8. Limefield Tune. D. TURNER! Gratitude to God for Redemption, Eph. i. 7, 11.

SHALL Jesus descend from the skies, To atone for our fins by his blood, And shall we such goodness despite, And rebels still be to our God?

# 73. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 2 [No brute could ever be fo base! Shall man thus ungrateful then prove? Forbid it, O God of all grace! Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!
- The devils would laugh us to fcorn, For folly fo shameful as this; O let us to God then return, Sure never was goodness like his.]
- A He fav'd us, or we had been loft, Nor comfort, nor hope had e'er known; Yet he knew this falvation would cost No less than the blood of his Son.
- 5 Thro' him we forgiveness shall find, And taste the sweet blessings of peace, If contrite and humbly resign'd. We trust in his promised grace.
- 6 This world then with all its gay joy,
  That its thousands has fnar'd and undone,
  May tempt, but shall never destroy,
  Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.
- 7 While here thro' the defert we stray, Our God shall be all our delight, Our pillar of cloud in the day, And also of fire in the night:
- 8 Till, the Jordan of death fafely pass'd, We land on the heav'nly shore, Where we the hid manna shall taste, Nor hunger nor thirst any more.
- 9 And there while his glories we fee, And feast on the joys of his love, We chang'd to his likeness shall be, And then shall all gratitude prove.

LXXIV. 8. 8. 6. Chatham Tune. Toplady.

#### CHRIST's Atonement.

THOU, who didft thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve,
From nature's deadly fall,
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne'er shall rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

2 And wast thou punish'd in my slead? Didst thou without the city bleed To expiate my stain? On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell, And made of infinite avail, The sufferings of the Man.

3 Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold the incarnate King of heaven
For us his foes expire!
Amaz'd O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear
His Father's righteous ire.

4 Ye faints, the man of forrows blefs,
The God, for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone:
Praise 'till, with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

LXXV. 8.7. L. H. C.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

Hail thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our fin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given thro' thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;

Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for former the state in the state of the state o

There for finners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;

Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power and bleshing Thou art worthy to receive; Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give: Help, ye bright angelic spirits! Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Saviour's merits;

Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

# LXXVI. 7.

Pleading the Atonement, Pfalm lxxxiv. 9.

FATHER, God, who feelt in me Only fin and mifery, Turn to thy anointed One, Look on thy beloved Son; Him, and then the finner see; Look thro' Jesus' wounds on me.

- 2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
  Hear, and show thou hear'st my call;
  Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
  Smile on me a sinner now!
  Now the stone to sless convert;
  Cast a look, and melt my heart.
- 3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
  Till a bleffing thou beftow;
  Hear my advocate divine,
  Lo! to his, my fuit I join,
  Join'd with his, it cannot fail;
  Let me now with thee prevail!
- 4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
  To his bloody facrifice,
  To the full atonement made,
  To the utmost ransom paid;
  And, if mine, thro' him thou art,
  Speak thy mercy to my heart.
- 5 Jefus, answer from above;
  Is not all thy nature love?
  Pity from thine eye let fall;
  Bless me, whilst on thee I call;
  Am I thine, thou Son of God?
  Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 6 Father, fee the victim flain,
  Offer'd up for guilty man;
  Hear his blood's prevailing cry;
  Let thy bowels then reply!
  Then thro' him the finner fee;
  Then, in Jesus, look on me!

77, 78. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

LXXVII. C. M. Toplady's Collection.

Efficacious Grace, Pfalm xlv. 3-5.

- t HAIL! mighty Jesius, how divine
  Is thy victorious sword!
  The stoutest rebel must resign,
  At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give §
  They pierce the hardest heart:
  Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
  And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy fword upon thy thigh, Ride with majestic fway:
  Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
  And make thy foes obey.
- And when thy victories are complete;
  When all the chosen race
  Shall round the throne of glory meet,
  To fing thy conquering grace;
- 5 O may my humble foul be found Among that favor'd band! And I, with them, thy praife will found Throughout *Immanuel*'s land.

#### LXXVIII. L. M.

The Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1-16.

- NCE as the Saviour pass'd along, Zaccheus fain the Lord would see; Of stature small, to 'scape the throng, He ran before, and climb'd a tree.
- 2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh, Upward he look'd and saw him there; "Zaccheus, hasten down, for I "Must be thy guest to-day, prepare.

3 "To-day," the pardoning Saviour cries,
"Salvation to thy house is come,
"On wings of fov'reign love it flies;

"Go tell the blifsful news at home."

- 4 Lord, look on fouls that gaze around, To every liftening finner speak; Now may thy ancient love abound, From every feat a captive take.
- 5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet; Come to the feast his love prepares; The lost are fought and fav'd, how sweet! And not the righteous, Christ declares.
- Say, what are ye come out to view;
  Jefus who once for finners died?
  O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
  Call finful, righteous felf afide."
- 7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?
  Dost thou invite thee to my home?
  Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
  To-day let thy salvation come.

#### LXXIX. C. M.

The lost sheep found; or, Joy in Heaven on the Conversion of a Sinner, Luke xv. 3, 4.

- WHEN fome kind shepherd from his fold, Has lest a straying sheep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy! the transport sweet! When he the wanderer finds; Up in his arms he takes his charge, And to his shoulder binds.

### 80. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys, And make his blis complete: The neighbours hear the news, and all The joyful shepherd greet.
- 5 Yet how much greater is the joy When but one finner turns; When the poor wretch with broken heart, His Sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the faints below, In fongs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd the Father fees and hears The confcious finner weep; Jesus receives him in his arms, And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain, But kindle with new fire:
  - "A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

### LXXX. C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

# The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

- A S on the crofs the Saviour hung,
  And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
  He pour'd falvation on a wretch
  That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame, The penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:

3 " Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heaven, "Thou spotless Lamb of God,

"I fee thee bath'd in fweat and tears, 
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
"In triumph thou shalt rise,

" Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, " And shine above the skies.

" Amid the glories of that world,
" Dear Saviour, think on me;

"And in the vict'ries of thy death "Let me a snarer be."

6 His prayer the dying Fesus hears, And instantly replies,

"To-day thy parting foul shall be "With me in paradife."

### LXXXI. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Vital Union to CHRIST in Regeneration. I Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would refign,
Our fouls are in thy hands.

To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

### \$2. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- Death may our fouls divide From these abodes of clay; But love shall keep us near thy side Through all the gloomy way.
- 6 Since Christ and we are one,
  Why should we doubt or fear?
  If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
  He'll fix his members there.

### LXXXII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

# Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- For ye have known and felt his grace.
- Wretched and helples once I lay, Just breathing all my life away; He saw me welt'ring in my blood, And selt the pity of a God.
  - 3 With speed he slew to my relief, Eound up my wounds and sooth'd my grief; Pour'd joys divine into my heart, And bade each anxious fear depart.
  - 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
    Deep in my breast I will record:
    The life which I from thee receive,
    To thee, behold, I freely give.
  - 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise, Thro' the remainder of my days: And when I join the powers above, My foul shall better sing thy love.

#### LXXXIII. L. M.

Human Righteoufness insufficient to justify, Mic. vi. 6-8.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near, Or bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiply'd oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God? Can these wash out my guilty stain? Rivers of oil, or seas of blood, Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame,

Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My fole defert, is hell and wrath;
'Twere just the sentence should take place,
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

6 I plead the merits of thy Son, Who died for finners on the tree; I plead his righteoufness alone, O put the spotless robe on me.

LXXXIV. L. M. Leeds Tune. MADAN'S Col.

Imputed Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6. Ifa. xlv. 24.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; Midst flaming worlds in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
  To take my mansion in the skies,
  E'en then shall this be all my plea,
  " Jesus hath Liv'd and Dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? While thro' thy blood absolv'd I am, From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
  Thus all the armies bought with blood,
  Saviour of finners thee proclaim,
  Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This fpotless robe the same appears When ruin'd nature finks in years: No age can change its glorious hue, The robe of *Christ* is ever new.
- 6 O! let the dead now hear thy voice, Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice, Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

LXXXV. 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

- GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
  Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
  But the fair glories of thy grace
  More godlike and unrivall'd shine;
  Who is a pardoning God like thee?
  Or who has grace fo rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of fuch horror to forgive, Such guilty daring worms to fpare, This is thy grand prerogative, And none shall in the honor share. Who is a pardoning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 3 Angels and men, refign your claim
  To pity, mercy, love and grace;
  These glories crown Jehovah's name
  With an incomparable blaze.
  Who is a pardoning God like thee?
  Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy, We take the pardon of our God, Pardon, for crimes of deepest dye, A pardon feal'd with Jesu's blood. Who is a pardoning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace, This godlike miracle of love
  Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
  And all the angelic choirs above!
  Who is a pardoning God like thee?
  Or who has grace fo rich and free?

#### LXXXVI. C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love, Jer. iii. 22. Hof. xiv. 4.

- HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
  Has wander'd from the Lord!
  How oft my roving thoughts depart,
  Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet fov'reign mercy calls, "Return:" Dear Lord, and may I come! My vile ingratitude I mourn; O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardon'd rebel live To speak thy wondrous love!

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
  How glorious, how divine!
  That can to life and blifs restore
  So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, fo free, fo fweet,
  Dear Saviour, I adore;
  O keep me at thy facred feet,
  And let me rove no more.

### LXXXVII. L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Divine Forgiveness, Luke vii. 47.

- FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful found To malefactors doom'd to die;
  Publish the blis the world around;
  Ye feraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine; 'Tis full, out-meafuring every crime; Unclouded shall its glories shine, And feel no change, by changing time.
- 3 O'er fins unnumber'd as the fand, And like the mountains for their fize, The feas of fovereign grace expand, The feas of fovereign grace arife.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven What grateful honors shall we show? Where much trangression is forgiven Let love in equal ardors glow.
- 5 By this infpir'd, let all our days
  With various holiness be crown'd,
  Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
  In all abide, in all abound.

# I.XXXVIII. S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Confession and Pardon, 1 John i. 9. Prov.

MY forrows like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine Could once defy the Lord, Could rush with violence on to fin, In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I flood A rebel to the fkies, And yet, and yet, O matchless grace! Thy thunder filent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

O'ercome by dying love, Here at thy crofs I lie; And throw my flesh, my foul, my all, And weep, and love, and die.

6 "Rife," fays the Saviour, "rife,
"Behold my wounded veins;
"Here flows a facred crimfon flood,
"To wash away thy stains."

7 See, God is reconcil'd! Behold his finiling face! Let joyful cherubs clap their wings And found aloud his grace.

# 89, 90. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

# LXXXIX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Pardon Spoken by CHRIST, Mat. ix. 2:

- MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice Pronounce the words of peace! And all my warmest powers shall join To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle fmiles call me thy child, And speak my sins forgiv'n; The accents mild shall charm mine ear All like the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead, The darkest path I'll tread; Cheerful I'il quit these mortal shores, And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away, No other fears we know; That hand, which fcatters pardons down, Shall crowns of life bestow.

#### XC. L. M. STOGDON:

Gov ready to forgive; or, Despair sinful.

- I WHAT mean these jealousies and sears, As if the Lord was loth to fave, Or lov'd to fee us drench'd in tears, And fink with forrow to the grave?
- 2 Does he want flaves to grace his throne? Or rules he by an iron rod? Loves he the deep despairing groan? Is he a tyrant, or a God?
- Not all the fins which we have wrought So much his tender bowels grieve, As this unkind injurious thought, That he's unwilling to forgive.

- 4 What tho' our crimes are black as night, Or glowing like the crimfon morn, Immanuel's blood will make them white As fnow thro' the pure æther borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own, And well may rebel-worms furprife, But was not thy incarnate Son A most amazing facrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ranfom," faith the Lord,
  "No humble penitent shall die;"
  Lord, we would now believe thy word,
  And thy unbounded mercies try!

XCI. 8. 6. 8. Ewell Tune. CRUTTENDEN.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1-3.

- I ET others boast their ancient line
  In long succession great;
  In the proud list let heroes shine,
  And monarch's swell the state;
  Descended from the King of Kings,
  Each saint a nobler title sings.
- Pronounce me, gracious God, thy fon,
  Own me an heir divine;
  I'll pity princes on the throne,
  When I can call thee mine:
  Sceptres and crowns unenvied rife,
  And lofe their lustre in mine eyes.
- Gontent, obscure I pass my days,
  To all I meet unknown,
  And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
  And seat me near thy throne:
  No name, no honors here I crave,
  Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

### 92. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

4 Jefus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.

When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my foul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!——I wait th' appointed day,
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away!

## XCII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

### Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.

- SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high, Allow my humble claim; Nor, while a worm would raife its head, Difdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father God! how fweet the found! How tender, and how dear! Not all the harmony of heaven Could fo delight the ear.
- 3 Come, facred Spirit, feal the name On my expanding heart; And shew, that in Jehovah's grace I share a filial part.
- A Cheer'd by a fignal so divine, Unwavering I believe; And Abba, Father, humbly cry, Nor can the fign deceive.

### XCIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

True Liberty given by CHRIST, John viii. 36.

- HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls To life and liberty; Transported fall before his feet, Who makes the prisoners free.
- 2 The cruel bonds of fin he breaks, And breaks old fatan's chain; Smiling he deals those pardons round, Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours His Spirit from on high; We lose the terrors of the slave, And Abba, Father, cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and fing his grace;
  The finner's friend proclaim;
  And call on all around to feek
  True freedom by his name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain Your Father's house above; There shall you wear immortal crowns, And sing immortal love.

XCIV. 7s. Georgia Tune. HUMPHREYS.

The Privileges of the Sons of GoD.

BLESSED are the fons of God,
They are bought with Jefu's blood,
They are ranfom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

- 2 God did love them in his fon, Long before the world begun: They the feal of this receive When on Fesus they believe. With them. &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace, They enjoy a folid peace; All their fins are wash'd away, They shall stand in God's great day. With them, &c.
- 4. They produce the fruits of grace In the works of righteoufness! Born of God, they hate all fin, God's pure feed remains within. With them, &c.
- They have fellowship with God Thro' the Mediator's blood; One with God, thro' Fefus one, Glory is in them begun. With them, &c.
- 6 Tho' they fuffer much on earth, Strangers to the worldlings mirth, Yet they have an inward joy, Pleasures which can never cloy, With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly bleft, Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ; They with love and peace are fill'd, They are by his Spirit feal'd: With them number'd may we be, Now and thro' eternity!

### XCV. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

## Christians the Sons of God, John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

- NOT all the nobles of the earth,
  Who boast the honors of their birth,
  Such real dignity can claim,
  As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n
  To be the fons and heirs of heaven;
  Sons of the God who reigns on high,
  And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 [On them, a happy chosen race, Their Father pours his richest grace: To them his counsels he imparts, And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 Their infant-cries, their tender age, His pity and his love engage: He class them in his arms, and there Secures them with parental care.]
- 5 His will he makes them early know, And teaches their young feet to go; Whispers instruction to their minds, And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 6 When, thro' temptation they rebel,
  His chaft'ning rod he makes them feel;
  Then, with a father's tender heart,
  He fooths the pain, and heals the fmart.
- 7 Their daily wants his hands fupply, Their steps he guards with watchful eye, Leads them from earth to heaven above, And crowns them with eternal love.

- 8 If I've the honor, Lord, to be One of this num'rous family, On me the gracious gift bellow, To call thee Abba, Father! too.
- 9 So may my conduct ever prove My filial piety and love! Whilst all my brethren clearly trace Their Father's likeness in my face.

### XCVI. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

## Communion with God and Christ, 1 John i. 3.

- UR heavenly Father calls, And Christ invites us near; With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs;
  He pardons every day;
  Almighty to protect our fouls,
  And wife to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
  What various stores of good
  Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
  And purchas'd with his blood?
- 4 Jesus, our living head,
  We bless thy faithful care;
  Our advocate before the throne,
  And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart! Here wait, my warmest love! 'Till the communion be complete. In nobler scenes above.

# COMMUNION WITH GOD. 97, 98.

### XCVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

Defiring Communion with GoD.

MY rifing foul, with strong defires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road,
That leads to heaven, that leads to God,

I thirst to drink unmingled love, From the pure fountain-head above: My dearest Lord, I long to be Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn, Art thou withdrawn? again return, Nor let me be the first to say, Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

### XCVIII. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God, Gen. v. 24.

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleffedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How fweet their memory flill!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the fins that made thee mourn And drove thee from my breast.

## 99. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

## XCIX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

- O that I knew where I might find him; or, Sins and Sorrows laid before God, Job xxiii. 3, 4.
- THAT I knew the fecret place, Where I might find my God!
  I'd fpread my wants before his face,
  And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my fins arife, What forrows I fulfain; How grace decays, and comfort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take To wreftle with my God; I'd plead for his own mercy's fake, And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,

  And heal my broken bones;

  He takes the meaning of his faints,

  The language of their groans.
- 5 Arife, my foul, from deep distress, And banish every fear; He calls thee to his throne of grace, To spread thy forrows there.

### SANCTIFICATION. 100, 101.

### C. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Santification and Pardon.

TWHERE shall we sinners hide our heads, Can rocks or mountains fave? Or shall we wrap us in the shades Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye Of a revenging God? Jefus, to thy dear wounds we fly, Bedew us with thy blood.

Those guardian drops our fouls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream
That cleanses every stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blaft his empire with thy breath,
That curfed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

### CI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Abundant Life by CHRIST our Shepherd, John x. 10.

PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name, Who on so kind an errand came; Came, that by him his flock might live, And more abundant life receive.

2 Hail, great Immanuel from above, High feated on thy throne of love! O pour the vital torrent down, Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

#### 102. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 3 Scarce half alive we figh and cry; Scarce raise to thee our languid eye; Kind Saviour, let our dying state Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
  O may we all its influence feel!
  'Till inward deep experience show,
  Christ can begin a heav'n below.

### CII. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The Leper healed; or, Santification implored. Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- BEHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
  Oppres'd with pain and grief,
  Pouring his tears at Jesu's feet,
  For pity and relief.
- "O fpeak the word," he cries,
  "And heal me of my pain:
  "Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
  "To make a leper clean."
- 3 Compassion moves his heart, He speaks the gracious word; The leper feels his strength return, And all his sickness cur'd.
- To thee, dear Lord, I look, Sick of a worse disease: Sin is my painful malady, And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy almighty grace
  Can heal my lep'rous foul:
  O bathe me in thy precious blood,
  And that will make me whole.

### CIII. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Security of CHRIST's Sheep, John x. 27-29.

MY foul, with joy attend,
While Jefus filence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

"I know my sheep," he cries,
"My foul approves them well:

"Vain is the treacherous world's difguife,

" And vain the rage of hell.

- 3 "I freely feed them now "With tokens of my love,
  - " But richer pastures I prepare, "And sweeter streams above.
- "Unnumber'd years of blifs
  "I to my sheep will give;
  - "And, while my throne unshaken stands,
- "Shall all my chosen live.
  "This tried almighty hand
  - "Is rais'd for their defence:
    "Where is the power shall reach them there?"
    "Or what shall force them thence?"
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord, Let faith triumphant cry; My heart can on this promise live, Can on this promise die.

### CIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in Christ, I Pet. iii. 20, 21.

THE deluge at th' Almighty's call, In what impetuous streams it fell! Swallow'd the mountains in its rage, And swept a guilty world to hell.

### 105. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 2 In vain the tallest fons of pride Fled from the close-pursuing wave! Nor could their mightiest towers defend, Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar! How shrill the univerfal cry Of millions in the last despair, Re-echoed from the lowering sky!
- 4 Yet Noah, humble happy faint, Surrounded with the chosen few, Sat in his ark, secure from fear, And sang the grace that seer'd him thro.
- 5 So I may fing, in Jesus fase, While storms of vengeance round me fall, Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd, Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits, Nor ever quit that fure retreat; Then the wide flood, which buries earth, Shall waft thee to a fairer feat.
- 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is feen; There not a wave of trouble rolls; But the bright rainbow round the throne Seals enless life to all their souls.

## CV. C. M. F---

## Perseverance, Psalm cxix. 117.

I ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may perfevere.

- 2 Let but thy own almighty arm Sustain a feeble worm, I shall escape, secure from harm, Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all sufficient friend,
  'Till all my toils shall cease;
  Guard me thro' life, and let my end
  Be everlasting peace.

## CVI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

## Perseverance desired.

- I JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
  Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood:
  By ties both natural and divine,
  I am, and ever will be thine.
- 2 But ah! fhould my inconstant heart, Ere I'm aware from thee depart, What dire reproach would fall on me, For such ingratitude to thee!
- The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
  The guilt, the shame, I deprecate:
  And yet so mighty are my foes
  I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord,
  Grace in the needful hour afford:
  O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
  With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears, And gather joys from all my tears: So shall I to the world proclaim The honors of the Christian name.

CVII. 5. 6. TOPLADY.

The Method of Salvation.

THEE, Father, we blefs,
Whofe diffinguishing grace
Selected a people to shew forth thy praise:
Nor is thy love known
By selection alone.

By election alone;

For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy fon.

The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain,

Which found and accepted a ranfom for men.

Great furety of thine, Thou didst not decline

To concur with the Father's most gracious design.

3 To Jesus our friend Our thanks shall ascend,

Who faves to the utmost, and loves to the end.

Our ranfom he paid!

In his merit array'd

We attain to the glory for which we were made.

Sweet Spirit of grace,
Thy mercy we blefs

For thy eminent share in the council of peace: Great agent divine,

To restore us is thine,

And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

O God, 'tis thy part
To convince and convert;

To give a new life, and create a new heart:
By thy prefence and grace

We're upheld in our race,

And are kept in thy love to the end of our days.

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in one,
The falvation of those he has mark'd for his own:
Let us too agree

To glorify Thee,

Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

## CVIII. 8. 7. 4.

Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

- JESUS is our great falvation;
  Worthy of our best esteem!
  He has fav'd his favorite nation;
  Join to sing aloud to Him:
  He has fav'd us,
  Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in fin and ruin,
  And no helper there was found;

  Jesus our distress was viewing;
  Grace did more than fin abound:
  He has call'd us,
  With salvation in the found.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession,
  Save us from hypocrify;
  Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
  Of thy righteousness and thee:
  Best of favors,
  None compar'd with this can be.
- Make us walk as Pilgrims here:
  We will give thee all the glory
  Of the love that brought us near;
  Bid us praife thee,
  And rejoice with holy fear.

## 109, 110. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling,
All the glory, Lord, be thine,
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

CIX. C. M.

Complete Salvation.

SALVATION thro' our dying God Is finish'd and complete; He paid whate'er his people ow'd, And cancell'd all their debt.

2 Salvation now shall be my stay, "A finner sav'd," I'll cry, Then gladly quit this mortal clay, For better joys on high.

CX. 11. 8. Calne Tune. K—.

Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

IN fongs of fublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its slame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

O had he not pitied the state you were in, Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt; You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too in sin, And sunk with the load of your guilt.

What was in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey
While others were fuffer'd to go,
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name;
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to found forth his same,
And crown him in each of your songs.

CXI. S. M. Mount Ephraim Tune.

Salvation by Grace, from first to last, Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming found!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my forrows took.]

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new fupplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my foul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow:
 'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.]

### 112. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

## CXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

God glorious and Sinners faved, Isaiah xliv. 23.

I PATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rife!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

2 [Part of thy name divinely flands On all thy creatures writ, They shew the labor of thine hands, Or impress of thy feet.]

3 But when we view thy strange design
To fave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms:

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe; We love and we adore; The first arch-angel never faw So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known, Nor dares a creature guess Which of the glories brightest shone, The justice or the grace.

6 [When finners broke the Father's laws, The dying Son atones; O, the dear mysteries of his cross! The triumph of his groans!] 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the heavenly plains; Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choisest strains.

8 O may I bear fome humble part
In that immortal fong!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

## CXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

O LORD, fay unto my Soul, I am thy Salvation, Pfalm XXXV. 3.

SALVATION! O melodious found To wretched dying men! Salvation, that from God proceeds, And leads to God again.

2 Refcu'd from hell's eternal gloom, From fiends, and fires, and chains: Rais'd to a paradife of blifs, Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewilder'd foul, Sinful and weak as mine, Prefume to raife a trembling eye To bleffings fo divine?

4 The lustre of fo bright a bliss My feeble heart o'erbears; And unbelief almost perverts The promise into tears.

My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

## 114, 115. SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

# SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES. CXIV. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

God reasoning with Men, Isaiah i. 18.

- " COME, finners," faith the mighty God, "Heinous as all your crimes have been,
  - " Lo! I descend from mine abode,
  - " To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 "No clouds of darkness veil my face,
  - " No vengeful lightnings flash around:
    "I come with terms of life and peace;
  - "Where fin hath reign'd, let grace abound."
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call, And to thy gracious fceptre bow; O make our crimfon fins like wool, Our fcarlet crimes as white as fnow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat Thy praises with a tuneful voice, While, humbly prostrate at thy feet, We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

## CXV. 8. 7. 4. Altered by TOPLADY.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST, Isaiah lv. 1.

COME, ye finners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, fick and fore!
Jefus ready stands to fave you,

Full of pity join'd with power:

He is able,

He is willing: Doubt no more!

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify: True belief, and true repentance,

Every grace that brings us nigh—Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
  Not of sitness fondly dream;
  All the sitness he requireth,
  Is to feel your need of him:
  This he gives you;
  'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
  Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
  If you tarry till you're better,
  You will never come at all:
  Not the righteous,
  Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him proftrate in the garden; On the ground your Maker lies! On the bloody tree behold him; Hear him cry, before he dies, "It is Finish'd:" Sinner, will not this fuffice?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended, Pleads the merit of his blood: Venture on him, venture wholly, Let no other trust intrude; None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb: While the blissful feats of heaven Sweetly echo with his name. Hallelujah! Sinners, here may fing the same.

### CXVI. C. M. FAWCETT.

# Let the Wicked forfake his Way, &c. Ifaiah lv. 7.

- I SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
  'Tis mercy fpeaks to-day;
  He calls you by his fovereign word,
  From fin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough fea that cannot rest, You live devoid of peace; A thousand stings within your breast, Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell; Why will you perfevere? Can you in endless torments dwell, Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
  Of fin and folly go?
  In pain you travel all your days,
  To reap immortal woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live, Thro' his abounding grace; His mercy will the guilt forgive Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word, Renouncing every sin; Submit to him your sovereign Lord, And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts; He pardons like a God; He will forgive your numerous faults, Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

# SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS. 117, 118.

### CXVII. L. M. STEELE.

Weary Souls invited to Rest, Matt. xi. 28.

- COME, weary fouls, with fins diffrest, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load; O come, and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion, mighty love Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And blefs the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; And fweetly influence every breaft, And guide us to eternal reft.

### CXVIII. As the 148th.

Yet there is room, Luke xiv. 22.

YE dying fons of men,
Immerg'd in fin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

### 119. SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS.

No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excufes frame:
 He bids you come to-day,
 Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready, finner, come,
 For every trembling foul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His messenger's proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come:

In mercy's breast there still is room.

CXIX. 7s. Hotham Tune.

Compel them to come in, Luke xiv. 23.

I ORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious finner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations fend!
Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring,
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Glory to forfake, and God,
See they run with rapid speed:

Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win,

Every heart, &c.

Thus their willing fouls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again;
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once out-stretch'd to bleed for sin;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

### CXX. C. M. STEELE.

The Saviour's Invitation, John vii. 37.

- THE Saviour calls—let every ear Attend the heavenly found; Ye doubting fouls, difmifs your fear, Hope fmiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirfty longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here fprings of facred pleafure rife To ease your every pain, (Immortal fountain! full supplies!) Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye finners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
  The gracious call obey;
  Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
  And can you yet delay?
  - Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts, To thee let finners fly; And take the blifs thy love imparts And drink, and never die.

### 121, 122. SCRIFTURE INVITATIONS

### CXXI. 8. 8. 6. W-

Whofoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii. 17.

- YE scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;

  Jesus the Lord invites you home;

  O whicher can you go?

  What! are your crimes of crimson hue?

  His promise is for ever true,

  He'll wash you white as snow.
- Backsliding fouls, fill'd with your ways,
   Whose weeping nights, and wretched days,
   In bitterness are spent!
   Return to Fesus, he'll reveal
   His lovely face, and sweetly heal
   What you so much lament.
- 3 Tried fouls! look up—he fays, 'tis I— He loves you still, but means to try If faith will bear the test; The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good, He shed for you his precious blood; O trust in him for the rest!
- 4 Ye tender fouls, draw hither too,
  Ye grateful, highly favor'd few,
  Who feel the debt you owe;—
  Press on, the Lord hath more to give;
  By faith upon him daily live,
  And you shall find it so.

CXXII. L. M. BEDDOME. The first Promise, Gen. iii. 15.

THEN by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam our head and parent fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.

- Infernal powers rejoic'd to fee
  The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
  But God proclaims his great decree,
  Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.
- 3 Serpent accurs'd, thy fentence read, "Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel: The woman's feed shall break thy head, Thy malice faintly bruise his heel."
- 4 Thus God declares, and Christ descends, Assumes a mortal form, and dies; Whilst in his death, death's empire ends, And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.
- 5 Dying, the King of Glory deals Ruin to all his numerous foes: His power the prince of darkness feels, And links oppress'd beneath his woes.

## CXXIII. L. M. Lebanon Tune. FAWCETT.

As thy Days, fo shall thy Strength be, Deut.

- A FFLICTED faint, to Christ draw near, Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee, That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- Let not thy heart defpond and fay,
  "How shall I stand the trying day?"
  He has engag'd by firm decree,
  That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; And if the conflict should be long, Thy Lord will make the tempter slee; For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 4 Should perfecution rage and flame, Still trust in thy Redeemer's name; In sery trials thou shalt see, That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty crofs, Or fore afflictions, pain, or lofs, Or deep diftrefs, or poverty, Still as thy days, thy ftrength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view, Christ's presence shall thy sears subdue; He comes to set thy spirit free, And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

## CXXIV. C. M.

Fear not, for I am with thee, Isaiah xli. 10.

- 1 A ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
  To diffipate our fear?
  Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
  Our God for ever near?
- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel For all thy humble faints? And in such friendly accents speak To footh their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? Why flow our eyes
  While fuch a voice we hear?
  Why rife our forrows and our fears,
  While fuch a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favors add
  A heart to trust thy word;
  And death itself shall hear us sing,
  While resting on the Lord.

## SCRIPTURE PROMISES. 125, 126.

### CXXV. C. M. NEEDHAM.

My Grace is Sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

K IND are the words that Jefus speaks
To cheer the drooping faint;

"My grace sufficient is for you,
"Tho' nature's powers my faint.

2 " My grace its glories shall display, "And make your griefs remove;

"Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
"Of boundless power and love."

3 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd, Yet why should I despair? While my kind Saviour's arms support, I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace I all things can perform; And fmiling triumph in thy name, Amid the raging from.

## CXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

My God fhall supply all your Need, Phil. iv. 19. 20.

MY God, how cheerful is the found! How pleafant to repeat! Well may that heart with pleafure bound, Where God hath fix'd his feat.

2 What want shall not our God supply From his redundant stores? What streams of mercy from on high An arm almighty pours!

- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring, These ample blessings slow: Prepare, my lips, his name to sing, Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now to our Father and our God, Be endless glory given, Thro' all the realms of man's abode, And thro' the highest heaven.

### CXXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Fear not, it is your Father's good Pleasure to give you the Kingdom, Luke xii. 32.

- YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds, Dismis your anxious cares; Look to the Shepherd of your souls, And smile away your fears.
- Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
   His staff is your defence:
   'Midst fands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
   Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give, And give it with delight; His feeblest child his love shall call To triumph in his sight.
- 4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
  For sure supports like these:
  And o'er the pious dead we sing
  Thy living promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy, We blefs a Saviour's name; Nor shall that stroke disturb the fong, Which breaks this mortal frame.

## CXXVIII. 115. Broughton Tune. K-

Exceeding great and precious Promises, 2 Pet. i. 4.

- HOW firm a foundation, ye faints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he fay than to you he hath faid? You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in fickness, in health,
  In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
  At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
  "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not difmay'd,
  "I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
  "I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
  "strand.
  - "Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
  "The rivers of woe shall not thee overslow;
  - " For I will be with thee, thy troubles to blefs,
  - "And fanctify to thee, thy deepelt diffress.
- 5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, "My grace all-fufficient shall be thy supply; "The slame shall not hart thee. I only design
  - "The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design "Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove "My fovereign, eternal, unchangeable love.
  - "And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
  - "The foul that on Fejus hath lean'd for repose,
    - " I will not, I will not defert to his foes;
    - "That foul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
    - "I'll never, no never, no never forfake \*."

<sup>\*</sup> Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of Heb. xiii. 5.

### CHRIST.

### CXXIX. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation of CHRIST, Luke ii. 14.

- MORTALS, awake, with angels join, And chaunt the folemn lay; Joy, love and gratitude combine To hail th' aufpicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous fong began, And fweet feraphic fire Thro' all the shining regions ran, And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew, And loud the echo roll'd; The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
  Th' impetuous torrent ran;
  And angels flew with eager joy
  To bear the news to man.
- [Wrapt in the filence of the night
  Lay all the eastern world,
  When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
  The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]
- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
  And glory leads the song:
  Good-will and peace are heard throughout
  Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

7 [O for a glance of heavenly love Our hearts and fongs to raife; Sweetly to bear our fouls above, And mingle with their lays!]

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat, "Glory to God on high;

"Good-will and peace are now complete, "Jesus was born to die."

9 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

## CXXX. 7s. J. C. W.

## The Song of the Angels.

- HARK, the herald angels fing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, "God and finners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rife, Join the triumph of the skies; Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 [Mild he lays his glory by,
  Born, that men no more might die;
  Born, to raife the fons of earth,
  Born, to give them fecond birth.]
- 4 Come, defire of nations, come, Fix in us thy humble home; Rife, the woman's promis'd feed, Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King, Let us all the anthem fing, "Peace on earth, and mercy mild, "God and finners reconcil'd!"

CXXXI. C. M. STEELE

# The Incarnation, John i. 14.

AWAKE, awake the facred fong To our incarnate Lord; Let every heart, and every tongue Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful word, that fovereign power, By whom the worlds were made; (O happy morn! illustrious hour!) Was once in flesh array'd!

3 Then shone almighty power and love, In all their glorious forms; When Jefus left his throne above To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with mifery below, The Saviour left the fkies; And funk to wretchedness and woe, That worthless man might rife.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their fongs To hail the joyful day; With rapture then, let mortal tongues Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due! With wonder we adore; But could we fing as angels do, Our highest praise were poor.

Hal.

## CXXXII. 8. 7. 4. Lewes Tune. Robinson.

## Praise to the Redeemer.

- MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
  May an infant lisp thy name?
  Lord of men as well as angels,
  Thou art every creature's theme.
  Hallelujah,
  Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Lord, of every land and nation,
  Ancient of eternal Days!
  Sounded thro' the wide creation
  Be thy just and lawful praise:
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature, Grand beyond a feraph's thought, For created works of power, Works with skill and kindness wrought. Hal.
- 4 For thy providence that governs
  Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
  Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
  Blessed be thy gentle reign.
  Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
  Dark thro' brightness all along;
  Thought is poor, and poor expression,
  Who dare sing that awful song?
- Who dare fing that awful fong? Hal.

  6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
  Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
  Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
  Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.
- 7 Did archangels fing thy coming?
  Did the shepherds learn their lays?
  Shame would cover me ungrateful,
  Should my tongue refuse to praise.

THE LIFE AND 133, 134.

8 From the highest throne in glory, To the cross of deepest woe; All to ranfom guilty captives, Flow my praise, for ever flow.

Hal.

9 Go return, immortal Saviour. Leave thy footstool, take thy throne; Thence return and reign for ever, Be the kingdom all thine own. Hallelujah, &c.

### CXXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The condescending Grace of CHRIST, Matt. XX. 28.

I CAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love, How sweet thy gracious name! With joy that errand we review, On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands Stood waiting on the wing, Charm'd with the honor to obey Their great eternal King;

3 For us, mean, wretched, finful men, Thou laid'ft that glory by; First in our mortal flesh to serve. Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy fervice and thy blood, We doubly, Lord, are thine; To thee our lives we would devote To thee our death resign.

### CXXXIV. C. M.

The Redeemer's Message, Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad found, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promis'd long! Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a fong.

- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd, Exerts his facred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release, In satan's bondage held, The gates of brass before him burst, The iron setters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray; And on the eyes oppress'd with night, To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding foul to cure; And with the treasures of his grace, T' inrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hofannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

### CXXXV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST'S Transfiguration, Matt. xvii. 4.

- WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
  The various glories of thy face,
  What transport pours o'er all our breast,
  And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell
  On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
  Rather than pompous courts behold,
  And share their grandeur and their gold.

### 136. THE SUFFERINGS AND

- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
  Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
  I fee the King of Glory thine;
  And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor, thus his fervants view'd His lustre, when transform'd he stood; And, bidding earthly scenes farewell, Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
  To nobler visions long to rise;
  That grand affembly would we join,
  Where all thy faints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount how bright! those forms how fair! 'Tis good to dwell for ever there: Come, death, dear envoy of my God, And bear me to that blest abode.

### CXXXVI. L. M. WHITEFIELD'S COLLECTION.

### Behold the Man, John xix. 5.

- YE that pass by, behold the man,
  The man of grief condemn'd for you,
  The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
  Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His facred limbs they stretch, they tear, With nails they fasten to the wood— His facred limbs—expos'd and bare, Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns, His bleeding hands extended wide, His streaming feet transix'd and torn, The fountain gushing from his side.

- 4 Thou dear, thou fuffering Son of God, How doth thy heart to finners move! Sprinkle on us thy precious blood, And melt us with thy dying love!
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake, Convuls'd, when her Creator died; O may our inmost nature shake, And bow with Jesus crucissed!
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd Their horrors to the upper skies; O that our souls might burst the shade, And quicken'd by thy death, arise!
- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death, And tremble, and afunder part; O rend, with thy expiring breath, The harder marble of our heart.

### CXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

### A dying Saviour\*.

- T STRETCH'D on the crofs the Saviour dies,
  Hark! his expiring groans arife!
  See, from his hands, his feet, his fide,
  Runs down the facred crimfon tide!
- 2 But life attends the deathful found, And flows from every bleeding wound; The vital stream, how free it flows, To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 To fuffer in the traitor's place,
  To die for man, furprifing grace!
  Yet pass rebellious angels by—
  O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

<sup>·</sup> See Hymn on Redemytion, and the Lord's Supper.

### 138. THE SUFFERINGS AND

- 4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?
  And could the sun behold the deed?
  No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
  And darkness veil'd the morning day.
- 5 Can I furvey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and wonder flow; And yet my heart unmov'd remain, Insensible to love or pain?
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart, To warm this cold, this stupid heart; 'Till all its powers and passions move In melting grief, and ardent love.

### CXXXVIII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The Attraction of the Cross, John xii. 32.

- YONDER—amazing fight!—I fee
  Th' incarnate Son of God,
  Expiring on the accurfed tree,
  And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
  Down from his hands and head:
  The crimfon tide puts out the fun;
  His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky Proclaim the truth aloud;
  And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
  "This is the Son of God."
- 4 So great, so vast a facrifice
  May well my hope revive:
  If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
  The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine, Might draw me, Lord, to thee! Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine— Thine it shall ever be!

### CXXXIX. L. M.

The dying Love of Christ, constraining to thankful Devotion, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- SEE, Lord, thy willing fubjects bow, Adoring low before thy throne: Accept our humble, cheerful vow, Thou art our fovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy foul-reviving ray, E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom Shall brighten into vernal day, And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our fouls and bid us fing, In concert with the choir above, The glories of our Saviour King, The condescentions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love! that floop'd fo low, To view with pity's melting eye Vile men, deferving endless woe! Amazing love!—did Jesus die?
- 5 He died, to raife to life and joy The vile, the guilty, the undone; O let his praife each hour employ, 'Till hours no more their circles run!
- 6 He died!—ye feraphs, tune your fongs, Refound, refound the Saviour's name: For nought below immortal tongues Can ever reach the wondrous theme,

CXL. 148th. Refurrection Tune. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Resurrection of CHRIST, Luke xxiv. 34.

YES, the Redeemer rose; The Saviour left the dead; And o'er our hellish soes High rais'd his conquering head:

In wild difmay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And fink away.

Lo! the angelic bands
 In full affembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:

Joyful they come, And wing their way From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly, The joyful news to bear: Hark! as they foar on high, What music fills the air!

Their anthems fay,
"Jesus who bled
"Hath lest the dead;

" He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the found, Redeem'd by him from hell; And fend the echo round The Globe on which you dwell:

Transported cry,
" Jefus who bled
" Hath left the dead
" No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who far'st us with thy blood's
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

### CXLI. 7s.

The Refurrection, I Cor. xv. 56.

CHRIST, the Lord, is rifen to-day, Sons of men, and angels fay, Raife your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! the fun's eclipfe is o'er, Lo! he fets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain borbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
"Where, O death, is now thy sling?"
Once he dy'd our fouls to fave;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted head, Made like him, like him we rife, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What tho' once we perish'd all, Partner's of our parents' fall; Second life let us receive, In our heavenly Adam live:

### 142. THE RESURRECTION AND

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praife to thee by both be given! Thee we greet triumphant now, Hail! the refurrection—thou.

### CXLII. 7s. Hart's Tune.

### The Resurrection and Ascension.

A NGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rifes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raife
Fame's eternal trump of praife;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hal.

Now, ye faints, lift up your eyes,

Now to glory fee him rife,

In long triumph up the fky,

Up to waiting worlds on high.

Hal.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and thy own.
Hal.

5 Praife him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praife, and fweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous fong,
Let the strains be fweet and strong.

Hal:

· Hal.

6 Every note with wonder fwell, Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell; Where is hell's once dreaded king! Where, O death, thy mortal sing!

### ASCENSION OF CHRIST. 143, 144.

#### CXLIII. L. M.

CHRIST's Refurredion a Pledge of ours.

- WHEN I the holy grave furvey,
  Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;
  I fee fulfill'd what prophets fay,
  And all the power of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim How weak the bands of conquer'd death: Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name Shall rife, and draw immortal breath!
- 3 [Our Surety freed, declares us free, For whose offences he was seiz'd: In his release our own we see, And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead, Unseals his eyes to sleep no more; And ever lives their cause to plead, For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy rifen Lord, my foul, behold; See the rich diadem he wears! Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold, To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Tho' in the dust I lay my head, Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave My flesh for ever with the dead, Nor lose thy children in the grave.

### CXLIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort to fuch who feek a rifen Jesus, Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

YE humble fouls, that feek the Lord,
Chafe all your fears away:
And bow with pleafure down to fee
The place where Jefus lay.

#### 145. THE RESURRECTION AND

- 2 Thus low, the Lord of life was brought; Such wonders love can do: Thus cold in death that bosom lay, Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief, Let grateful forrows rise; And wash the bloody stains away, With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your fongs. The Saviour lives again; Not all the bolts and bars of death The conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears His once dishonor'd head; And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns, Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every faint His empty tomb furvey; Then rife, with his afcending Lord, To realms of endless day.

### CXLV. L. M. Cheshunt New Tune. WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

CHRIST's Afcension, Pfalm xxiv. 7.

- OUR Lord is rifen from the dead, Our Fesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits And angels chant the folemn lay; " Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!

" Ye everlasting doors give way !"

2 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the radiant scene; He claims those mansions as his right, Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, fin, death, and hell o'erthrew,

And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits, And angels chant the folemn lay, "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! "Ye everlasting doors give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possest,
The King of faints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blett!

CXLVI. 148th. Dr. Doddridge.

Jesus seen of Angels, I Tim. iii. 16.

O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble fong
To make the Saviour known:

On earth ye knew His wondrous grace, His beauteous face In heaven ye view.

2 Ye faw the heaven-born child In human flesh array'd, Benevolent and mild, While in the manger laid;

And praise to God, And peace on earth, For such a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

### 146. THE ASCENSION AND

Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
'The victor's head,
When satan fled
Before his frown.

Around the bloody tree
Ye prefs'd with strong desire,
'That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

Around his facred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

When all array'd in light
The shining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous slight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings,
Of sweetest found.

7 The warbling notes pursue, And louder anthems raise; While mortals sing with you Their own Redeemer's praise:

And thou, my heart, With equal flame, And joy the fame, Perform thy part.

#### CXLVII. L. M. STEELE.

The exalted Saviour.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains, And join the blissful choir above; There our exalted Saviour reigns, And there they sing his wondrous love.

While feraphs tune th' immortal fong,
O may we feel the facred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 Jefus, who dy'd that we might live, Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;— O what returns can mortals give, For fuch immeafurable grace?

5 Were univerfal nature ours, And art with all their boasted store; Nature and art with all their powers, Would still confess the offerer poor!

6 Yet tho' for bounty fo divine!
We ne'er can equal honors raife,

Jefus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praife!

### CXLVIII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S MISCELL:

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of CHRIST, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

- THE mighty frame of glorious grace, That brightest monument of praise That e'er the God of love design'd, Employs and fills my laboring mind.
- 2 Begin, my foul, the heavenly fong, A burden for an angel's tongue: When Gabriel founds these awful things, He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love. Fefus, the Lord of worlds above, Puts off the beams of bright array, And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He that distributes crowns and thrones
  Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
  The Prince of life resigns his breath,
  The King of glory bows to death.
  - But fee the wonders of his power, He triumphs in his dying hour, And, while by fatan's rage he fell, He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hofts of death fubdu'd, And fin was drown'd in Jeju's blood: Then he arose, and reigns above, And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless fong?
  The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
  How low, how vain are mortal airs,
  When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

CXLIX. 148th. Greenwich New Tune.

The Kingdom of CHRIST, Phil. iv. 4.

R EJOICE, the Lord is King, Your God and King adore; Mortals, give thanks, and fing, And triumph evermore! Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Rejoice aloud, ye faints, rejoice.

Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye faints, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
List up the heart, list up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye faints, rejoice.

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye faints, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,

Jesus the judge shall come,

And take his servants up

To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,

The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

### CL. 104th. FAWCETT.

. The Fulness of CHRIST, John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

A FULNESS refides
In Jesus our head,
And ever ab les
To answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store,
A plentiful treasure

To give to the poor.

Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us

Abundant fupplies;
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise.

The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redrefs,
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;

He has a redundance For all that believe.

Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us,
While Jesus is near.

When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us thro' life:
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His hand will supply.

CLI. 8s. New Jerusalem Tune: The unsearchable Riches of Christ, Eph. iii. 8.

- HOW shall I my Saviour set forth? How shall I his beauties declare? O how shall I speak of his worth, Or what his chief dignities are? His angels can never express, Nor faints who sit nearest his throne, How rich are his treasures of grace:—No! this is a mystery unknown.
- 2 In him all the fulness of God
  For ever transcendantly shines;
  Tho' once like a mortal he stood
  To finish his gracious designs:
  Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
  Vile rebels like me to set free,
  His glory sustained no loss,
  Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his power, Seem'd then with each other to vie, When sinners he stoop'd to restore, Poor sinners condemned to die! He laid all his grandeur aside, And dwelt in a cottage of clay: Poor sinners he lov'd, till he dy'd To wash their pollutions away.

- 4 O finners, believe and adore, This Saviour so rich to redeem! No creature can ever explore The treasures of goodness in him: Come, all ye who fee yourfelves loft, And feel yourselves burden'd with sin. Draw near while with terror you're toss'd; Believe, and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now, finners, attend to his call. "Whofo hath an ear let him hear," He promises mercy to all Who feel their fad wants, far and near: He riches has ever in store. And treasures that never can waste: Here's pardon, here's grace, yea and more, Here's glory eternal at last.

### CLII. L. M. STEELE.

The Intercession of CHRIST, Heb. vii. 25.

- HE lives, the great Redeemer lives, (What joy the bleft affurance gives!) And now before his Father God. Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice arm'd with frowns appears; But in the Saviour's lovely face Sweet mercy fmiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts, Above our fears, above our faults His powerful intercessions rife And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

- 4 In every dark distressful hour, When sin and satan join their power; Let this dear hope repel the dart, That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great advocate, almighty friend— On him our humble hopes depend: Our cause can never, never fail, For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

### CLIII. C. M. TOPLADY.

CHRIST's Intercession prevalent, John xvii. 24.

- A WAKE, fweet gratitude, and fing Th' afcended Saviour's love;
  Sing how he lives to carry on
  His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up His humbled fuit below; But with authority he asks, Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him, Salvation he demands; Points to their names upon his breaft, And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His fweet atoning facrifice
  Gives fanction to his claim:
  "Father, I will that all my faints
  "Be with me where I am:
- 5 "By their falvation, recompense "The forrows I endur'd; "Just to the merits of thy Son,

"And faithful to thy word."

### 154. THE INTERCESSION

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every faint is given:
Safety below, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails, The Father smiles on thee; And now thou in thy kingdom art, Dear Lord, remember me.

8 Let the much incense of thy prayer In my behalf ascend; And as its virtue, so my praise, Shall never never end.]

### CLIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST'S Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate, Exodus xxviii. 29.

NOW let our cheerful eyes furvey
Our great high Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a fuperior throne; Where angels bow around, And high o'er all the shining train With matchless honors crown'd;

The names of all his faints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian fay
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breaft May thy dear name be worn, A facred ornament and guard, To endless ages borne!

#### CLV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials, and Intercession for him, Luke xxii. 31, 32.

- How artful, and how great!

  Tho' not one grain shall be destroy'd,

  Yet will he sift the wheat.
- 2 But God can all his power control, And gather in his chain; And, where he feems to triumph most, The captive foul regain.
- 3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong, Still watchful for his sheep; Nor shall th' infernal lion rend, Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
- 4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us, That we may fall no more; O raise us when we prostrate lie, And comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy fecret energy impart,
  That faith may never fail;
  But, 'midft whole showers of fiery darts,
  That temper'd shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourfelves by grace divine, We'll guard our brethren too; And, taught their frailty by our own, Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST'.

#### CLVI. L. M.

### ADVOCATE, I John ii. 1.

- WHERE is my God? does he retire Beyond the reach of humble fighs? Are these weak breathings of desire, Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, Lord, the breathings of defire, The weak petition, if fincere, Is not forbidden to afpire, But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my foul, with cheerful eye, See where the great Redeemer stands, The glorious advocate on high, With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He fweetens every humble groan, He recommends each broken prayer; Recline thy hope on him alone, Whofe power and love forbid defpair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord, With stronger faith to call thee mine; Bid me pronounce the blissful word, My Father, God, with joy divine.

<sup>\*</sup> These characters of Christ follow one another Alphabetically. Others which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

## CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 157, 158.

CLVII. L. M. General Baptist Collection.

BRAZEN SERPENT, Numb. xxi. 8, 9.

- WHEN Ifrael's grieving tribes complain'd,
  With fiery ferpent's greatly pain'd,
  A ferpent strait the prophet made
  Of molten brass, to view display'd.
- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend, To heaven their mournful fighs ascend; They hope, they look, while from the pole Descends a power that makes them whole.
- 3 But, O, what healing to the heart Doth our Redeemer's crofs impart! What life, by faith, our fouls receive! What pleasures do his forrows give!
- 4 Still may I view the Saviour's crofs, And other objects count but lofs; Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes, Enraptur'd with his facrifice!
- 5 Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
  Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
  By thy atonement set me free,
  My life, my hope is all from thee.

### CLVIII. L. M. FAWCETT. Bread of Life, John vi. 35, 48.

- DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
  Nor love, nor feek for heavenly bread;
  They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
  Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 Jefus, thou art the living bread, By which our needy fouls are fed: In thee alone thy children find Enough to fill the empty mind.

### 159. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Without this bread, I starve and die; No other can my need supply: But this will suit my wretched case, Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor, Who ask for bread at mercy's door, This living food descends from heaven, As manna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives, What strength, what nourishment it gives! O let me evermore be fed With this divine celestial bread!

#### CLIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

## BRIDEGROOM AND HUSBAND; or, the Marriage between Christ and the Soul.

- JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave His life my wretched foul to fave; Refolv'd to make his mercy known, He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove 'Till melted and constrain'd by love; With sin and self I freely part, The heavenly bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows, Yet takes and owns me for his spouse; My debts he pays, and sets me free, And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid afide, He clothes me as becomes his bride; Himfelf bestows my wedding-dress, The robe of perfect righteousness.

- 5 Lost in astonishment, I see, Jesus, thy boundless love to me; With angels I thy grace adore, And long to love and praise thee more.
- 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride, O keep me, Saviour, near thy fide; I fain would give thee all my heart, Nor ever from my Lord depart.

#### CLX. L. M. BEDDOME.

### BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR, Rev. XXII. 16.

- YE worlds of light, that roll fo near The Saviour's throne of shining blis, O tell how mean your glories are, How faint, and few, compar'd with his.
- 2 We fing the bright and morning-star (Jefus, the spring of light and love;)
  See how its rays diffus'd from far,
  Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 Its cheering beams, fpread wide abroad, Point out the puzzled Christian's way; Still as he goes he finds the road Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus when the eastern Magi brought
  Their royal gifts, a star appears,
  Directs them to the babe they sought,
  And guides their steps, and calms their sears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heavenly place, Where this bright star will brightest shine; Leave far behind these scenes of night, And view a lustre so divine?

### CLXI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND; or, the Excellencies of Christ, Cant. v. 10-16.

TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue Its noblest tribute bring: When he's the subject of the song, Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon his awful brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erslow.

4 No mortal can with him compare, Among the fons of men: Fairer he is than all the fair That fill the heavenly train.

5 He faw me plung'd in deep distress, He fled to my relief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief.

6 His hand a thousand bleffings pours Upon my guilty head: His presence gilds my darkest hours, And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me triumph over death, And faves me from the grave.

### CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 162, 163.

- 8 To heaven the place of his abode
  He brings my weary feet!
  Shews me the glories of my God,
  And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive, Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine.

CLXII. 8. 7. MADAN'S COLLECTION. CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL, Luke ii. 25.

- COME, thou long expected Jefus,
  Born to fet thy people free;
  From our fears and fins release us,
  Let us find our rest in thee:
  Israel's strength and consolation,
  Hope of all the faints thou art;
  Dear desire of every nation,
  Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver;
  Born a child and yet a King;
  Born to reign in us for ever,
  Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
  By thine own eternal Spirit,
  Rule in all our hearts alone;
  By thine all-fufficient merit,
  Raife us to thy glerious throne.

CLXIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE, Corner-Stone, 1 Pet. ii. 6. Ifa. xxviii. 16, 17.

I ORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rife
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

### 164. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 We own the work of fovereign love, Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move, Which fix'd on this foundation stand, Laid by thine own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried, And all the powers of hell defy'd; Floods of temptation beat in vain; Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
  Whirlwind and thunder, fire, and hail,
  'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
  And here securely they abide:
- 5 While they that fcorn this precious flone, Fond of fome quickfand of their own, Borne down by weighty vengeance die, And buried deep in ruin lie.

#### CLXIV. C. M.

### Desire of all Nations, Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

- Thou lovely Prince of grace!
  Thy uncreated beauties shine
  With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end Come bending at thy feet; To thee their prayers and vows ascend, In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed, Delights the church around; Sweetly the sacred odors spread 'Thro' all Immanuel's ground.

### CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 165, 166.

- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
  On thy exhaustless store;
  From thee they all their bliss receive,
  And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy: They find their all in thee; Thy glories will their tongues employ Thro' all eternity.

CLXV. C. M. Stamford Tune. Doddridge. The Door, John x. 9. Hofea ii. 15.

- A WAKE, our fouls, and blefs his name, Whofe mercies never fail;
  Who opens wide a door of hope
  In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd, The buildings strong and fair; Within are pastures fresh and green, And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my foul, with cheerful haste, For Jesus is the door; Nor fear the serpent's wily arts, Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead, And Jews and Gentiles come, All trav'lling thro' one beauteous gate To one eternal home!

CLXVI. L. M. STEELE. Our Example, John xiii. 15.

A ND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the Dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

### 167. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Whene'er the angry pathons rife,
  And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
  To Jefus, let us lift our eyes,
  Bright pattern of the christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
  How mild! how ready to forgive!
  Be this the temper of our mind,
  And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will, Was his employment and delight; Humility and holy zeal Shone thro' his life, divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came, The labors of his life were love; O, if we love the Saviour's name, Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah how blind! how weak we are!
  How frail! how apt to turn aside!
  Lord, we depend upon thy care,
  And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace, To teach us what we ought to be; Make us by thy transforming grace, Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

#### CLXVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Foregunner and Foundation of our Hope, Heb. vi. 19, 20.

JESUS the Lord, our fouls adore,
A painful fufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

- 2 His race for ever is complete: For ever undiffurb'd his feat; Myriads of angels round him fly, And fing his well gain'd victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honors of his throne, He joys not for himself alone; His meanest servants share their part, Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raife, raife, my foul, thy raptur'd fight, With facred wonder and delight; Jefus thy own forerunner fee Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell, And foaming waves to mountains swell, No shipwreck can my vessel fear, Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

### CLXVIII. As the touth. HART.

FOUNTAIN opened for Sinners, Zech. xiii. I.

- THE fountain of Christ,
  Lord, help us to sing,
  The blood of our Priest,
  Our crucify'd King;
  The fountain that cleanses
  From sin and from sitth,
  And richly dispenses
  Salvation and health.
- This fountain fo dear
  He'll freely impart;
  When pierc'd by the fpear,
  It flow'd from his heart,
  With blood and with water,
  The first to atone,

### 168. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

To cleanse us the latter; The fountain's but one.

- This fountain from guilt
  Not only makes pure,
  And gives, foon as felt,
  Infallible cure;
  But if guilt removed,
  Return and remain,
  Its power may be proved
  Again and again.
- A This fountain unfeal'd
  Stands open for all
  Who long to be heal'd,
  The great and the fmall:
  Here's strength for the weakly
  That hither are led;
  Here's health for the sickly,
  And life for the dead.
- This fountain tho' rich,
  From charge is quite clear,
  The poorer the wretch
  The welcomer here:
  Come needy, and guilty,
  Come loathfome, and bare;
  Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
  Come just as you are.
- This fountain in vain
  Has never been try'd,
  It takes out all stain
  Whenever apply'd:
  The fountain flows sweetly
  With virtue divine,
  To cleanse souls completely,
  Tho' lep'rous as mine.

## CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 169, 170,

### CLXIX. C. M. COWPER.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And finners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lofe all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to fee That fountain in his day; O may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my fins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, 'Till all the ransom'd church of God Be fav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er fince, by faith, I faw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be 'till I die.

5 But when this lifping, stammering tongue Lies filent in the grave, Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save.

# CLXX. L. M. Newton. FRIEND.

- POOR, weak, and worthless the I am,
  I have a rich almighty friend;
  Jesus the Saviour, is his name,
  He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ranfom'd me from hell with blood, And by his power my foes controll'd; He found me wandering far from God, And brought me to his chosen fold.

### 171. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies, And says that I shall shortly be Enthron'd with him above the skies, O! what a friend is Christ to me!

#### PAUSE.

### Is this thy Kindness to thy Friend, 2 Sam. xvi. 17:

- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns, And well my eyes with tears may swim, To think of my perverse returns; I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve, Neglect, distrust, and disobey, And often satan's lies believe, Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 6 [He bids me always freely come, And promifes whate'er I ask: But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb, And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause, My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame; Loth to forego the world's applause, I hardly dare avow his name.]
- 8 Sure were not I most vile and base, I could not thus my friend requite! And were not he the God of grace, He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

### CLXXI. L. M. BEDDOME.

GIFT of God, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

JESUS my love, my chief delight, For thee I long, for thee I pray; Amid the shadows of the night, Amid the business of the day.

- 2 When shall I see thy smiling sace, That sace which I have often seen; Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness, Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God, To finners weary and diffrest; The first of all his gifts bestow'd, And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but fay this gift is mine, I'd tread the world beneath my feet; No more at poverty repine, Nor envy the rich finner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep, And lodge it deep within my heart; At home, abroad, awake, asleep, It never should from thence depart!

### CLXXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

HEAD of the Church, Eph. iv. 15, 16.

- JESUS, I fing thy matchless grace,
  That calls a worm thy own;
  Gives me among thy faints a place
  To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee our vital head, We act, and grow, and thrive: From thee divided, each is dead, When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy faints on earth, and those above, Here join in sweet accord:
  One body all in mutual love,
  And thou, our common Lord.

### 173. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- O may my faith each hour derive
   Thy Spirit with delight;
   While death and hell in vain shall strive
   This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt prefent Before thy Father's face; Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot Its beauteous form difgrace.

# CLXXIII. C. M. Liverpool Tune. Dr. Doddridge.

JESUS-precious to them that believe, I Pet. ii. 7.

- JESUS, I love thy charming name, 'Tis mufic to my ear;
  Fain would I found it out fo loud,
  That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my foul,
  My transport and my trust;
  Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
  And gold is forded dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish In thee doth richly meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart, And shed its fragrance there; The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll fpeak the honors of thy name, With my last labouring breath; And dying clasp thee in my arms, The antidote of death.

## CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 174, 175.

CLXXIV. 7s. Turin Tune.

GOD with us! O glorious name!

Let it shine in endless fame:

God and man in Christ unite,

O mysterious depth and height!

- 2 God with us! amazing love
  Brought him from his courts above;
  Now, ye faints, his grace admire,
  Swell the fong with holy fire.
- 3 God with us! but tainted not With the first transgressor's blot; Yet did he our sins sustain, Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- 4 [God with us! O blissful theme! Let the impious not blaspheme, Jesus shall in judgment sit, Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 God with us! O wondrous grace! Let us fee him face to face, That we may *Immanuel* fing, As we ought, our God and King.

### CLXXV. C. M. STEELE.

KING of Saints.

- COME, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The fovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round, How bright those glories shine.

# 176. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace, In him unite their rays; You that have e'er beheld his face, Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
  The glories of our King;
  We long to love as angels do,
  And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain; Lord, teach our fongs to rise! Thy love can animate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period! glorious day! When heaven and earth shall raise, With all their powers the raptur'd lay, To celebrate thy praise.

### CLXXVI. C. M. Miles's Lane Tune. W\_\_\_\_

#### Crown him.

- BACKSLIDERS, who your mifery feel, Attend your Saviour's call; Return, he'll your backflidings heal; O crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimfon fin increase your guilt, And painful is your thrall; For broken hearts his blood was spilt; O crown him Lord of all.
- Take with you words, approach his throne, And low before him fall; He understands the spirit's groan; O crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out, Altho' your faith be small; His faithfulness you cannot doubt; O crown him Lord of all.

CLXXVII. C. M. Miles's Lane Tune.

The Spiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.

Angels.

ALL hail the power of Fesu's name!

Let angels prostrate fall:

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

### Martyrs.

2 [Crown him ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown him Lord of all.]

### Converted Jews.

3 [Ye chosen feed of Ifrael's race, A remnant weak and small; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.]

### Believing Gentiles.

Ye Gentile finners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lard of all.

### Sinners of every age.

5 [Babes, men, and fires, who know his love, Who feel your fin and thrall; Now joy with all the hosts above, And crown him Lord of all.]

# 178. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

Sinners of every nation.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

#### Ourselves.

7 O that, with yonder facred throng, WE at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlafting fong, And crown him Lord of all.

### CLXXVIII. 112th. Uffculm Tune. C. WESLEY.

## Kinsman, Ruth iii. 4. 9.

TESUS, we claim thee for our own; Our kinfman near allied in blood, Flesh of our slesh, bone of our bone, The Son of man, the Son of God; And lo, we lay us at thy seet, Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my flesh below, To thee, O Jesus, I apply; Thou wilt thy poor relations know, Thou never canst thyself deny, Exclude me from thy guardian care, Or slight a finful beggar's prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
I trust my faithful friend to prove;
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love:
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And save me for thy merit's sake.

4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,

Lord over all, to worms allied?

Answer me from that bleeding cross,

Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride;

And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,

Thine wholly, thine for ever be!

### CLXXIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

LAMB OF GOD, &c. John i. 29.

- BEHOLD the fin-atoning Lamb,
  With wonder, gratitude, and love;
  To take away our guilt and shame,
  See him descending from above.
- 2 Our fins and griefs on him were laid; He meekly bore the mighty load; Our ranfom-price he fully paid, In groans and tears, in fweat and blood.
- 3 To fave a guilty world, he dies; Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb! To him lift up your longing eyes, And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace thro' him abound; He can the richest blessings give; Salvation in his name is found, He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus my Lord, I look to thee; Where else can helples sinners go? Thy boundless love shall fet me free From all my wretchedness and woe.

# 180, 181. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

# CLXXX. S. M. J. C. W.

#### LEADER.

- THOU very Paschal Lamb,
  Whose blood for us was shed,
  Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
  Thy ransom'd people lead.
- Angel of gospel-grace!
   Fulfil thy character,
   To guard and feed the chosen race,
   In Ifrael's camp appear.
- Throughout the defert-way Conduct us by thy light,

  Be thou a cooling cloud by day,

  A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting fouls fustain
  With blessings from above,
  And ever on thy people rain
  The manna of thy love.

# CLXXXI. L. M. STEELE.

LIFE of the Soul, John xiv. 19.

- WHEN fins and fears prevailing rife, And fainting hope almost expires; Fefur, to thee I lift mine eyes, To thee I breathe my foul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
  And can my hope, my comfort die,
  Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
  That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives, Then my immortal life is fure; His word a firm foundation gives, Here, let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here, let my faith unshaken dwell, Immovable the promise stands; Not all the powers of earth, or hell, Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my foul, thy trust repose; If Jesus is for ever mine, Nor death itself, that last of foes, Shall break a union so divine.

## CLXXXII. 8. 7. Carlifle Tune.

LIGHT, Isaiah ix. 2.

I LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes!
Still we wait for thine appearing,

Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, and bring thy gospel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compaffion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of falvation,
Give the pardon of our fins.
By thine all-fufficient merit,
Every burden'd foul releafe;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

# 183, 184. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

### CLXXXIII. 7s. W-.

MELCHIZEDEK a Type of CHRIST, Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

- King of Salem, blefs my foul!

  Make a wounded finner whole!

  King of righteousness and peace,

  Let not thy sweet visits cease!
- 2 Come! refresh this soul of mine With thy sacred bread and wine! All thy love to me unfold, Half of which can not be told.
- 3 Hail Melchizedek divine!
  Thou great High Priest shalt be mine;
  All my powers before thee fall,
  Take not tithe, but take them all!

#### CLXXXIV. C. M.

Messenger of the Covenant, Mal. iii. I.

- JESUS, commission'd from above,
  Descends to men below,
  And shews from whence the springs of love,
  In endless currents flow.
- 2 He, whom the boundlefs heaven adores,
  Whom angels long to fee;
  Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
  Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me a worm, a finful clod, A rebel all forlorn; A foe, a traitor to my God, And, of a traitor born;
- 4 To me, who never fought his grace, Who mock'd his facred word; Who never knew, or lov'd his face, And all his will abhorr'd;

5 To me, who could not even praife, When his kind heart I knew; But fought a thousand devious ways, Rather than keep the true;

6 Yet this redeeming angel came, So vile a worm to blefs; He took, with gladnefs all my blame, And gave his righteoufnefs.

7 O! that my languid heart might glow, With ardor all divine; And for more love than feraphs know, Like burning feraphs shine!

### CLXXXV. L. M. NEEDHAM.

Messian, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

- GLORY to God who reigns above,
  Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
  Ye faints and angels, if ye can,
  Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O what can more his love commend His dear, his only Son to fend! That man, condemn'd to die, might live, And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 Meffiah's come—with joy behold The days by prophets long foretold: Judah, thy royal fceptre's broke, And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd, The time prophetic feals requir'd; Cut off for fins, but not his own, Thy prince Meffiah did atone.

### 186. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon, Is by the latter far out-shone: It wanted not thy glittering store, Messiah's presence grac'd it more.
- 6 We fee the prophecies fulfill'd In Jesus, that most wondrous child: His birth, his life, his death combine To prove his character divine.
- 7 Jefus, thy gospel firmly stands A blessing to these favor'd lands: No insidel shall be our dread, Since thou art risen from the dead.

## CLXXXVI. 7. 6. 8. Clark's Tune.

### C. WESLEY.

Passover, Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

To fet his people free,
Free from fin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaob's tyranny.
Lord, that we may now depart,
And truly ferve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.

2 Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil,
Let his pellilential fword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Ifrael shew?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

### CLXXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

PEARI. of great Price, Matth. xiii. 46.

- YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
  A nobler choice be mine;
  A real prize attracts my view,
  A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares, Ye fpecious baits of fense;— Inestimable worth appears, The pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown, O name divinely sweet! Jesus, in thee, in thee alone, Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
  Their boafted ftores refign;
  With joy I would renounce them all
  For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart, Of this dear gift posses'd; I'd class it to my joyful heart, And be for ever bles'd.

### 188. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

6 Dear fov'reign of my foul's defires, Thy love is blifs divine; Accept the wish that love inspires, And bid me call thee mine.

### CLXXXVIII. L. M. STEELE.

PHYSICIAN of Souls, Jeremiah viii. 22.

- DEEP are the wounds which fin has made,
  Where shall the sinner find a cure?
  In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
  The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns, With fatal strength in every part; The dire contagion fills the veins, And spreads its poison to the heart.
- And can no fovereign balm be found? And is no kind physician nigh To ease the pain, and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for ever sty?
- 4 There is a great physician near, Look up, O fainting foul, and live; See, in his heavenly smiles appear Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood Life, health, and blifs, abundant flow! 'Tis only this dear facred flood Can eafe thy pain and heal thy woe.
- Sin throws in vain its pointed dart, For here a fovereign cure is found; A cordial for the fainting heart, A balm for every painful wound.

# CLXXXIX. C. M. Great Milton Tune.

# PHYSICIAN; or, The Miracles of CHRIST.

- TESUS, fince thou art still to-day
  As yesterday the same;
  Present to heal, in me display
  The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do Thy needy creatures good; On me, that I thy praife may shew, Be all thy wonders shew'd.

#### LEPER.

- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call, Thy miracles repeat; With pitying eye behold me fall, A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathfome, and vile, and felf-abhorr'd, I fink beneath my fin; But if thou wilt, a gracious word Of thine can make me clean.

#### DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 Thou feest me deaf to thy commands, Open, O Lord! mine ear; Bid me stretch out my withered hands, And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)
  My voice I cannot raise;
  But O! when thou shall loose my tongue,
  The dumb shall sing thy praise.

### LAME.

- 7 Lame at the pool I still am seen, Waiting to find relief; While many others venture in, And wash away their grief.
- 8 Now speak my mind, my conscience sound, Give, and my strength employ; Light as an hart, my soul shall bound, The lame shall leap for joy.

#### BLIND.

- 9 If thou, my God, art passing by, O! let me find thee near; Jesus, in mercy hear my cry, Thou, son of David, hear!
- 10 See, I am waiting in the way,
  For thee the heavenly light;
  Command me to be brought, and fay,
  "Sinner, receive thy fight."

#### Possessen.

- To thy great name submit;
  Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
  And place me at thy feet.
- 12 From fin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
  Thou wilt relieve my foul;
  Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
  For thou wilt make me whole.

CXC. 148th. CENNICK.

### HIGH-PRIEST.

- A GOOD High Priest is come, Supplying Aaron's place, And taking up his room, Dispensing life and grace: The law by Aaron's priesthood came, But grace and truth by Fesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a priest is made, As sware the mighty God, To Israel and his seed, Ordain'd to offer blood: For sinners who his mercy seek, A priest, as was Melchizedek.
- 3 He once temptations knew,
  Of every fort and kind,
  That he might fuccor shew,
  To every tempted mind:
  In every point the Lamb was try'd
  Like us, and then for us he dy'd.
- 4 He dies, but lives again,
  And by the altar stands;
  There shews how he was slain,
  Op'ning his pierced hands.
  Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause
  Of us who have trangress'd his laws.
- 5 I other priests disclaim,
  And laws and offerings too,
  None but the bleeding Lamb
  The mighty work can do;
  He shall have all the praise, for he
  Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

### CXCI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

# The Excellency of the Priesthood of CHRIST.

- Jefus the most illustrious stands:
  The radiant beauty of his face
  Superior love and awe demands.
- 2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
  Could claim such high descent as he;
  His nature and his name bespeak
  His unexampled pedigree.
- 3 Descended from the eternal God, He bears the name of his own Son; And, dress'd in human sless and blood, He puts his priestly garments on.
- 4 The mitred crown, the embroider'd vest, With graceful dignity he wears; And in full splendor on his breast The facred oracle appears.
- 5 So he prefents his facrifice, An off'ring most divinely fweet; While clouds of fragrant incense rise, And cover o'er the mercy-seat.
- 6 The Father with approving finile Accepts the off'ring of his Son: New joys the wond'ring angels feel, And haste to bear the tidings down.
- 7 The welcome news their lips repeat, Gives facred pleafure to my breaft; Henceforth, my foul, thy cause commit To Christ, thy advocate and print.

# CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 192, 193.

# CXCII. 112th. Carey's Tune. PRESID. DAVLES:

PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING, I Peter ii. 7.

The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
O let me catch the immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the bles'd above.

2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy fweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee my great Prophet I would love,
And imitate the bles'd above.

3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood Did once atone upon the cross; Who now dost intercede with God, And plead the friendless sinner's cause; In thee I trust; thee I would love, And imitate the bless'd above.

4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour King, this heart would love,
And imitate the blefs'd above.

### CXCIII. L. M.

The RANSOM, Isaiah Ixi. 2.

"I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare,
"From debts and bondage to discharge,
"And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share:

### 194. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 " A day of vengeance I proclaim,
  - " But not on man the fform shall fall,
  - " On me its thunders shall descend,
  - " My strength, my love sustain them all."
- 3 Stupendous favor! matchless grace! Jesus has dy'd that we might live; Not worlds below, nor worlds above Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 'To him who lov'd our ruin'd race, And for our lives laid down his own, Let fongs of joyful praifes rife, Sublime, eternal as his throne.

### CXCIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Our RIGHTEOUSNESS, Jer. xxiii. 6.

- SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name, And in that name we trust;
  Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
  Thou art thine Ifrael's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne, And low in dust we lie 'Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The fins of one most righteous day Might plunge us in despair; Yet all the crimes of numerous years Shall our great furety clear.
- 4 That fpotless robe, which he hath wrough;
  Shall deck us all around;
  Nor by the piercing eye of God
  One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope To finners now are given; Ifrael and Judah foon thall change Their wilderness for heaven.

6 With joy we taste that manna now, Thy mercy scatters down; We seal our humble vows to thee, And wait the promis'd crown,

### CXCV. 7s. TOPLADY.

ROCK Smitten; or, The ROCK of Ages, Isa. xxvi. 4.

ROCK of ages, shelter me, Let me hide myself in thee! Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which slow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
  Can fulfil the law's demands;
  Could my zeal no respite know,
  Could my tears for ever flow,
  All for sin could not atone,
  'Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy crofs I cling; Naked come to thee for drefs, Helplefs look to thee for grace; Elack, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- While I draw this fleeting breath,
  When my eye-strings break in death,
  When I foar to worlds unknown,
  See thee on thy judgment throne,
  Rock of ages shelter me,
  Let me hide myself in thee.

# 196, 197. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

### CXCVI. L. M. STEELE.

SAVIOUR the only One, Acts iv. 12.

- JESUS, the fpring of joys divine, Whence all our hopes and comforts flow, Jesus, no other name but thine Can fave us from eternal woe.
- <sup>2</sup> In vain would boatting reason find The way to happines and God; Her weak directions leave the mind Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve; Thou art the true, the living way, (Ordain'd by everlasting love,) To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide, Nor from the heavenly path depart; O let thy Spirit, gracious guide, Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night, And bring us to the blifsful plains, The regions of unclouded light, Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

# CXCVII. S. M. STEELE. SHEPHERD, Pfalm XXIII. 1—3.

- WHILE my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, 1 bid farewel to anxious fear, My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads And guards my fweet repose.

- 3 Along the lovely fcene Cool waters gently roll, Transparent, sweet, and all ferene, To cheer my fainting foul.
- 4 Here let my fpirit rest;
  How sweet a lot is mine!
  With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
  Beneficence divine!
- Dear shepherd, if I stray,
  My wandering feet restore;
  To thy fair pastures guide my way,
  And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am, Of thy protecting care, Jefus, I plead thy gracious name, For all my hopes are there.

## CXCVIII. The Old 104th.

Strong-Hold, Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

- YE prisoners of hope
  O'erwhelmed with grief,
  To Jesus look up
  For certain relief;
  There's no condemnation
  In Jesus the Lord,
  But throng consolation
  His grace doth afford.
- 2 Should justice appear
  A merciles foe,
  Yet be of good cheer,
  And soon shall you know

# 199. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

That finners confessing
Their wickedness past,
A plentiful bleffing
Of pardon shall taste.

- Then dry up your tears,
  Ye children of grief,
  For Jesus appears
  To give you relief;
  If you are returning
  To Jesus your friend,
  Your sighing and mourning
  In singing shall end.
- "Mone will I cast out
  "Who come," faith the Lord,
  Why then do you doubt?
  Lay hold of his word:
  Ye mourners of Sion,
  Be bold to believe,
  For ever rely on
  Your Saviour, and live.

### CXCIX. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

### Sun, Pfalm lxxxiv. 11.

- REAT God, amid the darksome night,
  Thy glories dart upon my fight,
  While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
  The filver moon and stars of gold.
- 2 But when I fee the fun arife, And pour his glories o'er the skies, In more supendous forms I view Thy greatness and thy goodness too.

- 3 Thou Sun of funs, whose dazzling light Tries and confounds an angel's fight, How shall I glance mine eye at thee In all-thy vast immensity?
- 4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
  The distant shadow of thy face,
  As in the pale and sickly moon
  We trace the image of the sun.
- 5 In every work thy hands have made Thy power and wifdom are difplay'd: But, O! what glories all divine In my incarnate Saviour shine!
- 6 He is my Sun, beneath his wings My foul fecurely fits and fings; And there enjoys, like those above, The balmy influence of thy love.
- 6 O may the vital strength and heat His cheering beams communicate, Enable me my course to run With the same vigor as the sun!

### CC. C. M. TOPLADY.

VINE and the Branches, John xv. 1-5.

- JESUS, immutably the fame, Thou true and living vine, Around thy all-fupporting frem My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive. I flourish and bear fruit: My life I from thy sap derive, My vigor from the root.

- 3 I can do nothing without thee; My strength is wholly thine; Wither'd and barren should I be, If sever'd from the vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat, Refreshing dew shall drop, The plant which thy right-hand hath set, Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment water'd by thy care, And fenc'd with power divine, Fruit to eternal life shall bear The feeblest branch of thine.

### CCI. L. M. CENNICE.

#### WAY to Canaan.

- JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I fee, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of holiness I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have fought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief, my burden long has been, Because I could not cease from fin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
  I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
  'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
  Come hither, Soul, "I AM THE WAY."

- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bleft Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am; My finful felf to thee I give, Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to finners round,
  What a dear Saviour I have found;
  I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
  And fay, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

#### CCII. 8. 8. 6.

WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE, John xiv. 6.

- THERE is no path to heavenly blifs,
  Or folid joy, or lasting peace,
  But Christ th' appointed road;
  O may we tread the facred Way,
  By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
  Till we sit down with God!
- 2 The types, and shadows of the word Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord, The Saviour, just and true;
  O may we all his word believe, And all his promises receive, And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
  And life to dying finners gives,
  Eternal and divine;
  O may his Spirit in me dwell,
  Then fav'd from fin, and death, and hell,
  Eternal life is mine.

# 203, 204. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

CCIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption, 1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- Y God, affift me, while I raise
  An anthem of harmonious praise;
  My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
  And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Chrift I view a store divine; My Father, all that store is thine; By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd; Hail to the Saviour, and the God!
- 3 When gloomy shades my foul o'erspread, "Let there be light," th' Almighty said; And Christ, my Sun, his beams displays, And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd thy criminal I stood, And awful justice ask'd my blood; That welcome Saviour from thy throne Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 5 My foul was all o'erfpread with fin, And lo, his grace hath made me clean; He rescues from th' infernal foe, And full redemption will bestow:
- 6 Ye faints, assist my grateful tongue: Ye angels, warble back my fong; For love like this demands the praise Of heavenly harps, and endless days.

CCIV. C. M. TOPLADY.

ALL IN ALL.

1 C'OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside No comelines I see; The one thing needful, dearest Lord, Is to be one with thee. Into my foul convey:
Thyfelf bellow; for thee alone
My ALL IN ALL I pray.

Less than thyself will not suffice, My comfort to restore: More than thyself I cannot crave; And thou canst give no more.

4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intenfe I'd burn:
Chosen of thee 'ere time began,
I'd chuse thee in return.

Whate'er confiles not with thy love,
O teach me to refign:
I'm rich to all th' intents of blifs
If thou, O God, art mine.

CCV. Ss. New Jerusalem Tune. K-

All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul of Prophecy. Rev. xix. 10.

THE Bible is justly esteem'd

The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to Jehovah's right hand.
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books does outshine,
But Jesus his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2 In every prophetical book
Where God his decrees hath unfeal'd,
With joy we behold as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:

### 205. CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

His glories project to the eye, And prove it was not his defign, Those glories concealed should lie, But there in full majesty shine.

- 3 The first gracious promise to man,
  A blessed prediction appears,
  His work is the soul of the plan,
  And gives it the glory it wears.
  How cheering the truth must have been,
  That Jesus the promised seed,
  Should triumph o'er fatan and fin,
  And hell in captivity lead!
- Was prophecy after its kind,
  In types there the faithful forefaw
  The Saviour that ranfom'd mankind.
  The Altar, the Lamb, and the Prieft,
  The blood that was fprinkled of old,
  Had life, when the people could tafte
  The bleffings those shadows foretold.
- 5 Review each prophetical fong,
  Which shines in prediction's rich train,
  The sweetness to Jesus belong
  And point out his sufferings and reign:
  Sure David his harp never strung
  With more of true sacred delight,
  Than when of the Saviour he sung,
  And he was reveal'd to his sight.
- 6 May Jesus more precious become— His word be a lamp to our feet, While we in this wilderness roam, 'Till brought in his presence to meet! Then, then will we gaze on thy face, Our prophet, our priest, and our King; Recount all thy wonders of grace, Thy praises eternally sing.

# THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCVI. 112th.

The Comforter, John xiv. 16-18.

JESUS, we hang upon the word,
Our longing fouls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promife, Lord,
Thy promife made to fuch as me,
To fuch as Sion's paths purfue,
And would believe that God is true.

2 Thou fay'st, " I will the Father pray, "And he the Comforter shall give,

"Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
"And never more his temples leave;

" Myself will to my orphans come,

" And make you mine eternal home."

3 Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace:

Thy forrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint:
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,
Repeat the melancholy moan,
"Our joy is sled, our comfort gone!"

### 207. THE INFLUENCES OF

5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart, Our fure inseparable guide;
O may we meet and never part!
O may he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

### CCVII. L. M. B----

The Leadings of the Spirit, Rom. viii. 14.

- COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above;
  Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
  O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us fafe, conduct us far
  From every fin and hurtful fnare;
  Lead to thy word that rules must give,
  And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in every heart, 'That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
  That we must take to dwell with God;
  Lead us to Christ, the living way,
  Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest In his enjoyment to be bless'd: Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in persection is.

# THE HOLY SPIRIT. 208, 209.

### CCVIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water, John iv. 10.

- BLESS'D Jesus, fource of grace divine, What foul-refreshing streams are thine!
  O bring these healing waters nigh,
  Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller thro' defert lands, 'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands, More needs the current to obtain, Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing fouls aloud would fing, Spring up, celeftial fountain, fpring; To a redundant river flow, And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side Thro' all the desert gently glide; Then in *Immanuel's* land above, Spread to a sea of joy and love!

### CCIX. L. M.

Divine Influences compared to Rain, Pfalm Ixxii. 6.

- A S showers on meadows newly mown, Fefus shall shed his blessings down, Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops, Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky, Have long been desolate and dry, Th' effusions of his love shall share, And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store, Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er, Are not so copious as that grace Which sanctifies and saves our race.

- 4 As in foft filence vernal showers
  Descend and cheer the fainting slowers,
  So in the secrecy of love,
  Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heavenly influence let me find In holy filence of the mind, While every grace maintains its bloom, Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd To me, but pour'd on all mankind, 'Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise, And a young Eden bless our eyes.

## CCX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking to God for the Communication of his Spirit, Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

- HEAR, gracious fovereign, from thy throne,
  And fend thy various blessings down:
  While by thine Ifrael thou art fought
  Attend the prayer thy word hath taught:
- 2 Come, facred Spirit, from above, And fill the coldeft hearts with love; Soften to flesh the flinty stone, And let thy godsike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes Shall floods of pious forrow rise; While all their glowing souls are borne To seek that grace, which now they scora.
- 4 O let a holy flock await, Numerous around thy temple-gate, Each prefling on with zeal to be A living facrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries, Give us to see thy church arise; Or, if that blessing seem too great, Give us to mourn its low estate.

### CCX1. 112th. Hoxton Tune. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

# The Influences of the Spirit defired.

ETERNAL Spirit, fource of light, Enlivening, confecrating fire, Defcend, and with celeftial heat Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire: Our fouls refine, our dross consume! Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure slame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still;
Come, vivisying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home!

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare, We would not quench the heavenly fire; Our hearts as fuel we prepare, Tho' in the slame we should expire:

Our breatts expand to make thee room: Come, purifying Spirit, come!

4 Let pure devotion's fervors rife!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit, come
And make our souls thy constant home!

### 212, 213. THE INFLUENCES OF

# CCXII. L. M. Denbigh Tune. TOPLADY. A propitious Gale longed for.

A T anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!

" Celestial breeze, no longer stay,

" But fwell my fails and fpeed my way!

2 " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,

" And loofe my cable from below: " But I can only spread my fail;

"Thou, Thou must breathe th' auspicious gale !"

#### CCXIII. L. M. STEELE.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced, John xiv. 16, 17.

- DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest In such a wretched heart as mine? Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest! Favor astonishing, divine!
- 2 When fin prevails, and gloomy fear, And hope almost expires in night, Lord, can thy Spirit then be here, Great spring of comfort, life and light?
- 3 Sure the bleft Comforter is nigh,
  'Tis he fultains my fainting heart;
  Else would my hopes for ever die,
  And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 When fome kind promife glads my foul, Do I not find his healing voice The tempest of my fears control, And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine, With ardent with my heart afpires;

Can it be less than power divine, Which animates these strong desires?

- 6 What lefs than thy almighty word Can raife my heart from earth and dust, And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord, My life, my treasure and my trust?
- 7 And when my cheerful hope can fay, "I love my God, and taste his grace," Lord, is it not thy blisful ray, Which brings this dawn of facred peace?
- 8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
  For ever dwell, O God of love,
  And light and heavenly peace impart,
  Sweet earnest of the joys above.

# CCXIV. 8s. Uxbridge Tune.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

- DESCEND, Holy Spirit the Dove,
  And vifit a forrowful breaft;
  My burden of guilt to remove,
  And bring me affurance and reft:
  Thou only hast power to relieve
  A finner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
  The fense of redemption to give,
  And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
  And kindly withheld me from sin;
  Resolv'd by the strength of thy love,
  My worthless affections to win;
  The work of thy mercy revive,
  Invincible mercy exert,
  And keep my weak graces alive,
  And set up thy rest in my heart.

### 215. THE INFLUENCES OF

- 3 If when I have put thee to grief,
  And madly to folly return'd,
  Thy goodness hath been my relief,
  And listed me up as I mourn'd;
  O Spirit of pity and grace,
  Relieve me again and restore,
  My spirit in holiness raise,
  To fall and to grieve thee no more.
- A If now I lament after God,
  And pant for a drop of his love,
  If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
  Obtain'd me a mansion above;
  Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
  Sweet witness of mercy divine!
  And make me thy permanent home,
  And seal me eternally thine.

### CCXV. L. M. Bentley's Collection.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart, Pfalm li. 11.

- STAY, thou infulted Spirit, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despite, Cast not a sinner quite away, Nor take thine everlasting slight:
- 2 Tho' I have most unfaithful been Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd, Ten thousand times thy goodness seen, 'Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But O! the chief of finners spare, In honour of my great High-Priest; Nor in thy righteous anger swear I shall not see thy people's rest.

- 4 If yet thou canst my fins forgive, E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes; Into thy rest of love receive, And bless me with a calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary foul release, And raise me by thy gracious hand; Guide me into thy perfect peace, And bring me to the promis'd land.

#### CCXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Drawings celebrated; or, Gratitude the Spring of true Religion, Hosea xi. 4.

- MY God, what filken cords are thine! How fost, and yet how strong! While power, and truth, and love combine To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou faw'ft us crush'd beneath the yoke Of satan and of sin: Thy hand the iron bondage broke, Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand fins One moment takes away;
  And grace, when first the war begins, Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort thro' all this vale of tears In rich profusion flows, And glory of unnumber'd years Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by fuch cords we onward move, 'Till round thy throne we meet; And captives in the chains of love, Embrace our conqueror's feet.

#### THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

#### CCXVII. S. M. BEDDOME.

Faith, its Author and Preciousness, Eph. ii. 8.

FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jefus it owns a king, And all-atoning prieft, It claims no merit of its own, But looks for all in Chrift.

To him it leads the foul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, fend the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

#### CCXVIII. C. M. D. TURNER.

# The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly blifs,
And fages me from its fnares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
And foftens all my cares:

\* The Christian graces and tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
  And lights the facred sire
  Of love to God, and heavenly things,
  And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded confcience knows its power The healing balm to give; That balm the faddest heart can cheer, And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celeftial worlds,
  Where deathlefs pleafures reign;
  And bids me feek my portion there,
  Nor bids me feek in vain:
- 5 Shews me the precious promife feal'd With the Redeemer's blood;
  And helps my feeble hope to rest,
  Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unfhaken would I reft, 'Till this vile body dies; And then on faith's triumphant wings, At once to glory rife.

#### CCXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief, Mark ix. 24.

- JESUS, our fouls delightful choice, In thee, believing we rejoice; Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief, While faith contend with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promifes our hearts revive, And keep our fainting hopes alive; But guilt and fears, and forrows rife, And hide the promife from our eyes.

- 3 O let not fin and fatan boaft, While faints lie mourning in the dust; Nor see that faith to ruin brought, Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame; Reveal the glories of thy name; And put all anxious doubts to flight, As shades dispers'd by opening light.

# CCXX. 8s. Lambeth Tune.

#### Faith fainting.

- I NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,

  Just ready all hope to resign,

  I pant for the light of thy face,

  And fear it will never be mine:

  Dishearten'd with waiting so long,

  I sink at thy feet with my load,

  All-plaintive I pour out my song,

  And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
  The blood of atonement apply;
  And lead me to Jesus for peace,
  The rock that is higher than I:
  Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
  Thy presence is fair to behold;
  Attend to my forrows and cries,
  My groaning that cannot be told.
- My hold of thy promife to keep,
  The billows more fiercely return,
  And plunge me again in the deep:
  While harrafs'd and cast from thy fight,
  The tempter suggests with a roar,
  - "The Lord has forfaken thee quite;
    "Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath delign'd
No covenant bleffing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleafure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to refcue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power,

#### CCXXI. 8. 8. 6.

#### Faith Reviving.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief;
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made, And to the utmost farthing paid Whate'er thy people ow'd; How then can wrath on me take place, If shelter'd in thy righteousness, And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou hast my discharge procur'd, And freely in my room endur'd The whole of wrath divine; Payment God cannot twice demand— First, at my bleeding surety's hand, And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my foul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High-Priest
Speak peace and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor sear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

# CCXXII. 8s. New Jerusalem Tune. Faith conquering.

THE moment a finner believes, And trusts in his crucify'd God, His pardon at once he receives, Redemption in full thro' his blood: Tho' thousands and thousands of foes Against him in malice unite, Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose, Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb. And brings fuch falvation as this, Is more than mere notion or name, The work of God's Spirit it is; A principle active, and young, That lives under pressure and load; That makes out of weakness more strong, And draws the foul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world, and on hell, It vanquishes death and despair: And O let us wonder to tell, It overcomes heaven by prayer,-Permits a vile worm of the dust, With God to commune as a friend; To hope his forgiveness as just, And look for his love to the end.

4 It fays to the mountains, "Depart," That stand betwixt God and the foul; It binds up the broken in heart, And makes wounded consciences whole a Bids fins of a crimfon-like dve Be spotless as snow, and as white; And raises the sinner on high,

To dwell with the angels of light.

CCXXIII. 8s. New Jerusalem Tune. TOPLADY.

Faith Triumphing.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I fing;
Nor fear with thy righteoufness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my trangressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began, The arm of his strength will complete; His promise is yea and amen, And never was forfeited yet: Things suture, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above Can make him his purpose forego, Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erafe;
Impress'd on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As fure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,

The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

CCXXIV. S. M. Mount Ephraim Tune.

Weak Believers encouraged.

YOUR harps, ye trembling faints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of *Christ* our *Lord* Bid every string awake.

- 2 Tho' in a foreign land,
  We are not far from home;
  And nearer to our house above,
  We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
  When we shall clearly see
  Not only that he shed his blood,
  But each shall say, for me.
- Tarry his leifure then,
  Wait the appointed hour;
  Wait till the bridegroom of your fouls
  Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
  That stays himself on thee!
  Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
  Shall thy salvation see.

# CCXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Faith connected with Salvation, Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

- Not by the laws of innocence Can Adam's fons arrive at heaven: New works can give us no pretence To have our ancient fins forgiven.
- 2 Not the bell deeds that we have done, Can make a wounded conscience whole: Faith is the grace, and faith alone, That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word, Fain would I have my foul renew'd: I mourn for fin, and trust the Lord, To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace it's power display, Let guilt and death no longer reign: Save me in thine appointed way, Nor let my humble faith be vain.

#### CCXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Being in the Fear of Gon all the Day long, Proverbs xxiii. 17.

- THRICE happy fouls, who born from heaven,
  While yet they fojourn here,
  Humbly begin their days with God,
  And fpend them in his fear!
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal Prevent the dawning day; And turn the facred pages o'er, And praife thy name and pray!
- 3 Midft hourly cares may love prefent Its incense to thy throne; And, while the world our hands employs, Our hearts be thine alone!
- As fanctified to nobleft ends,

  Be each refreshment fought;

  And by each various providence

  Some wise instruction brought!
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd, Or by temptations try'd, We'll feek the shelter of thywings, And in thy strength confide.

- 6 As different scenes of life arise, Our grateful hearts would be With thee, amidst the social band, In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads On thy paternal breast; And, fafely folded in thine arms, Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In folid pure delights, like these, Let all my days be past; Nor shall I then impatient wish, Nor shall I fear the last.

# CCXXVII. C. M. Stamford Tune. NEEDHAM.

# Fear of God, Proverbs xiv. 26.

- HAPPY beyond description he Who sears the Lord his God; Who hears his threats with holy awe, And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, facred paffion, ever dwells With it's fair partner love; Blending their beauties, both proclaim Their fource is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling flave, The child with joy appears; Cheerful he does his Father's will, And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
  Possess this foul of mine,
  Then shall I worship thee aright,
  And taste thy joys divine,

FORTITUDE-GRAVITY. 228, 229.

CCXXVIII. C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons,

Holy Fortitude\*. I Cor. xvi. 12,

A M I a foldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies, On slowery beds of ease; While others fought to win the prize, And fail'd thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?

Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,

To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil. endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

5 Thy faints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer tho' they die; They fee the triumph from afar, And feize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rife, And all thy armies shine In robes of victory thro' the skies, The glory shall be thine.

# CCXXIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS'S SERMONS. Gravity and Decency.

BEHOLD the fons, the heirs of God, So dearly bought with Jefus' blood! Are they not born to heavenly joys, And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

See Zeal.

- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind? Were spirits of celestial kind Made for a jest, for sport and play, To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth, Well fuit the honors of their birth? Shall they be fond of gay attire, Which children love, and sools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest, Peacocks and flies are better drest; This slesh, with all its gaudy forms, Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher; Touch our vain souls with facred fire; Then, with a heaven directed eye, We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below With fuch difdain as angels do; And wait the call that bids us rife To mansions promis'd in the skies.

#### CCXXX. L. M.

# Hope set before us.

- AND be it so, that 'till this hour,
  We never knew what faith has meant,
  And, slaves to fin and satan's power,
  Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do? shall we lie down, Sink in despair, and groan, and die? And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown, Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

- 3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace As finners, strangers, we will come; Among thy faints we ask a place, For in thy mercy there is room.
- 4 Lord, we believe! O chase away
  The gloomy clouds of unbelies:
  Lord, we repent! O let thy ray
  Dissolve our hearts in sacred gries!
- 5 Now fpread the banner of thy love, And let us know that we are thine, Cheer us with bleffings from above,— With all the joys of hope divine.

#### CCXXXI. L. M. Chard Tune.

# Hope in Darkness.

- GOD, my Sun, thy blifsful rays
  Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
  How dark, how mournful are my days,
  If thy enlivening beams depart!
- 2 Scarce thro' the shades, a glimpse of day Appears to these desiring eyes! But shall my drooping spirit say, The cheerful morn will never rise?
- O let me not despairing mourn, Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky; My glorious Sun will yet return And night with all its hortors sty.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day, When hope shall in fruition die I So tapers lose their feeble ray, Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

#### CCXXXII. 8, 8, 6, Baltimore Tune.

Hoping and Longing, Num. xiii. 30. Deut. iii. 25.

- I COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
  In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
  Shall one day see our God;
  Shall cease from all our painful strife,
  Handle and taste the word of life,
  And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 Let us not always make our moan, Nor worship thee a God unknown; But let us live to prove Thy peoples rest, thy faints delight, The length and breadth, the depth and height Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
  We stand, and from the mountain top
  See all the land below;
  Rivers of milk and honey rise,
  And all the fruits of paradife
  In endless plenty grow:
- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favor'd with God's peculiar fmile, With every bleffing bleft: There dwells the Lord our Righteousness, And keeps his own in perfect peace And everlasting rest.
- 5 O when shall we at once go up, Nor this side Jordan longer stop, But the good land posses: When shall we end our ling'ring years, Our forrows, sins, and doubts, and sears, An howling wilderness!

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in; Display thy grace, forgive our sin, Our unbelief remove: The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide, And, O, with all the sanctify'd, Give us a lot of love!

## CCXXXIII. L. M. STEELE.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections, I Sam. xxx. 6.

- WHY finks my weak desponding mind?
  Why heaves my heart the auxious sigh?
  Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
  Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand:
  That gracious hand on which I live,
  Does life, and time, and death command,
  And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
  On him alone my hopes recline;
  The wondrous glories of his name,
  How wide they spread! how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wifdom! boundless power! Unchanging faithfulness and love! Here let me trust, while I adore, Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed, Then I have all my heart can crave; A prefent help in times of need, Still kind to hear and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord, And ease the forrows of my breast; Speak to my heart the healing word, That thou art mine—and I am blest.

#### CCXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit bleffed, Matt. v. 3.

- I YE humble fouls, complain no more, Let faith furvey your future store; How happy, how divinely bleft, The facred words of truth attest.
- 2 When confcious grief laments fincere, And pours the penitential tear; Hope points to your dejected eyes, The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the fons of wealth and pride Despise your lot, your hopes deride: In vain they boast their little stores, Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours:-
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight, Where health, and peace, and joy unite; Where undeclining pleafures rife, And every wish hath full supplies:
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay, While time fweeps earthly thrones away; The state which power and truth sustain, Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view The glorious friend that dy'd for you; That dy'd to ranfom, dy'd to raife To crowns of joy, and longs of praise.
- 7 Fesus, to thee I breathe my prayer, Reveal, confirm my interest there: Whate'er my humble lot below, This, this my foul defires to know!

8 O let me hear that voice divine Pronounce the glorious bleffing mine! Enroll'd among thy happy poor, My largest wishes ask no more.

#### CCXXXV. C. M.

# Humble Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie, And knock at mercy's door; With heavy heart and downcast eye, Thy favor we implore.
- 2 [On us, the vast extent display Of thy forgiving love; Take all our heinous guilt away, This heavy load remove.
- 3 We fink, with all this weight oppress'd, Sink down to death and hell; O, give our troubled spirits rest, Our numerous fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
  O may thy bowels move!
  Thy grace is an exhaultless store,
  And thou thyself art love.
- 5 O, for thy own, for Jefus' fake, Our many fins forgive; Thy grace our rocky hearts can break, And breaking foon relieve.
- 6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend, And thy dominion own; Nor let a rival more pretend To reposses thy throne.

#### CCXXXVI. L. M. BEDDOME.

The humble Publican, Luke xviii. 13.

- TORD, with a griev'd and aching heart,
  To thee I look—to thee I cry;
  Supply my wants, and eafe my fmart,
  O help me foon, or elfe I die.
- 2 Here on my foul a burden lies, No human power can it remove; My numerous fins like mountains rife, Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.
- 3 Break off these adamantine chains, From cruel bondage set me free; Rescue from everlassing pains, And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

# CCXXXVII. 7s. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

A Prayer for Humility.

- ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
  Poor in fpirit, meek in heart,
  I shall as my Master be,
  Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild, Chang'd into a little child; Pleas'd with all the Lord provides, Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my foul on thee; Every evil let me flee; Nothing want beneath, above, Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may feek and find Every good in Jesus join'd! Him let Israel still adore, Trust him, praise him evermore.

# JOY AND REJOICING. 238, 239.

#### CCXXXVIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing in God, Jer. ix. 23, 24.

THE righteous Lord, supremely great, Maintains his universal state; O'er all the earth his pow'r extends, All heaven before his footstool bends,

2 Yet justice still with power presides, And mercy all his empire guides; Mercy and truth are his delight, And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wife, your wisdom boast, No more, ye strong your valor trust; No more, ye rich, survey your store, Elate with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, ye faints, in this alone, That God, your God, to you is known; That you have own'd his fovereign fway, That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find, In one Jehovah all combin'd; On him we six our roving eyes. And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call, May in one satal moment sall; But what their happiness can move, Whom God the blessed deigns to love?

CCXXXIX. S. M. Salem New Tune. Dr. Doddridge.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God, Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

NOW let our voices join To form a facred fong; Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways With music pass along.

- 2 How straight the path appears, How open and how fair! No lurking gins t'entrap our feet; No sierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradife In rich profusion spring; The Sun of glory gilds the path, And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
  In beauteous prospect rise;
  And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
  Which sparkle thro' the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name,
  Who marks the shining way;
  To him, who leads the wanderers on
  To realms of endless day.

# CCXL. 7s. CENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope, Isaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- HILDREN of the heavenly King, As ye journey, fweetly fing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praife, Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd feed be glad! Christ our advocate is made; Us to fave, our sless assumes, Brother to our fouls becomes.

- A Shout, ye little flock, and bleft, You on Jefus' throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepar'd, There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord! fubmiffive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee!

# CCXLI. L. M. COWPER.

# Return of Joy.

- WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind, And smiling day once more appears; Then, my Redeemer, then I find The folly of my doubts and sears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
  And bluth that I thould ever be
  Thus prone to act to base a part,
  Or harbor one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O! let me then at length be taught (What I am still fo flow to learn;) That God is love and changes not, Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and eafy to repeat!
  But when my faith is sharply try'd,
  I find myself a learner yet,
  Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee Subdues the disobedient will;
  Drives doubt and discontent away,
  And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive, As I am ready to repine; Thou, therefore, all the praife receive; Be shame, and felf-abhorrence, mine.

#### CCXLII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Justice and Equity, Matt. vii. 12.

- BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
  How righteous is this rule of thine,
  Never to deal with others worse
  Than we would have them deal with us!"
- 2 This golden leffon, fhort and plain, Gives nor the mind nor memory pain: And every confcience must approve This universal law of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breaft Where all our tenderest wishes rest: We draw it from our inmost veins, Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss?

  Call in self-love to judge the cause:

  Let our own fondest passions shew

  How we should treat our neighbour too.
- 5 How bless'd would every nation prove, Thus rul'd by equity and love! All would be friends without a foe, And form a paradife below.

6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep Thy facred law of love asleep; And take our envy, wrath and pride, Those savage passions for our guide.

## CCXLIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

God Shining into the Heart, 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
  With uncreated glories bright!
  His presence gilds the worlds above;
  The unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rifing earth his eye beheld, When in fubstantial darkness veil'd; The shapeless chaos, nature's womb, Lay buried in the horrid gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," Jehovah faid, And light o'er all its face was spread; Nature array'd in charms unknown, Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He fees the mind, when lost it lies In shades of ignorance and vice, And darts from heaven a vivid ray, And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine On this benighted heart of mine; And let thy glories stand reveal'd, As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My foul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
  Thy radiant image shall display,
  While all my faculties unite
  To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

#### CCXLIV. L. M.

One Thing I know, John ix. 25. Isaiah liv. 13.

- DEAR Saviour, make me wife to fee My fin, and guilt, and remedy; 'Tis faid, of all thy blood has bought, "They shall of Israel's God be taught."
- Their plague of heart thy people know;
  They know thy name and trust thee too;
  They know the gospel's blissful found,
  The paths where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son, Theirs is eternal life begun: Unto falvation they are wife, Their grace shall into glory rife.
- 4 But—ignorance itself am I,
  Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie;
  O Lord, to thee I humbly own
  I nothing know as should be known.
- 5 I fcarce know God, or Chrift, or fin, My foes without, or plague within; Know not my interest, Lord, in thee, In pardon, peace, or liberty.
- 6 But help me to declare to-day,
  If many things I cannot fay,
  "One thing I know," all praise to thee,
  "Tho' blind I was—yet now I see."

#### CCXLV. C. M. FAWCETT.

Knowledge at present imperfect, 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

THY way, O God, is in the fea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense, My captive soul surround; Mysterious deeps of providence, My wandering thoughts consound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand My earthly hopes destroy; In deep astonishment I stand, And ask the reason, why?
- 4 As thro' a glass I dimly see
  The wonders of thy love,
  How little do I know of thee,
  Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will, I blefs thee for the fight; When will thy love the rest reveal In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey Thy providence, and grace; And spend an everlasting day In wonder, love and praise.

#### CCXLVI. L. M.

# Liberality; or, the Duty and Pleasures of Benevolence.

- WHAT stupendous mercy shines Around the majesty of heaven! Rebels he deigns to call his sons, Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
  The grace that blazes like a fun;
  Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
  Thro' all your lives let mercy run:

- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings Swift let the great falvation fly; The hungry feed, the naked clothe, To pain and fickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe, And be her counfellor and stay; Adopt the fatherless, and smooth To useful, happy life his way.
- 5 Let age with want and weakness bow'd, Your bowels of compassion move Let e'en your enemies be bles'd, Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds, Renounce felf-righteoufness with scorn; Thus will you glorify your God, And thus the christian name adorn.

# CCXLVII. L. M. Lebanon Tune. D. TURNER.

Thou fhalt love the LORD thy God, &c. Deut. vi. 5.

- YES, I would love thee, bleffed God!
  Paternal goodness marks thy name;
  Thy praises thro' thy high abode,
  The heav'nly hosts with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou giv'st thy dearest Son, For man to suffer, bleed, and die; And bidst me, as a wretch undone, For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him thy reconciled face,
  With joy unspeakable I fee;
  And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace
  Draw and unite my foul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish wandering heart, Attracted by a creature's power, Would from this blissful centre start Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

# CCXLVIII. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

Delight in God, Pfalm xxxvii. 4.

I O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

When all created streams are dry'd, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfy'd, And glory in thy name!

3 Why should the foul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and abound, While God is God to me.

5 O that I had a stronger faith To look within the veil, To credit what my Saviour faith, Whose word can never fail!

6 He that has made my heaven fecure Will here all good provide: While Christ is rich can I be poor, Who am his much-lov'd bride?

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore;

 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please thee more.

# CCXLIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

Lo e to CHRIST present or absent.

- The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace, There's not a thought attempts to rove; Each finile upon thy beauteous face Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain, And long, or weep in all we do, There's a strange pleasure in the pain, And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove; Or ask the watchmen of the night For some kind tidings of our love, Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come; Our eyes would dwell upon thy face; 'Tis best to see our Lord at home, And seel the presence of his grace.

CCL. 7s. Cookham Tune. NEWTON.

Lovest thou me? John.xxi. 16.

Joseph I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
  Why this dull and lifeless frame?
  Hardly, fure, can they be worse,
  Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart fo hard remain, Prayer a task and burden prove; Every trifle give me pain, If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within, All is dark, and vain, and wild; Fill'd with unbelief and fin, Can I deem myfelf a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mix'd with all I do; You that love the Lord indeed, Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will, Find my fin a grief and thrall; Should I grieve for what I feel, If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his faints to meet, Choose the ways I once abhorr'd; Find, at times, the promise sweet, If I did not love the Lord?]
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case! Thou who art thy peoples sun; Shine upon thy work of grace, If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more, If I love at all, I pray If I have not lov'd before, Help me to begin to-day.

# CCLI. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

# Defiring to love CHRIST.

- COME, let me love: or is my mind Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice? I fee the blessed fair one bend And stoop to embrace me from the skies!
- 2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock, And make a heart of iron move, 'That those fweet lips, that heavenly look Should feek and wish a mortal love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire, Bound to fustain eternal pains; He flew on wings of strong defire, Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms! Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies! Jefus the God, extends his arms, Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever floop fo low, Drefs'd in divinity and blood? Was ever rebel courted fo In groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives and spreads his hands,
  Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
  " By these dear wounds," says he; and stands
  And prays to class me to his heart.
- 7 Sure I must love; or are my ears Still deaf, nor will my passions move? Lord! melt this slinty heart to tears.; This heart shall yield to death or love.

# CCLII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Profession of Love to CHRIST.

- A ND have I, Christ, no love to thee,
  No passion for thy charms?
  No wish my Saviour's face to fee,
  And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no fpark of gratitude In this cold heart of mine, To him whose generous bosom glow'd With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name, His acts of kindness tell; And, while I dwell upon the theme, No fweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
  What heart but must detest!
  Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
  In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord, I should prove, Had I no love to thee: Rather than not my Saviour love, O may I cease to be!

CCLIII. 8s. New Jerusalem Tune. B. FRANCIS.

Supreme Love to CHRIST.

I MY gracious Redeemer I love, His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the armies above To shout his adorable name. To gaze on his glories divine Shall be my eternal employ, And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless inestable joy.

F f 2

- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood, My foul from the confines of hell, To live on the finiles of my God, And in his fweet prefence to dwell; To shine with the angels of light, With saints and with seraphs to sing, To view, with eternal delight, My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In Mcfbech, as yet, I refide,
  A darkfome and reftlefs abode!
  Molested with foes on each fide,
  And longing to dwell with my God.
  O. when shall my spirit exchange
  This cell of corruptible clay,
  For mansions celestial, and range
  Thro' realms of inestable day!
  - 4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
    To fee thee descend on the cloud,
    Amidst the bright numberless throng,
    And mix with the triumphing crowd:
    O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
    To join in thy praises above,
    To gaze on thee, world without end,
    And feast on thy ravishing love?
  - 5 Nor forrow, nor fickness, nor pain, Nor fin, nor temptation, nor fear, Shall ever molest me again, Perfection of glory reigns there. This foul and this body shall shine In robes of falvation and praise, And banquet on pleasures divine, Where God his full beauty displays.

6 Ye palaces, feeptres, and crowns,
Your pride with difdain I furvey;
Your pomps are but fhadows and founds,
And pals in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent fun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

## CCLIV. S. M. Vermont Tune. FAWCETT.

Love to the Brethren.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The fympathizing tear.

When we afunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives Our courage by the way; While each in expectation lives, And longs to fee the day.

6 From forrow, toil, and pain, And fin, we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Thro' all eternity.

CCLV. S. M. BEDDOME. Christian Love, Gal. iii. 28.

I ET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are ONE in Christ their head.

2 Among the faints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the fame inheritance,
With mutual bleffings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Refemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

#### CCLVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Heart purified to unseigned love of the Brethren by the Spirit, I Peter i. 22.

- 1 CREAT Spirit of immortal love, Vouchase our frozen hearts to move; With ardor strong these breasts instance To all that own a Saviour's name.
- Still let the heavenly fire endure
   Fervent and vigorous, true and pure:
   Let every heart and every hand
   Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend, and bring The smiling blessings on thy wing; And make us taste those sweets below Which in the blissful mansions grow.

# LOVE TO ENEMIES. 257, 258.

#### CCLVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Love to our neighbour; or, the Good Samaritan, Luke x. 29-37.

TATHER of mercies, fend thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient fouls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breafts That generous pleasure know; Kindly to share in others joy,

And weep for others woe.

When the most helpless sons of grief, In low distress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pains to feel, And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jefus look'd on dying man, When thron'd above the skies; And 'midst the embraces of his God, He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew To raife us from the ground; And fled the richest of his blood, A balm for every wound.

#### CCLVIII. C. M.

Love to our Enemies from the example of Christ, Luke xxiii. 34. Mat. v. 44.

A LCUD we fing the wondrous grace, Christ to his murderers bare; Which made the torturing cross its throne, And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal bleffings down On those who wrought his death.

- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we fing, And whilst we fing admire; Breathe on our fouls, and kindle there, The same celestial fire.
- Sway'd by thy dear example, we For enemies will pray; With love, their hatred, and their curfe With bleffings will repay.

CCLIX. C. M. Providence College Tune. Dr. S. STENNETT.

All Attainments vain without Love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3.

- SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour Her richest gifts on me,
  Still, O my God, I should be poor,
  If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense, Could make me truly good: Not zeal itself could recompense The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues, But were deny'd thy grace, My loudest words, my lostiest songs Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Tho' thou should'st give me heavenly skill,
  Each mystery to explain,
  If I'd no heart to do thy will,
  My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I fo strong a faith, my God, As mountains to remove, No faith could do me real good, That did not work by love.

- 6 [What tho' to gratify my pride, And make my heaven fecure, All my possessions I divide, Among the hungry poor!
- 7 What tho' my body I confign
  To the devouring flame,
  In hope the glorious deed will shine
  In rolls of endless fame!
- 8 These splendid acts of vanity, Tho' all the world applaud, If destitute of charity, Can never please my God.]
- 9 O grant me then this one request, And I'll be fatisfy'd; That love divine may rule my breast, And all my actions guide.

#### CCLX. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

# The Meek beautified with Salvation, Pfalm cxlix. 4.

- YE humble fouls, rejoice, And cheerful praises sing; Wake all your harmony of voice, For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord, Whom here your fouls have known, Pledges the honor of his word T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings falvation near,
  For which his blood was paid;
  How beauteous shall your fouls appear,
  Thus sumptuously array'd!

- 4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
  When near your Saviour's feat,
  The tallest fons of pride shall lie,
  The footstool of your feet.
- Salvation, Lord, is thine,
   And all thy faints confefs,

   The royal robes, in which they shine,
   Were wrought by sovereign grace.

#### CCLXI. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed, Phil. iv. 5.

- HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps, Still keep the golden mean: Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd, Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks, Nor acts the boaster's part, His modest tongue the language speaks Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals, For truth dwells in his breast; With grief he sees his neighbour's faults, And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What bleffings bounteous heaven beftows
  He takes with thankful heart;
  With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
  And gives the poor a part.
- 5 To fest or party, his large foul Difdains to be confin'd; The good he loves of every name And prays for all mankind.

#### MODERATION.

- 6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair Of truth and heavenly love; The bigots rage can never dwell Where rests the peaceful dove.
- 7 His business is to keep his heart, Each passion to control; Nobly ambitious well to rule The empire of his foul.
- 8 Not on the world his heart is fet, His treasure is above; Nothing beneath the sovereign good, Can claim his highest love.

#### CCLXII. L. M.

Agur's Wish, Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

- THUS Agur breath'd his warm defire, "My God, two favors I require,
  - "In neither my request deny,
- "Vouchsafe them both before I die.
- 2 " Far from my heart and tents exclude
  - "Those enemies to all that's good,
    - " Folly, whose pleasures end in death, And falsbood's pestilential breath:
- 3 " Be neither wealth nor want my lot:
- "Below the doom, above the cot,
  - " Let me my life unanxious lead,
  - " And know nor luxury nor need."
- 4 These wishes, Lord, we make our own:
  O shed in moderation down
  Thy bounties, 'till this mortal breath,
  Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

- 5 But shouldst thou large possessions give, May we with thankfulness receive The exuberance—still our God adore And bless the needy from our store!
- 6 Or should we feel the pains of want, Submission, resignation grant, 'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply, Or call us to the bliss on high.

## CCLXIII. L. M.

Christian Patience, Luke xxi. 19.

- PATIENCE! O what a grace divine!
  Sent from the God of power and love
  Submiffive to its Father's hand,
  As thro' the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we ferenely bear The troubles of our mortal state, And wait contented our discharge, Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Tho' we in full fensation feel
  The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
  We smile amid our heaviest woes,
  And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid us on, And arm with fortitude the breast, 'Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er, We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign, Hope shall in sull fruition die; And patience in possession end In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

# PATIENCE-PEACE. 264, 265.

#### CCLXIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

#### Patience.

- DEAR Lord, the bitter is the cup Thy gracious hand deals out to me, I cheerfully would drink it up, That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thine unchanging love, Let not a drop of wrath be there; The faints for ever bless'd above, Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son, I'll learn obedience to thy will; And humbly kiss the chastening rod, When its severest strokes I feel.

#### CCLXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

God Speaking Peace to his People, Pfalm Ixxxv. 8.

- UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite In filence foft and fweet: And thou, my foul, fit gently down At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard, Yet gladly I attend; For lo! the everlasting God Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my foul The founds of peace convey; The tempest at his word subsides, And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
  To grieve his love no more;
  But charm'd by melody divine,
  To give its follies o'er.

### CCLXVI. 112th. R. HILL.

A Prayer for the promised Rest, Isaiah xxvi. 3.

- Pardon a worm that would draw near,
  That would his heart to thee refign:
  A worm by felf and fin oppress,
  That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear, and reverend love I long to lie beneath thy throne; I long in thee to live, and move, And stay myself on thee alone: Teach me to lean upon thy breast, To find in thee the promised rest.
- 3 Thou fay'st thou wilt thy servants keep,
  In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
  Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
  Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee:
  How calm their state, how truly bless,
  Who trust on thee the promised rest!
- 4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
  And vindicate my righteous cause;
  Be thou my portion, Lord, alone;
  And bend me to obey thy laws:
  In thy dear arms of love carefs'd,
  Give me to find thy promis'd rest.
- 5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin
  With all its wrathful sury die;
  Let the Redeemer dwell within,
  And turn my forrows into joy:
  O may my heart. by thee posses'd,
  Know thee to be my promis'd rest!

#### CCLXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

God hath commanded all Men every where to repent, A&s xvii. 30.

REPENT," the voice celestial cries,

The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,

And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the fovereign eye of God O'erlooks the crimes of men; His heralds are difpatch'd abroad To warn the world of fin.

3 The fummons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:

Listen, ve men of royal birth, And let your vassals hear.

Together in his prefence bow, And all your guilt confess; Embrace the bleffed Saviour now,

Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet found, And call you to his bar: For mercy knows the appointed bound,

And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!

Our hearts subdued by goodness fall, And weep, and love, and praise.

### CCLXVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIBGE.

Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus, turned into Prayer, Acts viii. 21—24.

SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face,

And conscious of its innate arts, Intreat thy strict survey.

2 If lurking in its inmost folds
I any fin conceal,

O let a ray of light divine The fecret guile reveal.

3 If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure filver stream,
Wash out th' accursed stain.

4 If in these fatal fetters bound
A wretched slave 1 lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my foul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given:
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And feal its claim to heaven.

## CCLXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give Repentance, Acts v. 31.

- The royal honors of thy throne;
  'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
  And feraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess The fovereign triumphs of thy grace; Where beams of gentle radiance shine, And temper majetty divine.
- 3 Wide thy refiftless sceptre sway, Till all thine enemies obey: Wide may thy cross its virtue prove, And conquer millions by its love!

A Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!
Thine Ifrael shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

CCLXX. 7s. Cookham Tune. Dr. S. STENNETT.

# Penitential Sighs.

- FATHER, at thy call I come;
  In thy bosom there is room
  For a guilty foul to hide,
  Press'd with grief on every side.
- 2 Here I'll make my piteous moan; Thou canft understand a groan: Here my fins, and forrows tell; What I feel thou knowest well.
- 3 Ah! how foolish I have been, To obey the voice of fin, To forget thy love to me, And to break my vows to thee.
- 4 Darkness fills my trembling soul, Floods of forrow o'er me roll: Pity, Father, pity me; All my hope's alone in thee.
- 5 But, may fuch a wretch as I, Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die, Ever hope to be forgiven, And be fmil'd upon by Heaven?
- 6 May I round thee cling and twine, Call myfelf a child of thine, And prefume to claim a part In a tender father's heart?

- 7 Yes, I may, for I espy
  Pity trickling from thine eye:
  'Tis a father's bowels move,
  Move with pardon, and with love.
- 8 Well I do remember too
  What his love hath deign'd to do;
  How he fent a Saviour down,
  All my follies to atone.
- 9 Has my elder Brother died? And is justice satisfied? Why, O why should I despair Of my Father's tender care?

# CCLXXI. C. M. Charmouth Tune. Dr. S. Stennett.

# The Penitent.

- PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
  A guilty rebel lies;
  And upwards to the mercy feat
  Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence: Stay, stay the vengeful storm: Forbid it that Omnipotence Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of forrow would fuffice
  To pay the debt I owe,
  Tears should from both my weeping eyes
  In ceafeless torrents flow.
- 4 But no fuch facrifice I plead
  To expiate my guilt;
  No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
  No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy forrows, dearest Lord, And all my fins forgive: Justice will well approve the word, That bids the finner live.

#### CCLXXII. C. M. STEELE.

# Penitence and Hope.

- DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall The wonders of thy grace; Low at thy feet asham'd I fall, And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?

  Ah vile ungrateful heart!

  By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,

  From Jesus to depart—
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give True pleasure, peace, and rest: When absent from my Lord, I live Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's fake, My wandering foul reftores: He bids the mourning heart partake The pardon it implores.
- 5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord, The penitential figh, Confirm the kind, forgiving word, With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet, Rejoice to seek thy face; And grateful own how kind! how sweet! Thy condescending grace.

H h 2

#### CCLXXIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted, Luke xv. 32.

- THE mighty God will not despise The contrite heart for facrifice; The deep fetch'd figh, the secret groan Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace, The trembling lip, the blushing face; His bowels yearn when sinners pray, And mercy bears their fins away.
- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame, He, pitying, heals their broken frame; He hears their fad complaints, and spies His image in their weeping eyes.
- 4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possest The tender parents throbbing breast, To see his spendthrist son return, And hear him his past sollies mourn!

#### CCLXXIV. C. M. BEDDOME.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

- Tell me from whence arife
  Those briny tears that often flow,
  Those groans that pierce the skies?
- 2 Is fin the cause of thy complaint, Or the chastiling rod? Dost thou an evil heart lament, And mourn an absent God?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but fin, And after none but thee, And then, I would, O that I might! A constant weeper be!

# CCLXXV. C. M. Cowper.

The contrite Heart, Ifaiah lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but feem to hear in vain, Infensible as steel; If aught is felt, 'tis only pain To find I cannot feel.

3 I fometimes think myfelf inclin'd To love thee, if I could; But often feel another mind, Averfe to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few, I fain would strive for more; But when I cry, "My strength renew," Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy faints are comforted I know, And love thy house of prayer; I sometimes go where others go, But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache; Decide this doubt for me; And if it be not broken, break, And heal it, if it be.

# CCLXXVI. C. M. Abridge Tune. BEDDOME;

Resignation; or, God our Portion.

1 MY times of forrow and of joy, Great God, are in thy hand; My choicelt comforts come from thee, And go at thy command.

- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away, Yet would I not repine; Before they were posses'd by me, They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
  Tho' the whole world were gone,
  But feek enduring happiness
  In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
  'Tis but a bitter-sweet;
  When I attempt to pluck the rose,
  A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect blifs can ne'er be found, The honey's mix'd with gall; Midft changing feenes and dying friends, Be thou my all'in all.

## CCLXXVII. C. M. COWPER.

# Submission.

- LORD, my best desires sulfil, And help me to resign Life, health, and comfort to thy will, And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command Whose love forbids my sears? Or tremble at the gracious hand That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield What most I prize to thee; Who never hast a good withheld, Or wilt withheld from me.

- 4 Thy favor all my journey thro',
  Thou art engag'd to grant;
  What else I want, or think I do,
  'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way, Shall I resist them both? A poor blind creature of a day, And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries, Still bind me to thy sway; Else the next cloud that veils my skies, Drives all these thoughts away.

#### CCLXXVIII. C. M. STEELE.

# Filial Submission, Heb. xii. 7.

- A ND can my heart afpire so high, To say, "My Father, God!" Lord, at thy feet I sain would lie, And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would fubmit to all thy will, For thou art good and wife; Let every anxious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur rife.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkfome gloom, And bid me wait ferene; Till hopes and joys immortal bloom, And brighten all the feene.
- 4 "My Father"—O permit my heart
  To plead her humble claim,
  And ask the blis those words impart,
  In my Redeemer's name.

# CCLXXIX. C. M. Grove House Tune.

It is the L.ORD—let him do what feemeth him good,
1 Sam. iii. 18.

- I T is the Lord—enthron'd in Light,
  Whose claims are all divine;
  Who has an undisputed right
  To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust, Or contradict his will? Who cannot do but what is just, And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all My wealth, my friends, my eafe; And of his bounties may recall Whatever part he pleafe.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can fustain
  Beneath the heaviest load,
  From whom assistance I obtain
  To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill Can from afflictions raise Matter, eternity to fill With ever growing praise.
- 6. It is the Lord—my cov'nant God, Thrice bleffed be his name! Whofe gracious promife feal'd with blood, Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my foul defend, Should nature's felf expire; And the great Judge of all descend In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my foul with hopes like thefe Be fullen, or repine? No, gracious God, take what thou pleafe, To thee I ALL refign.

#### CCLXXX. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Self-denial; or, taking up the Cross, Mark viii. 33.

- A SHAM'D of Chrift! my foul disdain
  The mean ungenerous thought:
  Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
  To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace From heaven to earth he came; For us endur'd the painful cross, For us despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
  Our cross without delay:
  Our lives—and thousand lives of ours
  His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful fufferer Jesus views
  With infinite delight;
  Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
  Are precious in his fight.
- To bear his name, his cross to bear! Our highest honor this! Who nobly suffers now for him, Shall reign with him in blis.
- 6 But should we in the evil day
  From our profession fly,

  Jesus the Judge, before the world,
  The traitor will deny.

#### CCLXXXI, C. M.

Self-denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

- A ND must I part with all I have, My dearest Lord, for thee? It is but right, fince thou hast done Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee Will more than make amends, For all the loffes I fustain Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthless they appear Compar'd with thee, supremely good, Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of fouls, could I from thee
  A fingle fmile obtain,
  Tho' deflitute of all things elfe,
  I'd glory in my gain.

# CCLXXXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS. Sincerity and Truth, Phil, iv. 8.

- Their holy vows fulfil:

  The faints, the followers of the Lamb,

  Are men of honor full.
- 2 True to the folemn oaths they take, Tho' to their hurt they fwear: Constant and just to all they speak, For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree, Nor flattering words devife: They know the God of truth can fee Thro' every falfe difguife.

4 They hate the appearance of a lie, In all the shapes it wears; Firm to the truth—and when they die, Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends, And brings the judgment down; He bids his faints, his faithful friends, Rife and poffes their crown.

6 While fatan trembles at the fight, And devils with to die, Where will the faithless hypocrite And guilty liar fly?

# CCLXXXIII. S. M. Stoke Tune. BEDDOME-Sincerity defired.

I IF fecret fraud should dwell Within this heart of mine;
Purge out, O God, that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.

If any rival there
 Dares to usure the throne,
 O tear th' infernal traitor thence,
 And reign thyself alone.

3 Is any lutt conceal'd? Bring it to open view; Search, fearch, dear Lord, my inmost foul, And all its powers renew.

## CCLXXXIV. C. M. FAWCETT.

Spiritual Mindedness; or, inward Religion, James i. 27.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its fovereign virtue know!

- 2 More needful *ihis*, than glittering wealth, Or aught the world beftows; Not reputation, food, or health, Can give us fuch repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage, Amidst our youthful bloom;
  'Twill fit us for declining age,
  And for the awful tomb.
- O may my heart, by grace renew'd, Be my Redeemer's throne; And be my stubborn will fubdu'd, His government to own!
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love, Be join'd with godly fear; And all my converfation prove My heart to be fincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
  'Thro' my remaining days;
  And in me let each virtue shine
  To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my foul infpire; Let warm affections rife; And may I wait, with strong desire, To mount above the skies!

# CCLXXXV. C. M. Exeter Tune. TATE.

Encouragement to trust and love Gov, Psalm xxxiv.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boalt, Till all who are diffreft, From my example comfort take, And charm their griefs to reft.
- 3 The holts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just: Protection he affords to all Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love, Experience will decide, How bleft are they, and only they, Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye faints, and you will them Have nothing elfe to fear: Make you his fervice your delight; Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey, The Lord will food provide For fuch as put their trult in him, And fee their needs fupply'd.

#### CCLXXXVI. L. M. Bowden Tunes

Trust and Confidence; or, looking beyond present Appearances, Hab. iii. 17, 18.

A WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field clude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face:
Tho' now my prospects all be crost,
My blooming hopes cut off I fee,
Still will I in my Jefas trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up,
To feek falvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
My foul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

#### CCLXXXVII. L. M.

Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.

ORD, didst thou die, but not for me?

Am I forbid to trust thy blood?

Hast thou not pardons rich and free?

And grace, an overwhelming flood?

- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul From thee, to regions of despair? Who has survey'd the sucred roll, And sound my name not written there?
- 3 Prefumptuous thought! to fix the bound, To limit mercy's lovereign reign: What other happy fouls have found, I'll feek, nor shall I feek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, my fins confess: Can men or devils make them more? Of crimes, already numberless, Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black lift before my fight, While I remember thou hast dy'd, 'Twould only urge my speedier slight, To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I cast me down,
  To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
  And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
  I'll be the first who perish'd there,

## CCLXXXVIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

#### Fear not.

- YE trembling fouls, difinifs your fears, Be mercy all your theme; Mercy, which like a river flows In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth, and hell, God will these powers restrain; His mighty arm their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.

- 3 Fear not the want of outward good, He will for his provide; Grant them fupplies for daily food, And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake, Or leave his work undone; He's faithful to his promises, And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave, Or death's tremendous fling; He will from endless wrath preserve, To endless glory bring.
- 6 You in his wifdom, power and grace, May confidently trust; His wifdom guides, his power protects, His grace rewards the just.

# CCLXXXIX. Chatham Tune. JESSE.

Fears removed-It is I, be not afraid, John vi. 20.

- TINCLEAN! unclean! and full of fin,
  From first to last, O Lord, I've been!
  Deceitful is my heart;
  Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
  But Jesus can the waves control,
  And bid my sears depart.
- When first I heard his word of grace, Ungratefully I hid my face, Ungratefully delay'd: At length his voice more powerful came, "'Tis I," he cry'd, "I still the fame, "Thou need'st not be afraid."

- 3 My heart was chang'd, in that fame hour My foul confess'd his mighty power,
  Out flow'd the briny tear:
  I listen'd still to hear his voice,
  Again he said, "In me rejoice,
  "'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."
- 4 "Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd,
  "Freely I love," he foon reply'd,
  "On me thy faith be ftaid:
  - "On me for every thing depend,
    "I'm jefus still, the sinner's friend,
    "Thou needst not be afraid."

CCXC. 104th. Suffex Tune. NEWTON.

I will trust and not be afraid, Isaiah xii. 2.

- BEGONE, unbelief,
  My Saviour is near,
  And for my relief
  Will furely appear;
  By prayer let me wrestle,
  And he will perform;
  With Christ in the vessel,
  I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
  Since he is my guide,
  'Tis mine to obey,
  'Tis his to provide;
  Though cifterns be broken,
  And creatures all fail,
  The word he has spoken
  Shall furely prevail.

- 3 His love in time past,
  Forbids me to think
  He'll leave me at last
  In trouble to fink;
  Each sweet Ebenezer
  I have in review,
  Consirms his good pleasure
  To help me quite through.
- Determin'd to fave,
  He watch'd o'er my path,
  When, fatan's blind flave,
  I fported with death;
  And can he have taught me
  To trust in his name,
  And thus far have brought me
  'To put me to shame?
- Why should I complain
  Of want or distress,
  Temptation or pain?
  He told me no less:
  The heirs of salvation,
  I know from his word,
  Through much tribulation
  Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup,
  No heart can conceive,
  Which he drank quite up,
  That finners might live!
  His way was much rougher,
  And darker than mine;
  Did Chris, my Lord fuffer,
  And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is fiveet,
The med'cine is food;
Though painful at prefent,
'Twill ceafe before long,
And then, O how pleafant
The conqueror's fong!

## CCXCI. L. M.

# True Wisdom, Proverbs iii. 13-18.

- The bleffing of God's chosen race;
  The wisdom coming from above,
  And faith that sweetly works by love!
- 2 Happy beyond description he, Who knows, "the Saviour dy'd for me," The gift unspeakable obtains, And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Her ways are ways of pleafantnefs, And all her flowery paths are peace; Wifdom to filver we prefer, And gold is drofs compar'd with her.
- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends, A life begun that never ends; The tree of life divine she is, Sct in the midst of paradise.
- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains, In whose obedient heart she reigns; He owns, and will for ever own, Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

#### CCXCII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Zeal for CHRIST; or, Peter and John following their Master, John xxi. 18-20.

- BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands Submissive to their Lord's commands, And yield their liberty and breath, To him that lov'd their fouls in death!
- 2 Lead me to fuffer, and to die, If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh: One fmile from thee my heart shall fire, And teach me smiling to expire.
- 3 If nature at the trial shake, And from the cross or slames draw back, Grace can its feeble courage raise, And turn its tremblings into praise.
- 4 While fcarce I dare with Peter fay, "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way;" Yet in thy steps, like John I'd move, With humble hope, and filent love.

### CCXCIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
  Earth's vanities purfue,
  How flow the advances which I make,
  With heaven itself in view!
- 2 Infpire my foul with holy zeal; Great God, my love inflame; Religion, without zeal and love, Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
  May I with fervor strive;
  And all these powers employ for thee
  Which I from thee derive!

### THE CHRISTIAN.

#### CCXCIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

The Christian awakened—What must I do to be saved?

Acts ix. 6.

- I WITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,
  My guilty foul for mercy cries;
  What shall I do, or whither slee,
  T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 'Till now, I faw no danger nigh; I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die; Wrapt up in felf-deceit and pride, "I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine Had shone on this dark foul of mine, Then I beheld, with trembling awe, The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears, In childhood, youth, and growing years! Before thy pure, difcerning eye, Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my foul pursue, Death and destruction are my due, Yet mercy can my guilt forgive, And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy facred word proclaim Salvation free in Jefu's name? To him I look and humbly cry, "O fave a wretch condemn'd to die!"

CCXCV. 8. 7. Trowbridge Tune. D. TURNER.

Supplicating—Jesus then Son of David, have Mercy on me, Mark. x. 47.

- JESUS, full of all compassion,
  Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
  Let me know thy great falvation;
  See I languish, faint, and die:
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelm'd with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O fend me quick relief!
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying, But to him who comfort gives? Whither, from the dread of dying, But to him who ever lives?
- 4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving, Breathless on the cursed tree, Fain I'd feel my heart believing That thou sufferds thus for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit, I am more than angels blest; Heir with thee all things inherit, Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing, I should be a wretch undone; Search thro' heaven, the land of blessing, Seeking good and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, bleffed Saviour, hear me, My foul cleaveth to the dust; Send the Comforter to cheer me, Lo! in thee I put my trust.

- 8 On the word thy blood hath fealed, Hangs my everlafting all; Let thine arm be now revealed, Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 9 In the world of endless ruin, Let it never, Lord, be said, "Here's a soul that perish'd suing "For the boasted Saviour's aid!
- To Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory. Thro' the shining realms above;
  Angels sing the pleasing story,
  All enraptur'd with thy love!

## CCXCVI. 7s. Stoel Tune.

# Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer; or, venturing on the Mercy of God in Christ.

- RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear, My requests vouchfase to hear; Hear my never-ceasing cry, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honor I difdain, Earthly comforts. Lord, are vain; These can never fatisfy, Give me Chrift, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt, Only ease me from my guilt; Suppliant at thy feet I lie, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean, I am nothing else but fin; On thy mercy I rely, Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 5 Thou dost freely fave the lost, In thy grace alone I trust: With my earnest fuit comply, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive
  All who in thy Son believe;
  Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
  Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou feem to frown? Let me shelter in thy Son; Jesus, to thine arms I sly, Come and save me, or I die.

# CCXCVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

# Choosing the Better Part, Luke x. 42.

- BESET with fnares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I fland: Saviour divine, diffuse thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart To fix on Mary's better part;
  To fcorn the trifles of a day
  For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise; Let tempests mingle earth and skies; No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh, Cheerful I live, and joyful die; Secure, when mortal comforts slee, To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

#### CCXCVIII. S. M. DR. DODBRIDGE.

Devoting himself to God, Rom. xii. 1.

A ND will the eternal King So mean a gift reward? That offering, Lord, with joy we bring, Which thine own hand prepar'd.

We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move:
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial sire, The facrifice inflame; So shall a grateful odor rise Thro' our Redeemer's name.

## CCXCIX. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost, 1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

- A ND will th' offended God again, Return and dwell with finful men? Will he within this bosom raise A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast, All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest! Lift up your heads, ye powers within, And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter with all thy heavenly train, Here live, and here for ever reign: Thy fceptre o'er my passions sway, Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit, And pay their homage at thy feet: To thee I'll consecrate my heart, And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god shall hold a place Within this temple of thy grace: Dagan before the ark shall fall, And vengeance scize the priests of Baal.

CCC. 8.8.6. Chatham Tune. J. C. W.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

I HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His foul difdains on earth to dwell,
He only fojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From every creature-love!
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I purfue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

A Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away;
And Jesus bids me come.

6 I come, thy fervant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrims journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

CCCI. 7. 6. Dartford Tune.

# The Pilgrim's Song.

R ISE, my foul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rife from transitory things,
T'wards heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall foon this earth remove;
Rife, my foul, and haste away,
To feats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,

Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun.

Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul new born of God

Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

4 1 2

302, 303. THE CHRISTIAN.

3 Ceafe, ye pilgrims, ceafe to mourn;
Prefs onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the fkies:
Yet a feafon, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your forrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

#### CCCII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE:

Running the Christian Race, Phil. iii. 12-14.

A WAKE, my foul, firetch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on: A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand prefents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witneffes around Hold thee in full furvey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

# CCCIII. L. M. Coombs's Tune. Dr. S. Stennett.

The Christian Warfare, Eph. vi. 13—17.

MY Captain founds the alarm of war,
"Awake! the powers of hell are near!
"To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,
"Tis yours to conquer or to die."

- 2 Rous'd by the animating found, I cast my eager eyes around; Make haste to gird my armor on, And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my fhield, Thy word, my God, the fword I wield: With facred truth my loins are girt, And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- Thus arm'd I venture on the fight, Refolv'd to put my foes to flight; While Jesus kindly deigns to spread His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust; His bleeding cross is all my boast: Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

## CCCIV. 148th. TOPLADY'S COLLECTIONS

The Christian's spiritual Voyage.

- I JESUS, at thy command,
  I launch into the deep;
  And leave my native land,
  Where fin lulls all afleep:
  For thee I would the world refign,
  And fail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wife;
  My compass is thy word:
  My foul each storm defies,
  While I have such a Lord!
  I trust thy faithfulness and power
  To save me in the trying hour.

Tho' rocks and quickfands deep
Thro' all my passage sie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outside.

4 By faith I fee the land,
The port of endless rest:
My foul, thy fails expand,
And sly to Fesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves diffress no more!

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And florms forbear to tofs;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Gbo/t, and blow A prosperous gale of grace, Wast me from all below, To heaven, my defin'd place! Then, in full fail, my port I'll sind, And leave the world and sin behind.

CCCV. 7s. Hotham Tune.

Tempted-but flying to CHRIST the Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my foul.
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my foul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helplefs foul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still fupport and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou. O Chrif, art all I want;
All in All in thee I find:
Raife the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the fick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of fin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my fin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rife to all eternity.

#### CCCVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Temptations moderated, a Proof of Gon's Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13.

NOW let the feeble all be strong, And make Jehovah's arm their fong: His shield is spread o'er every faint, And thus supported, who shall faint?

- What tho' the hosts of hell engage
  With mingled cruelty and rage!
  A faithful God restrains their hands,
  And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display A strength proportion'd to our day: And, when united trials meet, Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- A Thus far we prove that promife good, Which Jefus ratified with blood: Still is he gracious, wife, and just, And still in him let Ifrael trust.

## CCCVII. L. M. Chard Tune. Dr. S. STENNETT.

## The Ministry of Angels.

- REAT God, what hosts of angels stand, In shining ranks at thy right hand, Array'd in robes of dazzling light, With pinions stretch'd for distant slight!
- 2 Immortal fires! feraphic flames! Who can recount their various names? In strength and beauty they excel, For near the throne of God they dwell.
- 3 How eagerly they wish to know The duties he would have them do! What joy their active spirits feel To execute their Sovereign's will!
- A Hither, at his command they fly,
  To guard the beds on which we lie;
  To shield our persons, night and day;
  And scatter all our sears away.

- 5 Aghast the hostile Syrian band Around the helpless prophet stand, While mighty Gabriel downward slies, And with his chariots fills the skies.
- 6 Herod attempts, but all in vain, To bind a Peter with his chain: At one foft word an angel speaks, The massy chain asunder breaks.]
- 7 Send, O my God, fome angel down, (Tho' to a mortal eye unknown)
   To guide and guard my doubtful way
   Up to the realms of endless day.

## CCCVIII. C. M. Charmouth Tune. STEELE.

WALKING in Darkness and trusting in God Isaiah l. 10.

- HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my fighs, When will the mournful night be gone? And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim— My Father and my friend— And call thee mine by every name, On which thy faints depend!
- 3 By every name of power and love, I would thy grace intreat; Nor should my humble hopes remove, Nor leave thy facred feat.
- 4 Yet though my foul in darkness mourns
  Thy word is all my stay;
  Here I would rest 'till light returns,
  Thy presence makes my day.

 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace Relieve my aching heart;
 O finile, and bid my forrows cease, And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise, And bless thy healing rays, And change these deep complaining sighs, For songs of sacred praise.

#### CCCIX. S. M. Stoke Tune.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not, Rom. vii. 19.

I WOULD, but cannot fing, I would, but cannot pray; For fatan meets me when I try, And frights my foul away.

I would, but can't repent, Tho' I endeavour oft; This stony heart can ne'er relent Till Jefus make it foft.

3 I would, but cannot love, Tho' woo'd by love divine; No arguments have pow'r to move A foul fo bafe as mine.

I would, but cannot rest In God's most holy will; I know what he appoints is best, Yet murmur at it still.

Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee!

- 6 But if indeed I would,
  Tho' I can nothing do;
  Yet the defire is fomething good,
  For which my praife is due.
- By nature prone to ill,
  'Till thine appointed hour,
  1 was as destitute of will,
  As now I am of power.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length, The work thou hast begun?
  And with a will, afford me strength,
  In all thy ways to run.

#### CCCX. L. M. BEDDOME.

## Complaining of Inconstancy.

- THE wandering flar, and fleeting wind Both represent th' unstable mind:
  The morning cloud and early dew Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star, Faint and impersect emblems are; Nor can there aught in nature be So sickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame, Scarce thro' a fingle hour the fame; We vow, and straight our vows forget, And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We fin forfake, to fin return, Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn; In deep distress, then raptures feel, We foar to heaven, then fink to hell.

## 311, 312. THE CHRISTIAN.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess Our folly and unsteadfastness; When shall these hearts more fixed be, Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

# CCCXI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Pride lamented.

- OFT have I turn'd my eye within, And brought to light fome latent fin; But pride, the vice I most detest, Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here with a thousand arts she tries To dress me in a fair disguise, To make a guilty wretched worm Put on an angels brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes, And lifts my virtues to the skies; And while the specious tale she tells, Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 Rend, O my God, the veil away, Bring forth the monster to the day; Expose her hideous form to view, And all her restless power subdue.
- 5 So shall humility divine Again possess this heart of mine; And form a temple for my God, Which he will make his lov'd abode.

#### CCCXII. C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin?

- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently fubmit, Nor ever dare rebel; Yet fure I may, here at thy feet, My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou feelt what floods of forrow rife,
  And beat upon my foul:
  One trouble to another cries,
  Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
  My shipwreck'd foul is tost;
  'Till I am tempted in despair
  To give up all for lost.
  - 5 Yet thro' the flormy clouds I'll look. Once more to thee, my God: O fix my feet upon a rock, Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face, Will fet my heart at ease: One all-commanding word of grace Will make the tempest cease.

## CCCXIII. 7. 6. 8. Clark's Tune.

Backsliding and returning; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

I JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shewn;
Turn and look upon me Lord,
And break my heart of shone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me thro' thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor fuffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye Was clos'd that we might live; "Father (at the point to die, My Saviour gafp'd) forgive!" Surely with that dying word,

He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O! my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

#### CCCXIV. C. M. FAWCETT.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54-62.

HOW did the powers of darkness rage
Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

2 His friends forfook him with furprife, When that dread fcene began; And one perfidioufly denies He ever knew the man.

- 3 How feeble human efforts prove
  Against temptation's power!
  E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love
  Are vanquish'd in an hour.
- 4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
  Behold his guilt and shame!

  Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
  Or I shall do the same.
- 5 At length the fuffering Saviour turns, And looks with pitying eyes! Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns, And loud for mercy cries.
- 6 So boundlefs is Jehovah's grace, He hears the humble prayer; If I am found in Peter's cale, I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love, My wandering foul reftore: My guilt forgive, my fears remove, And let me fin no more.

#### CCCXV. C. M. NEWTON.

## O that I were as in Months past! Job xxix. 2.

- SWEET was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood
  Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
  And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd, His praifes tun'd my tongue; And when the evening shades prevail'd, His love was all my fong.

- 3 In vain the tempter fpread his wiles,
  The world no more could charm;
  I liv'd upon my Saviour's fmiles,
  And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my foul drew near the Lord, And faw his glory shine; And when I read his holy word, I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his faints I often spoke,
  Of what his love had done;
  But now my heart is almost broke,
  For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns; And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise, For Jesus hides his face; I read, the promise meets my eyes, But will not reach my case,
- 8 Now fatan threatens to prevail,
  And make my foul his prey;
  Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
  O come without delay.

#### CCCXVI. C. M. STEELE.

Troubled, but making God a Refuge,

DEAR Refuge of my weary foul,
On thee, when forrows rife,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rifing grief,
  For thou alone can't heal,
  Thy word can bring a fweet relief
  For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine; The fprings of comfort feem to fail, And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I slee?
  Thou art my only trust;
  And still my foul would cleave to thee,
  Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
  And shall I seek in vain?
  And can the ear of sovereign grace
  Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of fovereign grace Attends the mourner's prayer; O may I ever find access To breathe my forrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-feat is open still;
  Here let my foul retreat;
  With humble hope attend thy will,
  And wait beneath thy feet.

## CCCXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE:

Persecution to be expedied by every true Christian, 2 Tim. iii, 12.

GREAT Leader of thine Ifrael's hoft,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions sled with shame.

- 2 A victory glorious and complete Thou by thy death didft gain; So in thy caufe may we contend, And death itself sustain!
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd, We no extremes would fear; Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed, If thou, our *Lord*, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn To triumph and renown;
  Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
  May we but share thy crown.

## CCCXVIII. 8. 7. 4. FAWCETT.

Cast down, yet hoping in God, Psalm xlii. 5.

- My foul, what means this fadness?
  Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
  Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
  Bid thy restless fears be gone:
  Look to Jesus,
  And rejoice in his dear name.
- What the fatan's strong temptations
  Vex and teize thee, day by day?
  And thy sinful inclinations
  Often fill thee with dismay?
  Thou shalt conquer,
  Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills befet thee
  From without, and from within;
  Fesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
  But will save from hell and sin:
  He is faithful,
  To perform his gracious word.

- And thou tread'st the thorny road;
  His right hand shall still defend thee,
  Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
  Therefore praise him,
  Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 Q that I could now adore him, Like the heavenly hoft above, Who for ever bow before him, And unceasing sing his love! Happy songsters! When shall I your chorus join?

#### CCCXIX. C. M.

## The Request.

- TATHER, whate'er of earthly blifs
  Thy fovereign will denies,
  Accepted at thy throne of grace,
  Let this petition rife;
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, "From every murmur free:
  - "The bleffings of thy grace impart, "And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the fweet hope that thou art mine, " My life and death attend;
- "Thy prefence thro' my journey shine, "And crown my journey's end."

## CCCXX. C. M. STEELE.

Watchfulness and Prayer, Matt. XXvi. 41.

A LAS, what hourly dangers rife!
What fnares befet my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain, And melt in flowing tears! My weak refiltance, ah, how vain! How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live, My feeble efforts aid; Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Tho' trembling and afraid.
- A Increase my faith, increase my hope, When soes and sears prevail; And bear my fainting spirit up, Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart, Or lure my feet aside, My God, thy powerful aid impart, My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way And bid the tempter flee; And let me never, never stray From happiness and thee.

#### CCCXXI. L. M. NEWTON.

## Prayer answered by Crosses.

- I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow In faith, and love, and every grace; Might more of his falvation know, And feek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he, who taught me thus to pray, And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer; But it has been in such a way, As almost drove me to despair.

- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour, At once he'd answer my request; And by his love's constraining power, Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
  The hidden evils of my heart,
  And let the angry powers of hell
  Affault my foul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he feem'd Intent to aggravate my woe; Crofs'd all the fair defigns I fchem'd, Blafted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd,
  "Wilt thou purfue thy worm to death?"
  "'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
  "I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
  "From self, and pride, to set thee free;
  And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
  "That thou may'lt feek thy all in me."

#### CCCXXII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

- PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
  For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
  For all thy influence from above,
  To warm our souls with facred love:
- 2 Bless'd be thy hand which from the skies
  Brought down this plant of paradise;
  And gave its heavenly beauties birth
  To deck this wilderness of earth.

- 3 But why does that celestial flower Open and thrive and shine no more? Where are its balmy odors sled? And why reclines its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shews
  Th' unkindly foil in which it grows;
  Where the black frolt and beating storm
  Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams difplay, To drive the frost and storms away; Make all thy potent virtues known To cheer a plant so much thy own.
- 6 And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below; So shall they grow, and breathe abroad A fragrance grateful to our God.

#### CCCXXIII. L. M. G-

## Rifing to GoD.

- NOW let our fouls, on wings fublime, Rife from the vanities of time; Draw back the parting veil, and fee The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth? Why grasp at transitory toys, So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road, When we are walking back to God? For ftrangers into life we come, And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, fweet hour of full discharge, That sets our longing souls at large; Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell, And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love Is the full heaven enjoy'd above; And the fweet expectation now Is the young dawn of heaven below.

#### CCCXXIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

Remembering all the Way the LORD has led him, Deut. viii, 2.

- THUS far my God hath led me on,
  And made his truth and mercy known;
  My hopes and fears alternate rife,
  And comforts mingle with my fighs.
- 2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam, Far distant from my blissful home; Lord, let thy presence be my stay, And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy, And fins and fnares my peace destroy; My earthly joys are from me torn, And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My foul, with various tempests toss'd, Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd, Sees every day new straits attend, And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road, Which leads us to the mount of God? Are these the toils thy people know, While in the wilderness below?

325, 326. THE CHRISTIAN.

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love Doth all thy children's graces prove; 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall, That Jesus may be All in All.

#### CCCXXV. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Waiting for the Coming of his LORD; or, the active Christian, Luke xii. 35—38.

YE fervants of the Lord, Each in his office wait, Observant of his heavenly word, And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in his fight, For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command; And while we fpeak, he's near: Mark the first fignal of his hand, And ready all appear.

And ready all appear.

O happy fervant he

In such a posture found! He shall his *Lord* with rapture see, And be with honor crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread With his own bounteous hand, And raise that favorite servant's head Amidst th' angelic band.

#### CCCXXVI. L. M.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy. Acts xx. 24.

A SSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

- 2 With joy may we our course pursue, And keep the crown of life in view; That crown, which in one hour repays The labor of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way, Unmov'd their terrors we'll furvey, And the last hour improve for thee, The last of life, or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite Our souls to their supreme delight! Welcome that death, whose painful strife Bears us to Christ our better life!

#### CCCXXVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to Jesus, Acts vii. 52.

- THOU, that hast redemption wrought!
  Patron of fouls thy blood hath bought!
  To thee our spirits we commit,
  Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blifsful fouls above, In realms of purity and love, With fongs of endless praise proclaim. The honors of thy faithful name.
- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd, Thy ever-constant care prevail'd; Courage and joy thy friendship spoke, When every mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose, The healing balm of all our woes; And we, when finking in the grave, Trust thine omnipotence to save.

- 5 O may our spirits by thy hand
  Be gather'd to that happy band,
  Who 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
  Lose all remembrance of their pain.
- 6 In raptures there divinely fweet Give us our kindred fouls to meet, And wait with them that brighter day, Which all thy triumph shall display!

#### CCCXXVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned, Rev. ii. 10.

- HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice From his triumphant feat; 'Midft all the war's tumultuous noise, How powerful and how sweet!
- 2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
  "Nor fear the mortal blow:
  - "Who first in such a warfare dies, "Shall speediest victory know.
- 3 " I have my days of combat known, " And in the dust was laid;
  - " But thence I mounted to my throne, And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "That throne, that glory you shall share; "My hands the crown shall give;
  - "And you the sparkling honors wear, "While God himself shall live."
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough; our fouls are fir'd With courage and with love; Vain are the affaults of earth, and hell, Our hopes are fix'd above.

PRIVATE WORSHIP. 329, 339.

#### WORSHIP.

#### PRIVATE WORSHIP.

#### CCCXXIX. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Retirement and Meditation, Pfalm iv. 4.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whose piercing eye Distinctly marks each deep recess; In these sequestered hours draw nigh, And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Thro' all the windings of my heart, My fearch let heavenly wifdom guide; And fill its radiant beams impart, 'Till all be fearch'd and purify'd.

4 Then, with the vifits of thy love, Vouchfafe my inmost foul to cheer; 'Till every grace shall join to prove That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

#### CCCXXX. L. M. BEDDOME.

#### Reading the Scriptures.

- GREAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
  I take thy book, and hope to find
  Some gracious word of promise there,
  To footh the forrows of my mind:
- 2 I turn the facred volume o'er,
  And fearch with care from page to page;
  Of threatenings find an ample store,
  But nought that can my grief assuage.

- 3 And is there nought? forbid, dear Lord, So base a thought should e'er arise; I'll search again, and while I search, O may the scales fall off mine eyes!
- 4 'Tis done: and with transporting joy,
  I read the heaven-inspired lines;
  There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
  And truth with dazzling lustre shines.
- 5 Here's heavenly food for hungry fouls, And mines of gold to enrich the poor: Here's healing balm for every wound, A falve for every festering fore.

## CCCXXXI. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Self-Examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- What anxious fears and jealoufies?
  What crowds in doubtful light appear?
  How few, alas, approv'd and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—My foul, awake, And an impartial furvey take: Does no dark fign, no ground of fear, In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my fpirit bear?
  Is Jesus form'd, and living there?
  Say, do his lineaments divine
  In thought, and word, and action shine?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O fearch me still; The fecrets of my foul reveal; My fears remove, let me appear To God, and my own conscience clear.

- 5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head Thick glooms of dubious terrors fpread; Lead me into celestial day, And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that blefs'd world arrive, Where Christ thro' all my foul shall live, And give full proof that he is there, Without one gloomy doubt or fear!

#### CCCXXXII. C. M.

Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

- FATHER divine, thy piercing eye Sees thro' the darkell night;
  In deep retirement thou art nigh,
  With heart-differning fight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye furrey My duteous homage paid, With every morning's dawning ray, And every evening's shade.
- 3 O let thy own celeftial fire
  The incense still instane;
  While my warm vows to thee aspire,
  Thro' my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
  My foul in secret bless;
  So shalt thou deign in worlds above
  Thy suppliant to confess.

#### PAUSE.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask, This is the total fum; Mercy, thro' Christ, is all my suit, Lord, let thy mercy come.

# FAMILY WORSHIP. CCCXXXIII. C. M.

Going to a New Habitation.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent, Let us an altar raise; And there with humble frame present

Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength, While health and strength shall last, For suture mercies humbly trust, Nor e'er forget the past.

#### CCCXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

The Christian's noblest Resolution, Joshua xxiv. 15.

- A H wretched fouls, who strive in vain,
  Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
  A nobler toil may I sustain,
  A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I refolve with all my heart, With all my powers to ferve the Lord, Nor from his precepts e'er depart, Whose fervice is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his fervice all nty joy, Around let my example shine, Till others love the bless'd employ, And join in labors so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul, My solemn, my determin'd choice, To yield to his supreme control, And in his kind commands rejoice.
- O may I never faint nor tire, Nor wandering leave his facred ways, Great God, accept my foul's defire, And give me strength to live thy praise.

# FAMILY WORSHIP. 335, 336.

#### CCCXXXV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19.

FATHER of all, thy care we blefs, Which crowns our families with peace; From thee they fpring, and, by thy hand They have been, and are still fustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd, Be our domestic altars rais'd; Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell With faints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house, Morning and night, present its vows; Our servants there, and rising race Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

#### CCCXXXVI. S. M.

Prayer for Infants; or, Children, Day by Day, given to God.

To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour Upon our infant feed,

O bring the long'd-for happy hour That makes them thine indeed.

- 4 May they receive thy word, Confess the Saviour's name, Then follow their despised Lord, Thro' the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favor'd race Surround thy facred board, There to adore thy fovereign grace, And fing their dying Lord.

#### CCCXXXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST's Condescending Regard to little Children, Mark x. 14.

- SEE Ifrael's gentle fhepherd ftands, With all-engaging charms; Hark how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries, Nor fcorn their humble name; For 'twas to blefs fuch fouls as thefe, The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer, And yield them up to thee; Joyful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our offspring be!
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleafure hear, Ye children, feek his face; And fly with transport to receive The bleffings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
  Thy guardian care we trust;
  That care shall heal our bleeding hearts
  If weeping o'er their dust.

#### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

## CCCXXXVIII. 148th. B. FRANCIS\*.

On opening a place of Worlbip.

- IN fweet exalted strains
  The King of glory praise;
  O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
  Thro' everlasting days:
  He, with a nod, the world controls,
  Sustains or finks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne, His throne of grace divine; Wide is his bounty known, And wide his glories fhine: Fair Salem, still his chosen rest, Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of glory, come,
  And with thy favor crown
  This temple as thy dome,
  This people as thy own:
  Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
  How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here, may thine ears attend
  Our interceding cries,
  And grateful praife afcend
  All fragrant to the fkies:
  Here may thy word melodious found,
  And fpread celeftial joys around.

<sup>\*</sup> Sung on opening the Meeting-House at Horsley, Gloucestershire, September 18, 1774; and also, at the opening of the new Meeting-House, at Downend, near Bristol, October 4, 1786.

Here, may th' attentive throng Imbibe thy truth and love, And converts join the fong Of feraphim above, And willing crowds furround thy board With facred joy and fweet accord.

6 Here, may our unborn fons
And daughters found thy praife,
And fhine like polifh'd ftones,
Thro' long fucceeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy faving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

#### CCCXXXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

## On opening a place of Worship.

- T GREAT God, thy watchful care we blefs, Which guards our fynagogues in peace;
  Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
  To fill our worshippers with dread.
- These walls we to thy honor raise, Long may they echo to thy praise: And thou, descending, fill the place With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign With all the graces of his train; While power divine his word attends, 'To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decifive day, When God the nations shall furvey; May it before the world appear That crowds were born to glory here.

#### CCCXL. C. M. NEWTON.

On opening a Place for focial Prayer.

- Thy prefence now difplay;

  As thou half given a place for prayer,

  So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace, And love, and concord dwell; Here give the troubled conscience ease, The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy love, Our fainting hope to raise; And pour thy blessings from above, That we may render praise.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound, Enforc'd by mighty grace, Awaken many sinners round, 'To come and fill the place.

# CCCXLI. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT. The Pleafures of focial Worship.

- t HOW charming is the place, Where my Redeemer God Unveils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love abroad!
- Not the fair palaces To which the great refort, Are once to be compar'd with this, Where Jefus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-feat, With radiant glory crown'd Our joyful eyes behold him fit, And finile on all around.

- 4 To him their prayers and cries
  Each humble foul prefents:
  He listens to their broken fighs,
  And grants them all their wants.
- To them his fovereign will
  He graciously imparts:
  And in return accepts with smiles,
  The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place Within thy bleft abode, Among the children of thy grace, The fervants of my God.

## CCCXLII. 7s. D. TURNER.

## The Excellency of Public Worship.

- LORD of hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, thy temples are; Here thy waiting people fee Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious prefence flows, Blifs that foftens all our woes; While thy Spirit's holy fire Warms our hearts with pure defire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne, Here thou mak'st thy glories known; Here we learn thy righteous ways, Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy
  We our happy lives employ;
  Love, and long to love thee more,
  'Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

#### CCCXLIII. L. M. STEELE,

## The Happiness of humble Worship, Pfalm lxxxiv.

- HOW lovely, how divinely fweet, O Lord, thy facred courts appear; Fain would my longing pathons meet The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ, Whom thy indulgent favors raise To dwell in these abodes of joy, And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men whom strength divine, With ardent love and zeal inspires; Whose steps to thy bless way incline, With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy facred gate, Affords more real joy to me, Than thousands in the tents of state; The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a Sun; our brightest day From his reviving presence flows; God is a shield, thro' all the way, To guard us from surrounding soes.
- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down, Profusely down on fouls sincere; And grace shall guide, and glory crown The happy favorites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of holls, thou God of grace, How bleft, divinely bleft, is he, Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face, And fixes all his hopes on thee!

#### CCCXLIV. L. M.

Delight in Gov's House and Considence in him, Pfalm xxvii.

- THOU, Lord, my fafety, thou my light, What danger shall my foul affright? Strength of my life! what arm shall dare To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm, My heart has form'd, and yet shall form, One gift I ask, that to my end Fair Sion's dome I may attend;
- 3 There joyful find a fure abode, And view the beauty of my God; For he within his hallow'd fhrine My fecret refuge shall assign.
- 4 When thou with condescending grace, Hast bid me seek thy shining face, My heart reply'd to thy kind word, Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart, And nature leave a parent's heart; My God, on whom my hopes depend, Will be my father and my friend.
- 6 Ye humble fouls, in every strait
  On God with sacred courage wait;
  His hand shall life and strength afford,
  O ever wait upon the Lord.

#### CCCXLV. S. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

Forms vain without Religion.

A LMIGHTY Maker, God! How wondrous is thy name! Thy glories how diffus'd abroad Thro' the creation's frame.

- Nature in every dress Her humble homage pays, And finds a thousand ways t'express Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My foul would rife and fing
  'To her Creator too,
  Fain would my tongue adore my King,
  And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that bufy fin, Spoils all that I perform, Curs'd pride, that creeps fecurely in, And fwells a haughty worm.]
- 5 Create my foul anew, Elfe all my worship's vain; This wretched heart will ne'er be true, Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend The remnant of my days, And to my God, my soul ascend In sweet persumes of praise.

#### THE LORD'S DAY.

CCCXLVI. 8. 8. 6. Baltimore Tune. MERRICK.

Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship, Pfalm cxxii.

THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd dome
Thy prefence to adore:
My feet the fummons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

- 2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,
  The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
  Their offerings hither bring:
  Here, eager to attest their joy,
  In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
  And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
  O Sion, while with bended knee
  To Jacob's God we pray:
  How blefs'd, who calls himfelf thy friend!
  Success his labor shall attend,
  And safety guard his way.
- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear, Nor the loud voice of tumult hear, Nor war's wild wastes deplore: May plenty nigh thee take her stand, And in thy courts, with lavish hand, Distribute all her store.
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail, How can my tongue, O Sion, fail To blefs thy lov'd abode? How ceafe the zeal that in me glows, Thy good to feek, whose walls inclose The mansions of my God?

CCCXLVII. 7s. Alcester Tune. D. TURNER.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer, Psalm xl. 7, 8.

I HOLY wonder, heavenly grace, Come, inspire our humble lays, While the Saviour's love we fing, Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

- 2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe, Touch'd his tender bosom so, That when justice death demands; Forth the great deliverer stands;
- 3 Cries to God, "Thy mercy shew,
  "Lo! I come thy will to do;
  "I the facrifice will be,
  "Death shall plunge his dart in me."
- 4 Tho' the form of God he bore, Great in glory, great in power, See him in our flesh array'd, Lower than his angels made.
- 5 THe that heaven itself possess'd Now an infant at the breast! Angels from the world above, See and sing th' amazing love!
- 6 Thro' the shining hours of day, Toil and danger mark his way; Lonely mounts, and chilling air, Witness oft his midnight prayer.]
- 7 Now the heavenly lover dies!
  Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
  Angels round the bloody tree,
  Throng and gaze in ecstacy.
- 8 [Power unseen earth's bosom heaves, Rocks and tombs asunder cleave; While the temple's rending veil Tells the priest the awful tale.]
- 9 But the third day's dawning come, Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb! Reafcends his native fky, Where he lives no more to die.

10 On his cross he builds his throne, Whence he makes his glories known, Sends his Spirit down to give Dying sinners grace to live.

# CCCXLVIII. L. M. J. STENNETT:

### The Sabbath.

- A NOTHER fix days work is done, Another fabbath is begun; Return, my foul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, blefs the Lord, whose love affigns So fweet a rest to wearied minds; Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives this day the food of feven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rife, As grateful incenfe, to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose, Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breaft,
  Is the dear pledge of glorious reft,
  Which for the church of God remains,
  The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view, In various scenes both old and new; With praise, we think on mercies past, With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day, In holy pleafures pass away; How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that no'er shall end!

# CCCXLIX. 148th. Carter Lane Tune.

A Hymn for LORD's Day Morning.

- A WAKE, our drowfy fouls,
  Shake off each flothful band,
  The wonders of this day
  Our nobleft fongs demand.
  Aufpicious morn! thy blifsful rays,
  Bright feraphs hail in fongs of praife.
- At thy approaching dawn,
  Reluctant death refign'd
  The glorious Prince of life,
  Its dark domains confin'd:
  Th' angelic host around him bends,
  And 'midst their shouts THE GOD ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
  Heaven with hofannas rings;
  While earth, in humbler strains,
  Thy praise responsive sings:
  Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
  Thro' endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy fword,
  Afcend thy conquering car,
  While justice, truth, and love
  Maintain the glorious war:
  Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
  And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- Make bare thy potent arm,
  And wing th' unerring dart,
  With falutary pangs,
  To each rebellious heart:
  Then dying fouls for life shall sue,
  Numerous as drops of morning dev.

### CCCL. C. M. B---

A Hymn for the Evening of the LORD's Day.

- TREQUENT the day of God returns
  To fined its quickening beams;
  And yet how flow devotion burns!
  How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love, Our frailties, Lord, forgive; We would be like thy faints above, And praife thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope, And fit us to ascend, Where the assembly ne'er breaks up, The sabbath ne'er shall end;
- Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
  With heavenly lustre shine;
  Before the throne of God appear,
  And feast on love divine;
- 5 Where we, in high feraphic strains, Shall all our powers employ; Delighted range the etherial plains, And take our fill of joy.

### CCCLI. C. M. CENNICK.

Lord's Day Evening.

- WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I Behold thee all serene?
  Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
  Without a veil between?
- 2 Affift me while I wander here, Amidft a world of cares; Incline my heart to pray with love, And then accept my prayers.

- 3 [Release my foul from every chain, No more hell's captive led; And pardon a repenting child, For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O fpare the foul,
  That gives itself to thee;
  Take all that I posses below,
  And give thyself to me.]
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
  To be my guide and friend,
  To light my ways to ceafeless joys,
  To sabbaths without end.

### CCCLII. L. M. Gloucester Tune.

The Eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

- THINE earthly fabbaths, Lord, we love,
  But there's a nobler rest above;
  To that our laboring souls aspire
  With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress; Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place; No groans to mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes; No cares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly fabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above; To that our laboring souls aspire With ardent pangs of strong desire.

#### HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

### CCCLIII. L. M. COWPER.

### Exhortation to Prayer.

- WHAT various hindrances we meet, In coming to a mercy feat! Yet who that knows the worth of ayer, But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob faw; Gives exercife to faith and love, Brings every bleffing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
  Prayer makes the christian's armor bright;
  And satan trembles, when he sees
  The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side; But when thro' weariness they fail'd, That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creature's ear With the fad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly fpent, To heaven in supplication sent; Your cheerful songs would oftner be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

### CCCLIV. 7s.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me, Gen. xxxii. 26.

- I ORD, I cannot let thee go, Till a bleffing thou bestow; Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
  Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
  Yet the question gives a plea,
  To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didft once a wretch behold,
  In rebellion blindly bold,
  Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
  That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a finner near defpair Sought thy mercy-feat by prayer; Mercy heard and fet him free, Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd fince then, Many changes I have feen; Yet have been upheld 'till now, Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need, This emboldens me to plead: After so much mercy past, Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold, 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold; I can no denial take, When I plead for Jesus' sake.

# CCCLV. C. M. EDMUND JONES\*.

The fuccessful Resolve—I will go in unto the King, Either iv. 16.

- COME, humble finner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, Come, with your guilt and fear oppress, And make this last resolve.
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin "Hath like a mountain rose;
  - "I know his courts, I'll enter in, "Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, "And there my guilt confess,
  - " I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone "Without his fovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach, "Whose sceptre pardon gives,
  - " Perhaps he may command my touch, "And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea, "Perhaps will hear my prayer;
  - "But if I perish I will pray, "And perish only there.
- 6 " I can but perish if I go, "I am refolv'd to try:
  - " For if I stay away, I know "I must for ever die."
- \* The Rev. Mr. Jones was a truly worthy paftor of the Baptist Church at Exon, Devon: he departed this life, on April 15, 1765, aged 43. His successor was my very amiable friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Lewis, who died Dec. 4, 1774, aged 44 years. This page is facred to his memory.

# HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER. 356, 357.

### CCCLVI. S. M.

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

I UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Chrift the bleeding Lamb, My faith directs its eyes; Thou may'ft reject that worthless thing, But not his facrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost, The law was fatisfy'd; And now to its most rigorous claims, I answer, "Jesus died."

# CCCLVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

Holy Boldness.

- SPRINKLED with reconciling blood, I dare approach thy throne, O God; Thy face no frowning afpect wears, Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' incircling rainbow, peaceful fign! Doth with refulgent brightnefs shine; And while my faith beholds it near, I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
  With courage fing, with fervor pray;
  And tho' myfelf a wretch undone,
  Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on the accurfed tree, Expir'd to fet the vilest free; On this I build my only claim, And all I ask is in his name.

# CCCLVIII. 8. 8. 6. Chatham Tune. J. STRAPHAN.

The Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9-13.

- UR Father, whose eternal sway
  The bright angelic hosts obey,
  O! lend a pitying ear:
  When on thy awful name we call,
  And at thy seet submissive fall,
  O! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend, May rebels to thy sceptre bend, And yield to sovereign love: May we take pleasure to sulfil The facred distates of thy will, As angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
  Our raiment and our daily food,
  In rich abundance come:
  Lord, give us still a fresh supply,
  If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
  And fill the filent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our fins, O God! that rife, And call for vengeance from the skies; And while we are forgiven, Grant that revenge may never rest, And malice harbor in that breast That feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
  And from the wily tempter's power
  O! fet our spirits free:
  And if temptation should assail,
  May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
  And lead our hearts to thee.

# HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 359, 360.

6 Thine is the power, to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,
All glory to thy name:
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding ast of praise
Thy wonders to proclaim.

#### HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

CCCLIX. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

To be fung between Prayer and Sermon, Matt. xviii. 20.

- WHERE two or three, with fweet accord,
  Obedient to their fovereign Lord,
  Meet to recount his acts of grace,
  And offer folemn prayer and praise;
- 2 "There," fays the Saviour, " will I be, "Amid this little company;

"To them unveil my smiling face,

- "And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord, Relying on thy faithful word: Now fend thy Spirit from above, Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

### CCCLX. C. M.

1 Cor. iii. 6. 7.

- I N vain Apollos' filver tongue,
  And Paul's with strains profound,
  Diffuse among the listening throng,
  The gospel's gladdening sound:
- 2 Jefus, the work is wholly thine To form the heart anew, Now let thy fovereign grace divine Each stubborn foul subdue.

CCCLXI. 112th. Uffculm Tune. FAWCETT.

### Before Sermon.

1 THY prefence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear:
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting fervants blef

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting fervants blefs, And crown thy gofpel with fuccefs.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove, And fix our hearts and hopes above; With food divine may we be fed, And satisfy'd with living bread:

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting fervants blefs, And crown thy gospel with success.

3 To us the facred word apply,
With fovereign power, and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting fervants blefs, And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy faving power and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day:

Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting fervants blefs, And crown thy gospel with success.

### CCCLXII. C. M. BEDDOME.

# The Freeness of the Gospel.

I HOW free and boundless is the grace Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

- The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
   May his rich mercy taste;
   He bids the beggar and the prince
   Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those Who do themselves exclude; Welcome the learned and polite, The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name, of every rank and tongue;
  What you are willing to receive
  Doth unto you belong.

# CCCLXIII. 7s. Stoel Tune.

# A Bleffing humbly requested.

- i LORD, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; O! do not our fuit difdain, Shall we feek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way, Now we feek thee, here we flay, Lord, from hence we would not go, 'Till a bleffing thou beflow.
- 3 Send fome message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may feek, and find Thee a God fupremely kind; Heal the fick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in thee.

### CCCLXIV. L. M.

The Pool of Bethefda, John v. 2-4.

- HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I Here in thy ways forgotten lie? When shall the means of healing be The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on every fide step in, And wash away their pain and fin; But I, an helpless sin-sick foul, Still lie expiring at the pool.
- Thou cov'nant angel fwift come down,
  To-day thine own appointments crown;
  Thy power into the means infuse,
  And give them now their facred use.
- 4 Thou feest me lying at the pool,
  I would, thou know'st I would be whole;
  O let the troubled waters move,
  And minister thy healing love.

# CCCLXV. 8. 7. 4. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION. Prayer for Minister and People.

- To proclaim thy wond'rous love!

  Pour thy grace upon this people,

  That thy truth they may approve:

  Blefs, O blefs them,

  From thy fhining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them To partake the gospel-seast: Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them; Every soul be Jesus's guest! O receive us, Let us find thy promis'd rest.

# HYMNS BEFORE SERMON. 366, 367.

### CCCLXVI. L. M. NEWTON.

Casting the Gospel-Net, Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

- NOW while the gospel-net is cast,
  Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
  From numerous disappointments past,
  Teach us to hope in thee alone.
- 2 May this be a much favor'd hour, To fouls in fatan's bondage led; O clothe thy word with fovereign power To break the rocks, and raife the dead!
- 3 To mourners fpeak a cheering word, On feeking fouls vouchfafe to shine; Let poor backsliders be restor'd, And all thy faints in praises join.
- 4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope, That when thy voice shall call us home, Thou still wilt raise a people up To love and praise thee in our room.]

### CCCLXVII. S. M. BEDDOME.

He beheld the City and wept over it, John xix. 41.

- I DID Christ o'er finners weep?
  And shall our cheeks be dry?
  Let floods of penitential grief
  Burst forth from every eye.
- The Son of God in tears, Angels with wonder fee! Be thou aftonish'd, O my foul, He shed those tears for thee.
- He wept, that we might weep, Each fin demands a tear; In heaven alone no fin is found, And there's no weeping there.

CCCLXVIII. 8.7.4. Helmsley Tune. E ... A Bleffing requested.

COME, thou foul-transforming Spirit, Blefs the fower and the feed: Let each heart thy grace inherit, Raife the weak, the hungry feed: From the gospel

Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the bleffing! Which thy word's defign'd to give: Let us all, thy love possessing,

Joyfully the truth receive: And for ever

To thy praise and glory live.

CCCLXIX. 148th.

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35-38. CINFUL, and blind, and poor, 1 And lost without thy grace,

Thy mercy I implore, And wait to fee thy face: Begging I fit by the way-fide, And long to know the crucify'd.

2 Jesus, attend my cry, Thou fon of David, hear, If now thou passell by, Stand still and call me near; The darkness from my heart remove, And shew me now thy pardoning love.

CCCLXX. L. M. Coombs's Tune. Beddome.

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

A SCEND thy throne, almighty King, And spread thy glories all abroad; Let thine own arm falvation bring, And be thou known the gracious God.

#### HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

- 2 Let millions bow before thy feat, Let humble mourners feek thy face, Bring daring rebels to thy feet, Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world Become the kingdoms of the Lord; Let faints, and angels praise thy name, Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

### CCCLXXI. L. M.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- I OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye; See Adam's race in ruin lie; Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground, And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- And can these mouldering corpses live?
  And can these perish'd bones revive?
  That, mighty God, to thee is known;
  That wondrous work is all thy own.
- Thy ministers are sent in vain To prophefy upon the slain; In vain they call, in vain they cry, 'Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe, Life fpreads thro' all the realms of death; Dry bones obey thy powerful voice; They move, they waken, they rejoice:
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful found Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground, Dead saints shall from their tombs arise, And spring to life beyond the skies.

372, 73, 74. WORSHIP.

#### HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

#### CCCLXXII. C. M.

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3-23.

NOW, Lord, the heavenly feed is fown, Be it thy fervants' care Thy heavenly bleffing to bring down,

By humble fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid, And water too in vain; Lord of the harvest, God of grace, Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine;

"Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase, "And be the glory thine."

### CCCLXXIII. 148th. NEWTON.

N what has now been fown,
Thy bleffing, Lord, beftow;
The power is thine alone,
To make it fpring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

### CCCLXXIV. L. M.

The Spread of the Gospel, Matt. vi. 10.

TO distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace! salvation shew.

2 Where'er thy fun, or light arife, Thy name, O God! immortalize: May nations yet unborn confess, Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

### CCCLXXV. C. M.

Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.

- The Christian's facred name,
  Throw up the reins to every lust,
  And glory in their shame;
- 2 Ye faints preferv'd in Chrift and call'd, Detect their impious ways, And on the basis of your faith An heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid Depend from day to day, And, while he breathes his quickening gale, Adore, and praife, and pray.
- 4 Preferve unquench'd your love to God, And let the flame arife, And higher and still higher blaze, Till it ascends the skies.
- 5 With a transporting joy expect
  The grace your Lord shall give,
  When all his faints shall from his hands
  Their crowns of life receive.

# CCCLXXVI. C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Now is the accepted Time.

- To Christ, and heal your wounds;
  This is the welcome gospel-day
  Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son To drink the cup of wrath: And Jefus fays he'll cast out none That come to him by faith.

# 377, 78, 79. WORSHIP.

# CCCLXXVII. I. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Acceptance through CHRIST alone, John xiv. 6.

- How may the guilty hope to find Acceptance with th' eternal mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries, Not the most costly facrifice, Not infant blood profusely spilt, Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone, Hath sovereign virtue to atone: Here we will rest our only plea When we approach, great God, to thee.

### CCCLXXVIII. L. M.

Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

Is Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd To meet with what I thought most hard; Yes, let the winds of trouble blow, And comforts melt away like snow: No blasted trees or failing crops, Can hinder my eternal hopes; Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same, Then let me triumph in his name.

# CCCLXXIX. 7s. Deptford Tune.

Help, Hosea ziii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd for help 1 pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above,
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent, and love,
Help me to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

# HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 380, 81, 82-

### CCCLXXX. C. M.

Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power, See his resplendent bride Attend to hear a prisoner preach

The Saviour crucify'd.

2 He well describes who Jesus was, His glories and his love, How he obey'd and bled below, And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts and trembling cries, "Go for this time away;

" I'll hear thee on these points again "On some convenient day."

4 Attention to the words of life

Let Felix thus adjourn;

Lord, let us make these solemn truths,

Our first and last concern.

### CCCLXXXI. S. M.

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10,

"O THAT the Lord indeed "Would me his fervant blefs," From every evil shield my head,

"And crown my paths with peace!

"Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,

"Till with his faints in Canaan's land,

" My portion he divide."

### CCCLXXXII. C. M.

Pfalm lxxxiv. 8.

LORD God, omnipotent to blefs,
My fupplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.

2 If I have never yet began
To tread the facred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way,
To Zion's bleft abode!

3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Affilt me with thy firength,
And let me fwift advances make,

And reach thine heaven at length!

4 My care, my hope, my first request,

Are all compris'd in this,

To follow where thy faints have led,

And then partake their blifs.

# CCCLXXXIII. 104th. Suffex Tune.

Praise for Salvation.

UR Saviour alone
The Lord, let us blefs,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore faves us
By shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jefus,
Our Lord and our God!

We thankfully fing
Thy glory and praife,
Thou merciful fpring
Of pity and grace:
Thy kindnefs for ever
To men we will tell,
And fay, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

3 Preferve us in love,
While here we abide:
O never remove
Thy prefence, nor hide

HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 384, 385.

Thy glorious falvation,
'Till each of us fee
With joy the blefs'd vision
Completed in thee!

### CCCLXXXIV. C. M. Boston Tune.

Not unto us, Pfalm cxv. 1.

- NOT unto us, but thee alone,
  Bleft Lamb, be glory given!
  Here shall thy praises be begun,
  And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The hofts of fpirits now with thee Eternal anthems fing: To imitate them here, lo! we Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them infpir'd, Like theirs our fongs should rife; Like them we never should be tir'd, But love the sacrifice.
- 4 'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
  Accept our weaker lays;
  And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
  We'll give thee nobler praise.

CCCLXXXV. 8s. Lock Tune. HART.

Our God for ever and ever, Psalm xlviii. 14.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jejus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

386, 387. worship.

CCCLXXXVI. C. M. Newington Tune. CENNICK.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice, In mercy to us speak,

And in our Priest we will rejoice, Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Our fefus shall be still our theme, While in this world we stay, We'll sing our fefu's lovely name, When all things else decay:

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we fing more fweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our fong.

CCCLXXXVII. 6.4. Bermondfey Tune.

Worthy the Lamb.

LORY to God on high!
Let earth and fkies reply:
Praife ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our forrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2- Jesus, our Lord and God, Bore fin's tremendous load, Praise ye his name: Tell what his arm hath done, What spoils from death he won; Sing his great name alone; Worthy the Lamb. 3 While they around the throne Cheerfully join in one,
Praifing his name:
Those who have felt his blood Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ranfom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What the we change our place, Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honor and majesty,
Thro' all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

### CCCLXXXVIII. L. M. HART.

At Dismission.

DISMISS us with thy bleffing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amifs, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

389, 390. WORSHIP.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good, Wash all our works in Jesu's blood; Give every fetter'd foul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

# CCCLXXXIX. 8. 7. 4. Helmfley Tune.

### The fame.

LORD, difmifs us with thy bleffing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love poffeffing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful found,
May the fruits of thy falvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the fignal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready,
Rife and reign in endlefs day!

### CCCXC. C. M.

San Elification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 13, 20.

Now may the God of peace and love, Who from the imprisoning grave, Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep, Omnipotent to save,

### HYMNS AFTER SERMON. 391, 392.

- 2 Thro' the rich merits of that blood, Which he on Calvary spilt, To make th' eternal cov'nant sure, On which our hopes are built.
- 3 Perfect our fouls in every grace
  T' accomplift all his will,
  And all that's pleafing in his fight
  Inspire us to fulfil!
- 4 For the great Mediator's fake, We every bleffing pray: With glory let his name be crown'd Thro' heaven's eternal day!

### CCCXCI. L. M.

The Peace of God Shall keep, &cc. Phil. iv. 7.

- THE peace which God alone reveals, And by his word of grace imparts, Which only the believer feels, Direct and keep, and cheer our hearts:
- 2 And may the holy Three in One, The Father, Word and Comforter, Pour an abundant bleffing down On every foul affembled here!

CCCXCII. 8. 7. Welsh Tune. Newton. May the Grace, &c. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favor Rest upon us from above! Thus may we abide in union With each other, and the Lord; And possess in sweet communion, Joys which earth can not assorb.

393, 4, 5, 6, 7. worship.

#### DOXOLOGIES.

### CCCXCIII. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who made the earth and heaven, Of equal dignity possest, Be equal honors given.

### CCCXCIV. S. M. BEDDOME.

TO the eternal *Three*, In will and effence One, Be universal homage paid, Coequal honors done.

# CCCXCV. L. M. Bp. KEN.

Praife him all creatures here below: Praife him above, ye heavenly host, Praife Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# CCCXCVI. 104th.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men, And publish abroad, again and again, The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace; The gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

### CCCXCVII. 8. 8. 6. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft,
Be praife amid the heavenly hoft,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption blefs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

### THE WORLD.

### CCCXCVIII. L. M. BLACKMORE.

# The Vanity of earthly Things.

- The boalted splendor of the great?
  What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
  And seek with endless toils and sweat?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use, That we their merit may descry; Tell us what good they can produce, Or what important want supply?
- 3 If, wounded with the fenfe of fin, To them for pardon we should pray, Will they restore our peace within; And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life infpire, Nature with power divine renew, With pure and facred transports fire Our bosoms, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive, And yield all comforts here for lost, Will they support us, will they give Kind succour, when we need it most?
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar To hear our final doom we fland, Can they incline the Judge to spare, Or wrest the vengearce from my head?

- 7 Can they protect us from defpair, From the dark reign of death and hell, Crown us with blifs, and throne us where The just, in joys immortal dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
  If these reliefs they cannot grant:
  Why should we such delusions prize,
  And pine in everlasting want?

# CCCXCIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

# Vanity of the World, Pfalm iv. 6.

- I N vain the giddy world inquires, Forgetful of their God,
  "Who will fupply our vast desires,
  "Or shew us any good?"
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth Their eager wishes rove, In chace of honor, wealth, and mirth, The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude Their most intense pursuit: Or if they seize the fancied good, There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lerd, from this world call off my love, Set my affections right: Bid me aspire to joys above, And walk no more by fight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face Upon my bofom fhine: Affor'd of thy forgiving grace, My joys will be divine.

### CCCC. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The rich Fool surprised, Luke xii. 16-22.

DELUDED fouls! who think to find A folid blifs below:
Blifs! the fair flower of paradife,

On earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,

- T' increase his worldly store;
  Too scanty now he finds his barns,
  And covets room for more.
- 3 "What shall I do?" distrest he cries,
  "This scheme will I pursue:
  - " My feanty barns shall now come down,
    " I'll build them large and new.
  - 4 " Here will I lay my fruits and bid " My foul to take its eafe:
    - "Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store "Shall give what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he fpoke, when lo! from heaven The Almighty made reply:
  - " For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
    "This night thyself shall die."
- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
  Are but an empty dream:
  And may I feek my blifs alone,
  In thee the good supreme!

### CCCCI. C. M.

The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of one Soul, Mark viii. 36.

1 L ORD, shall we part with gold for drofs, With folid good for show?
Out-live our blifs, and mourn our loss
In everlasting wee?

- 2 Let us not lofe the living God, For one short dream of joy: With fond embrace cling to a clod, And sling all heaven away.
  - 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear, We all thy charms defy; And rate our precious fouls too dear For all thy wealth to buy.

# CCCCII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

### The Farewell.

- To mortal joys and mortal cares;
  To fenfual blifs that charms us fo,
  Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 Lord, I renounce my carnal tasse Of the fair fruit that sinners prize: Their paradise shall never waste One thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are over-weigh'd With mountains of vexatious care; And where's the fweet that is not laid A bait to some destructive snare?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
  Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
  Angels afpire on lofty wings,
  And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires, My foul pursues the sovereign good: She was all made of heavenly sires, Nor can she live on meaner sood.

# THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

#### CCCCIII. C. M.

The Church described; or, the Stability and Glory of Sion, Cant. vi. 10.

- SAY who is she, that looks abroad Like the sweet blushing dawn, When with her living light she paints The dew-drops of the lawn:
- 2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies Serene her throne she guides, And o'er the twinkling stars supreme In full-orb'd glory rides:
- 3 Clear as the fun, when from the east Without a cloud he springs,
  And scatters boundless light and heat,
  From his resplendent wings:
- 4 Tremendous as an host that moves
  Majestically slow,
  With banners wide-display'd, all arm'd,
  All ardent for the foe!
- 5 This is the church by heaven array'd, With strength and grace divine; Thus shall she strike her foes with dread, And thus her glories shine.

### CCCCIV. L. M. STEELE.

The Presence of CHRIST the Joy of his People.

THE wondering nations have beheld The facred prophecy fulfill'd, And angels hail'd the glorious morn, That shew'd the great Messiah born;

- 2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desir'd, Whom men foretold, by heaven inspir'd, And raptur'd faw the blissful day Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace, His faints behold his fmiling face; And oft have feen his glory shine, With power and majesty divine:
- 4 But foon, alas! his abfence mourn, And pray and wish his kind return: Without his life-inspiring light, 'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry, Our graces droop, our comforts die; Return, and let thy glories rise Again to our admiring eyes;
- 6 'Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love, Thy courts below, like those above, Triumphant hallelujahs raise, And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

### CCCCV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

# Asking the Way to Sion, Jer. 1. 5.

- NOUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way, That leads to Sion's hill, And thither fet your steady face, With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around Your pious march to join; And spread the sentiments you feel Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple hafte, And feek his favor there; Before his footstool humbly bow, And pour your fervent prayer!

4 O come, and join your fouls to God In everlaiting bands,

Accept the bleffings he bestows, With thankful hearts and hands.

CCCCVI. 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE.

At the forming a Church.

Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 13, 19.

GREAT Father of mankind,
We blefs that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care
Our God difplays,
For us to raife
A house of prayer!

2 Tho' once estranged far, We now approach the throne; For Jefus brings us near, And makes our cause his own: Strangers no more,

To thee we come, And find our home, And rest fecure.

3 To thee our fouls we join,
And love thy facred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant grace
Our fouls embrace,
Thy titles fing.

UU2

- 4 Here in thy house we feast
  On dainties all divine;
  And, while such sweets we taste,
  With joy our faces shine:
  Incense shall rise
  From slames of love,
  And God approve
  The facrisice.
- 5 May all the nations throng
  To worship in thy house;
  And thou attend the song,
  And smile upon their vows;
  Indulgent still,
  'Till earth conspire
  To join the choir
  On Zion's hill.

### CCCCVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ, Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

- FATHER of mercies, in thy house Smile on our homage, and our vows; While with a grateful heart we share These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rofe In fplendid triumph o'er his foes, Scatter'd his gifts on men below, And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence fprung th' apostles honor'd name, Sacred beyond heroic fame; In lowlier forms to bless our eyes, Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

- From Christ their varied gifts derive, And fed by Christ their graces live: While, guarded by his potent hand, 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
  Thro' the last courses of the sun;
  While unborn churches by their care
  Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know, The spring, whence all these blessings slow: Pastors and people shout his praise Thro' the long round of endless days.

### CCCCVIII. L. M.

On fending a Member into the Work of the Ministry\*— Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision, Isa. vi. 8.

- OUR God afcends his lofty throne, Array'd in majesty unknown; His lustre all the temple fills, And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.
- 2 'The holy, holy, holy Lord, By all the feraphim ador'd, And, while they stand beneath his feat, They veil their faces, and their feet.
- 3 Lord, how can finful lips proclaim The honors of fo great a name? O for thine altar's glowing coal To touch his lips, to fire his foul!
- 4 Then, if a messenger thou ask
  A laborer for the hardest task,
  Thro' all his weakness and his fear,
  Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

If fung on any other occasion, "his," in the three last verses, may be exchanged for "my."

## 409, 410. THE CHURCH.

5 Nor let his willing foul complain, Tho' every effort feem in vain; It ample recompence shall be, But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

# CCCCIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

- I SHEPHERD of Ifrael, bend thine ear, Thy fervants' groans indulgent hear; Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry, And feek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light, To guide our doubtful footsteps right: Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain, Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return, Nor let thy flock neglected mourn; May our blefs'd eyes a shepherd see, Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

### CCCCX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn, Heb. xiii. 17.

- I ET Sion's watchmen all awake,
  And take the alarm they give;
  Now let them, from the mouth of God,
  Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import, The pastor's care demands; But what might fill an angel's heart, And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for fouls, for which the Lord
  Did heavenly blifs forego;
  For fouls, which must for ever live,
  In raptures, or in woe.

- All to the great tribunal hafte,
  Th' account to render there;
  And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
  Lord, where should we appear!
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach, Their own Redeemer see, And watch thou daily o'er their souls, That they may watch for thee.

### CCCCXI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors after his own heart, Jer. iii. 15\*.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

- SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep With constant care, thy humble sheep;
  By thee inferior pastor's rife
  To feed our fouls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches fuch impart, Model'd by thy own gracious heart; Whose courage, watchfulness and love Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care, Healthful may all thy sheep appear; And, by their fair example led, The way to Zion's pasture tread!
- 4 Here hast thou listened to our vows, And scatter'd blessings on thy house; Thy faints are succor'd, and no more As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke, And bless the shepherd and the flock; Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise, And own this tribute of our praise.
  - \* See Hymn cccevii. and Affociation Hymns.

### 412, 413. THE CHURCH.

### CCCCXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST's Care of Ministers and Churches, Rev. ii. 1.

- WE blefs the eternal fource of light,
  Who makes the stars to shine;
  And, thro' this dark beclouded world,
  Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the churches sovereign King, Whose golden lamps we are; Fix'd in the temples of his love To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preferv'd; Still fed with oil the flame; And in deep characters inferib'd Our heavenly master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
  And all our state surveys,
  His smiles shall with new lustre deck
  The people of his praise.

### CCCCXIII. L. M.

On the dangerous Illness of a Minister.

- THOU, before whose gracious throne, We bow our suppliant spirits down, View the sad breast, the streaming eye, And let our forrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel, And all our trembling lips would tell, Thou only canst assuage our grief, And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.
- 3 Tho' we have finn'd and justly dread The vengeance hovering o'er our head; Yet, Power benign, thy fervant spare, Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

- A vert thy swift descending stroke, Nor snite the shepherd of the slock, Lest o'er the barren waste we stray, To prowling wolves an easy prey.
- 5 Restore him sinking to the grave, Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save; Back to our hopes and wishes give, And bid our friend and father live.
- 6 Bound to each foul by tenderest ties, In every breast his image lies; Thy pitying aid, O God, impart, Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 7 Yet if our fupplications fail, And prayers and tears can naught prevail, Condemn'd on this dark defert coaft, To mourn our much-lov'd leader loft:
- 8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay, Support him thro' the gloomy way, Comfort his soul, surround his bed, And guide him thro' the dreary shade.
- 9 Around him may thy angels wait, Deck'd with their robes of heavenly flate, To teach his happy foul to rife, And waft him to his native skies.

### CCCCXIV. C. M.

At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's farewell Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.

I WHEN Paul was parted from his friends, It was a weeping day; But Jefus made them all amends, And wip'd their tears away.

- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy (Secure no more to part) Where praises every tongue employ, And pleasure fills each heart.
- Thus all the preachers of his grace
  Their children foon shall meet;
  Together see their Saviour's face,
  And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain, Tho' oft and plainly warn'd; Will tremble when they meet again The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall If any perish here; The preachers who have told you all Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to fave themfelves alone,
  Is not their utmost view;
  O! hear their prayer, thy message own,
  And save their hearers too.

### CCCCXV. L. M.

# The People's Prayer for their Minister.

- TWITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend Him whom we now to thee commend; His person bless, his soul secure, And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-fufficient grace, Direct his feet in paths of peace; Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil, And help him to obey thy will.

- 3 Before him thy protection fend; O love him, fave him to the end! Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart, In him thy mighty power exert: That thousands yet unborn may praise The wonders of redeeming grace.

# CCCCXVI. L. M. DR. GIBBONS. The Pafter's Wift for his People\*, Phil. iv. 1.

- MY brethren, from my heart belov'd, Whofe welfare fills my daily care, My prefent joy, my future crown, The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the folid rock, Of the Redeemer's righteoufness, Adorn the gospel with your lives, And practise what your lips profess.
- With pleafure meditate the hour, When he, descending from the skies, Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile, In his all-glorious image rife.
- 4 Glory in his dear, honor'd name,
  To him inviolably cleave:
  Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
  Nor let him lefs than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge, Whose foul desires not your's, but you, O may he at the *Lord*'s right-hand, Himself and all his people view!

<sup>•</sup> Given out at Dr. Gibbons's Meeting-House, July 27, 1782; when the place was to be shut up for repair.

### CCCCXVII. L. M.

At a Choice of Deacons, 1 Tim. iii. 8-13.

- FAIR Sion's King, we supplient bow,
  And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
  Her holy deacons are thy own,
  With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne, we lift our eyes, For bleffings to attend our choice\*, Of fuch whose generous, prudent zeal Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus their own Lord, May they his facred table spread, The table of their pastor fill, And fill the holy poor with bread!
- 4 [When pastor, faints, and poor they ferve, May their own hearts with grace be crown'd! While patience, fympathy, and joy Adorn, and thro' their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to Christ, and truth, O may they win a good degree Of boldness in the christian faith, And meet the smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the work to them affign'd— The work of love is fully done, Call them from ferving tables here, To fit around thy glorious throne.

If this Hymn be fung before the choice, then the fecond line of the fecond verse may stand thus,

<sup>&</sup>quot; For wisdom to direct our choice."

### CCCCXVIII. 8. 7. Carlisse Tune.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God, Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

- I GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zion's city of our God!

  He, whose word cannot be broken,
  Form'd thee for his own abode:

  On the rock of ages founded,
  What can shake thy sure repose?

  With salvation's walls surrounded
  Thou may's fimile at all thy soes.
- 2 [See! the streams of living waters Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint while such a river Ever slows their thirst t'assuage? Grace, which like the Lord, the giver, Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering See the cloud and fire appear!
  For a glory and a covering,
  Shewing that the Lord is near:
  Thus deriving from their banner
  Light by night and shade by day;
  Safe they feed upon the manna
  Which he gives them when they pray. J
- Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!

  Jesus, whom their fouls rely on,
  Makes them kings and priests to God:
  'Tis his love his people raises
  Over self to reign as kings,
  And as priests, his solemn praises
  Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if on Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleafure,
All his boafted pomp and fhow!
Solid joys and lafting treafure,
None but Zion's children know.

#### CCCCXIX. C. M.

The Increase of the Church promised and pleaded, Pfalm ii. 8.

- FATHER, is not thy promife pledg'd
  To thine exalted Son,
  That thro' the nations of the earth
  Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
  "For thine inheritance,
  "And to the world's remotel thore
  - "And to the world's remotest shores
    "Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not faid the blinded Jews Shall their Redeemer own; While Gentiles to his standard crowd, And bow before his throne?
- A [When shall th' untutor'd *Indian* tribes, A dark bewilder'd race, Sit down at our *Immanuel*'s feet, And learn and feel his grace.]
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
  Under th' expanse of heaven,
  To the dominion of thy Son,
  Without exemption given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy Lord!

7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his same:
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

### CCCCXX. C. M.

## Prayer for Missionaries.

- GREAT God, the nations of the earth Are by creation thine;
  And in thy works by all beheld,
  Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has fent Thy gospel to mankind, Unveiling what rich stores of grace Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread The spacious earth around, 'Till every tribe, and every soul' Shall hear the joyful sound:
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
  Enjoy the heavenly word,
  And vassals long-enslav'd become
  The freedmen of the Lord?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribe, A dark bewilder'd race, Sit down at our Immanuel's feet, And learn and see his grace?

6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform Their cruelty to love; Soften the tyger to a lamb, The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt To fpread the gospel's rays, And build on fin's demolish'd throne The temples of thy praise!

### CCCCXXI. L. M.

# Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

- HOW many years has man been driven Far off from happiness and heaven? When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore Thy wandering church, to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past Since Adam from thy sight was cast; And ever since, his fallen race, From age to age are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb? When shall the captive troops be free, And keep th' eternal Jubilee!
- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land, Send thou thine angels and command; "Go found deliverance; loudly blow "Salvation to the faints below!"
- 5 We want to have the day appear!
  The promis'd great fabbatic year,
  When, far from grief, and fin, and hell,
  Ifrael in ceafelefs peace shall dwell.

6 'Till then, we will not let thee rest, Thou still shalt hear our strong request; And this our daily prayer shall be, Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

#### CCCCXXII. 112th.

Gentiles Praying for Jews, Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear Our earnest suit for Abra'ms, feed; Justly they claim the softest prayer From us adopted in their stead: Who mercy thro' their fall obtain, And Christ by their rejection gain.

- 2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide Thro' every nation under heaven, Blaspheming whom they crucify'd, Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n: Branded like Cain, they bear their load, Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forfook,
  For ever cast thy own away?
  Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
  On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
  Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past:
  "All Israel shall be fav'd at last."
- 4 Come then, thou great deliverer, come;
  The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
  Receive thy ancient people home,
  That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
  The world may their reception view,
  And shout to God, the glory due.

ASSOCIATIONS—OR, GENERAL MEETING OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS\*.

### CCCCXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven; or, Gov's gracious Approbation of active Attempts to revive Religion, Mal. iii. 16, 17.

THE Lord on mortal worms looks down From his celeftial throne;

And, when the wicked fwarm around,

He well differens his own.

2 He fees the tender hearts that mourn The feandals of the times; And join their efforts to oppose The wide prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the focial band he bows
His still-attentive ear;
And, while his angels fing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair:
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5 "Yes (faith the Lord) the world shall know "These humble souls are mine:

"These, when my jewels I produce, "Shall in full luttre shine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath "My foes away shall bear,

"That hand which strikes the wicked thro', "Shall all my children spare."

<sup>\*</sup> See also Hymns 403-406, 412-422.

### CCCCXXIV. L. M. B. FRANCIS.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the LORD.

- BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
  Thy ministers their tribute bring,
  Their tribute of united praise
  For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We fing the conquests of thy fword, And publish loud thy healing word: While angels found thy glorious name, Thy faving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various fervice we efteem
  Our fweet employ, our blifs fupreme;
  And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
  We burn like feraphim above.
- 4 Nor feraphs there can ever raife With us, an equal fong of praife: They are the noblest work of God, But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound; Still prune the vine, or plough the ground: Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed, And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our *Lord*, our life, our love, Our care below, and crown above: Thy praife shall be our best employ, Thy presence our eternal joy.

### CCCCXXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Lovest thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and fee;
And turn each curfed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

- Do not I love thee from my foul?

  Then let me nothing love;

  Dead be my heart to every joy,

  When Jefus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
  To mine attentive ear?
  Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
  My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 [Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
  I would distain to feed?
  Hast thou a foe, before whose face
  I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie With angels round the throne, To execute thy facred will, And make thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood In honor of thy name? And challenge the cold hand of death To damp th' immortal flame?
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord, But, O! I long to foar Far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love thee more.

### CCCCXXVI. L. M. BEDDOME.

# Prayer for Ministers.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear, Attentive to our earnest prayer; We plead for those who plead for thee, Successful pleaders may they be!

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
  Do thou their anxious fouls enlarge;
  Their best acquirements are our gain,
  We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe then with energy divine
  Their words, and let those words be thine a
  To them thy facred truth reveal,
  Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to fow the precious feed, Teach them thy chosen flock to feed: Teach them immortal fouls to gain— Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around, Hear from their lips the joyful found; In humble strains thy grace implore, And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let finners break their maffy chains, Diffressed fouls forget their pains; Let light thro' diffant realms be spread, And Zion rear her drooping head.

# CCCCXXVII. 8. 7. 4. Altered by RYLAND Jun.

### Prayer for a Revival.

- SAVIOUR, vifit thy plantation,
  Grant us Lord, a gracious rain;
  All will come to defolation,
  Unless thou return again:
  Lord, revive us,
  All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance Shine upon us from on high: Lest, for want of thine affistance, Every plant should droop and die: Lord, &c.

427. THE CHURCH.

3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd Every part look'd gay and green; Then thy word our spirits nourish'd, Happy seafons we have seen!

Lord, &c.

4 [But a drought has fince fucceeded,
And a fad decline we fee;

Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee:

Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders, Fill'd with zeal and love, and truth? Old professors, tall as cedars, Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the fight how pleafant, Cover'd thick with bloffoms flood; But they cause us grief at present, Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud! Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain:

Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent, Make us prevalent in prayers; Let each one effeem'd thy fervant, Shun the world's bewitching fnares: Lord, &c.

Turn the stony heart to fiesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work a fresh:

Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

# CCCCXXVIII. 8. 7. 4. Kentucky Tune.

# Longing for the Spread of the Gospel.

C'ER the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my foul, be still and gaze, All the promises do travail With a glorious day of grace: Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro, Let the rude Barbarian fee, That divine and glorious conquest, Once obtain'd on Calvary; Let the gospel Lound resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that fit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
From eternal darkness dawn
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

# 429, 430. THE CHURCH. CCCCXXIX. L. M. Gloucester Tune. Beddome.

The Increase of the Church.

- SHOUT, for the bleffed Jesus reigns, Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread: And sinners, freed from endless pains, Own him their Saviour, and their head.
- 2 His fons, and daughters, from afar, Daily at Sion's gate arrive; The'e who were dead in fin before By lovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
  O'ercome by his victorious power:
  Princes in humble posture wait,
  And proud blasphemer's learn t' adore.
- 4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey, Nations remote their offerings bring, And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay To their exalted God and King.
- 5 O may his conquests still increase, And every foe his power subdue; While angels celebrate his praise, And faints his growing glories shew.
- 6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb, From all below and all above; In lofty fongs, exalt his name, In fongs, as lafting as his love.

CCCCXXX. 148th. Carter Lane Tune, S-

The Increase of the Messah's Kingdom.

ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in facred writ
With joy our eyes behold;
Still does thine arm new trophics wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

To thee the hoary head Its filver honors pays To thee the blooming youth Devotes his brightest days: And every age their tribute bring,

And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

O haste, victorious Prince. 3 That happy glorious day, When fouls, like drops of dew, Shall own thy gentle fway:

O may it blefs our longing eyes, And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

All hail triumphant Lord, Eternal be thy reign; Behold the nations fue To wear thy gentle chain: When earth and time are known no more Thy throne shall stand for ever fure.

### CCCCXXXI. 148th.

The compleating of the spiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.

SING to the *Lord* above, Who deigns on earth to raife A temple to his love, A monument of praise: Ye faints around, thro' all its frame. Harmonious found the builder's name.

Beneath his eye and care The edifice shall rife Majestic, strong and fair, And shine above the skies: There shall he place the polish'd stone Ordain'd the work of grace to crown. COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.

CCCCXXXII. 8. 7. Jewin Street Tune. B. FRANCIS.

At a Collection for poor Ministers.

- PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
  Praife him, all ye hosts above;
  Shout, with joyful acclamations,
  His divine victorious love:
  Be his kingdom now promoted,
  Let the earth her monarch know;
  Be my all to him devoted,
  To my Lord my all I owe.
- 2 See how beauteous on the mountains
  Are their feet, whose grand design
  Is to guide us to the fountains,
  That o'erslow with blis divine,—
  Who proclaim the joyful tidings
  Of salvation all around,—
  Difregard the world's deridings,
  And in works of love abound.
- 3 With my substance I will honor My Redeemer and my Lord;
  Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
  All were nothing to his word:
  While the heralds of salvation
  His abounding grace proclaim,
  Let his friends of every station
  Gladly join to spread his same.

### CCCCXXXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Relieving Christ in his Members, Matt. xxv. 40.

- JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
  Thy bounties how complete!
  How shall I count the matchles fum?
  How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light Dost thou exalted shine; What can my poverty bestow, When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
  The partners of thy grace;
  And wilt confess their humble names
  Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
  And visited and cheer'd;
  And in their accents of distress,
  My Saviour's voice is heard.
- Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
   We in thy poor would fee;
   O let us rather beg our bread
   Than keep it back from thee.

#### CCCCXXXIV. L. M.

Of thine own we have given thee, I Chron. XXIX. 14.

- THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs, For me a well-spread board prepares;
  My grateful thanks to him shall rife,
  He knows my wants, those wants supplies.
- 2 And shall I grudge to give his poor A mite from all my generous store? No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee, Shall always find a friend in me.

# 435, 436. THE CHURCH.

### CCCCXXXV. L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

The Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation, Acts x. 38.

- WHEN Jefus dwelt in mortal clay,
  What were his works from day to day,
  But miracles of power and grace,
  That spread falvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue; Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives, Who much receives, but nothing gives, Whom none can love, whom none can thank; Creation's blot, creation's blank:
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day, In generous acts his radiant way, Treads the fame path his Saviour trod, The path to glory and to God.

# CCCCXXXVI. C. M. Bath Chapel Tune.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

- YES, there are joys that cannot die, With God laid up in store; Treasure beyond the changing sky, Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The feeds, which piety and love
  Have fcatter'd here below,
  In the fair, fertile fields above
  To ample harvests grow.

The mite, my willing hands can give, At Jefus' feet I lay;

Grace shall the humble gift receive, And grace at large repay.

#### CHURCH MEETINGS.

### CCCCXXXVII. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Praise for Conversion, Pfalm lxvi. 16.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell,
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

The flatt'ring joys of fenfe Affail'd my foolish heart, While fatan, with malicious skill, Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke, But fell to rife again; My anguish rous'd me into life, And pleasure sprung from pain.

Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length, to God I cry'd; He heard my plaintive figh, He heard, and inflantly he fent Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd, My bleeding wounds he heal'd, Pardon'd my fins, and with a fmile The gracious pardon feal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget The mercy of my God; Nor ever want a tongue to fpread His loudest praise abroad.

# 438, 439. THE CHURCH.

## CCCCXXXVIII. C. M. Bath Chapel Tune.

The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer and Praise.

THERE's joy in heaven, and joy on earth, When prodigals return,

To fee desponding souls rejoice, And haughty sinners mourn.

2 "Come faints, and hear what God hath done," Is a reviving found:

O may it spread from sea to sea, E'en all the globe around.

3 Often, O fovereign Lord, renew The wonders of this day; That Jefus here may fee his feed, And fatan lofe his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praifes too,
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

# CCCCXXXIX. C. M. NEWTON.

Apoflacy—Will ye also go away?

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

Ah, Lord! with fuch a heart as mine,
 Unlefs thou hold me fast;
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know, To fave a wretch like me: To whom, or whither, could I go, If I should turn from thee?

- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
  Thou art the Christ of God;
  Who hast eternal life secur'd
  By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd, Could never reach my cafe; Nor can I hope relief to find, But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me reft, And bid my fears depart; No love but thine can make me blefs'd, And fatisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd, If I will also go? Yet, Lord, relying on thy word, I humbly answer, No!

### CCCCXL. L. M. Paul's Tune. STEELE.

To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life and Safety in CHRIST alone, John vi. 67-69.

- THOU only fovereign of my heart,
  My refuge, my almighty friend—
  And can my foul from thee depart,
  On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go, A wretched wanderer from my Lord? Can this dark world of fin and woe One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart, On these my fainting spirit lives, Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of nature gives.

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear all ye nations, and obey!

## CCCCXLIII. L. M. J. STENNETT.

# A Baptifmal Hymn.

- THE great Redeemer we adore,
  Who came the loft to feek and fave;
  Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
  To find a tomb beneath its wave!
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil "All righteoufnefs," he meekly faid; Why should we then to do his will, Or be asham'd, or be afraid?
- With thee into thy watery tomb,
   Lord, 'tis our glory to defcend;
   'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
   To lie interr'd by fuch a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
  To let us fee the light again;
  So on the refurrection day,
  The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.
- Thus when thou shalt again appear, The gates of death shall open wide, Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear, And rife and triumph at thy side.

CCCCXLIV. 8. 8. 6. NORMAN. Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

- THUS it became the Prince of grace,
  And thus fhould all the favor'd race
  High heaven's command fulfil;
  For that the condefcending God
  Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
  Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice, We make these ways our favor'd choice, And thus with zeal pursue: No; heaven's eternal sovereign Lord Has, in the precepts of his word, Enjoin'd us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
  The gracious mandate of the skies,
  Where condescending heaven,
  To sinful man's apostate race,
  In matchless love and boundless grace,
  His will reveal'd has given?
- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
  Assist us now thy grace to sing,
  And still direct our way,
  To those bright real ns of peace and rest,
  Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
  With one great choral day.

CCCCXLV. 8. 7. Welsh Tune. FAWCETT.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE fouls, who feek falvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior
Own him as your fovereign guide:

2 Hear the bless'd Redcemer call you, Listen to his gracious voice; Dread no ills that can befall you, While you make his ways your choice: Jefus says, "Let each believer "Be baptized in my name:" He himself in Jordan's river, Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsleps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rife.

### CCCCXLVI. Charmouth Tune. C. M.

The Believer constrained by the love of CHRIST to follow him.

DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch fo vile!
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And blefs me with thy fmile!

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd, And all its shame despis'd? And shall I be asham'd, O Lord, With thee to be baptiz'd? 3 Didft thou the great example lead, In Jordan's fwelling flood? And thall my pride difdain the deed That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardor of thy love Reproves my cold delays: And now my willing footsteps move In thy delightful ways.

CCCCXLVII. C. M. Devizes Tune.
RYLAND, Junior.

Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, furmounted—Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56 \*.

I TYTHEN Abram's fervant to procure
A wife for Haac went
He met Rebekah—told his wifh,—
Her parents gave confent.

2 Yet for ten days they urg'd the man His journey to delay;

"Hinder me not," he quick reply'd,
"Since God hath crown'd my way."

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord, My foul to him did wed;

"Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes, "Since God my way hath fped."

4 "Stay," fays the world, "and tafte awhile "My every pleafant fweet;"

"Hinder me not," my foul replies,
Because the way is great."

5 "Stay," fatan my old mafter cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"

"Hinder me not, I will be gone,
"My God has broke thy chain.]"

\* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verk.

- 6 In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll purfue; Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd faints, For I must go with you.
- 7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where he goes; Hinder me not, shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- S Thro' duty, and thro' trials too I'll go at his command; Hinder me not, for I am bound, To my Immanuel's land.
- 9 And when my Saviour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be, Hinder me not, come welcome death, 1'll gladly go with thee.

# CCCCXLVIII. C. M. J. STENNETT.

## Immersion.

- THUS was the great Redeemer rlung'd,
  In Jordan's swelling flood?
  To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,
  In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his facred body laid Beneath the yielding wave, Thus was his facred body rais'd Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey, In thy own footsteps tread; Would die, be buried, rife with thee, Our ever-living head.

CCCCXLIX. 8. 7. Northampton Chapel Tune-Buried with Christ in Baptifm, Rom. vi. 4.

JESUS, mighty king in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vietry o'er the grave;
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising, We the ancient path pursue; Buried with our Lord, and rising To a life divinely new.

# CCCCL. L. M. J. STENNETT. A Baptismal Hymn.

SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow thro' his liquid grave,
The meek the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds, And to a heavenly life aspire; Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd, They shine in clean and bright attire!

3 O facred rite, by thee the name Of Jesus we to own begin:
This is our refurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shews his grace to inful men:
Let faints on earth and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

# CCCCLI. L. M. GREGG. Altered by B. FRANCIS.

# Not ashamed of CHRIST.

- JESUS! and shall it ever be A mortal man asham'd of thee! Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine, O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Fefus! just as soon
  Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
  'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
  Bright morning-star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No; when I bluth—be this my shame, 'That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no foul to fave.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
  'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
  And O may this my glory be,
  That Christ is not asham'd of me!
- 7 [His inftitutions would I prize, Take up my cross—the shame despise; Dare to defend his noble cause, And yield obedience to his laws.]

# BAPTISM. CCCCLII. L. M.

The Candidates—they were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

G REAT God, we in thy courts appear, With humble joy and holy fear, Thy wife injunctions to obey; Let faints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlasting Son, Great things for us thy grace has done; Constrain'd by thy almighty love, Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy affembly here we stand, Obedient to thy great command; The facred flood is full in view, And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.

4 The word, the Spirit, and the bride Must not invite and be deny'd: Was not the Lord, who came to fave, Interr'd in fuch a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name, Receive us rifing from the stream; Then to thy table let us come, And dwell in Sion as our home.

### CCCCLIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side Pfalm cxix. 33.

HOW great, how folemn is the work, Which we attend to-day! Now for a holy, solemn frame, O God to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel, as once we felt, When pain'd and griev'd at heart, Thy kind, forgiving, melting look Reliev'd our every fmart.

- 3 Let graces then in exercise
  Be exercis'd again;
  And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
  In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope, Wake fortitude and joy; Vain world be gone, let things above Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
  To all around we own;
  Drive each rebellious, rival lust;
  Each traitor from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue, To heaven our passions raise, That hence our lives, our all may be Devoted to thy praise.

### CCCCLIV. L. M.

# The Administrator.

- 1 "GO teach the nations and baptize,"
  Aloud th' afcending Jesus cries:
  His glad apostles took the word,
  And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Comiffion'd thus, by Zion's King, We to his holy laver bring These happy converts, who have known And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face, O bless them with peculiar grace: Refresh their souls with love divine; Let beams of glory round them shine.

#### BAPTISM:

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM\*.

### CCCCLV-CCCCLXVII. L. M.

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord belongs, Is always worthy of our fongs: And all thy works, and all thy ways Demand our wonder and our praise.

BEDDOME.

Hofanna to the church's head, Who fuffer'd in our room and flead! He was immers'd in Jordan's flood, And then immers'd in fweat and blood!

J. STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jefus lay, Before he shed his precious blood! How plain he mark'd the humble way, To sinners thro' the mystic slood!

BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord, Come, and obey his facred word; He died, and rofe again for you; What more could the Redeemer do?

BEDDOME.

We to this place are come to fhow What we to boundless mercy owe; The Saviour's footsleps to explore, And tread the path he trod before.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove, On these baptismal waters move; That we, thro' energy divine, May have the substance with the sign.

<sup>\*</sup> As it is now pretty common to fing by the water-fide, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two while they are administering the ordinance, it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.

All ye that love *Immanuel's* name, And long to feel th' increasing flame, 'Tis you, ye children of the light! The Spirit and the bride invite.

### H. F---.

Ye who your native vileness mourn, And to the great Redeemer turn, Who see your wretched state by sin, "Ye blessed of the Lord, come in."

#### H. F---.

Jesus, my Saviour and my all, Methinks I hear thy gentle call; These are the sounds that chide my stay, "Arise, my love, and come away."

## H. F---.

Amazing grace! and shall I still Prove disobedient to thy will? Ah no: dear Lord, the watery tomb Belongs to thee, and there I come.

#### H----

Apostles trod this holy ground, This is the road believers go; My Jesus in this way was found, I charge my soul to tread it too.

#### J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds, and lofty fongs, Let all admire the Saviour's grace, 'Till the great rifing day reveal Th' immortal glory of his face.

#### G----

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft, We humbly dedicate our powers; If with Jehovah's bleffings crown'd, Immortal happiness is ours.

## CCCCLXVIII. 148th.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

- DESCEND, celestial dove,
  And make thy presence known;
  Reveal our Saviour's love
  And seal us for thine own;
  Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
  Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.
- When our incarnate God,
  The fovereign prince of light,
  In Jordan's swelling flood
  Receiv'd the holy rite;
  In open view, thy form came down,
  And dove-like flew, the King to crown.
- 3 The day was never known,
  Since time began its race,
  On which fuch glory shone,
  On which was shewn such grace,
  As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
  On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.
- 4 Continue still to shine,
  And fill us with thy fire:
  This ordinance is thine,
  Do thou our souls inspire!
  Thou wilt attend on all thy sons
  "'Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

## CCCCLXIX. C. M. JAMES NEWTON.

After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.

PROCLAIM," faith Christ, " my wondrous grace

" To all the fons of men ;

"He that believes, and is baptiz'd, "Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those, Who, hoping in thy word, This day have publicly declar'd That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet, may they advance And run the christian race;
  And, thro' the troubles of the way,
  Find all-sufficient grace.

#### CCCCLXX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

A Pradical Improvement of Baptism, Col. iii. 1.

- A TTEND, ye children of your God; Ye heirs of glory hear; For accents fo divine as these, Might charm the dullest ear:
- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death, Your fouls to fin must die; With Christ your Lord, ye live anew; With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's fide he fits, Enthron'd divinely fair; Yet owns himfelf your brother still, And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rife from these earthly trifles, rise
  On wings of faith and love;
  Above your choicest treasure lies,
  And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and fin will drag us down,
  When we attempt to fly;
  Lord, fend thy strong attractive power
  To raise and fix us high.

#### CCCCLXXI. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Reflection of a Baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.

THE holy eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts,
Did then his mind employ?

2 " Is that most glorious Saviour mine " Of whom I lately read?

"Who, bearing all my fins and griefs, "Was number'd with the dead?

3 " Is he who bursting from the grave, "Now reigns above the sky,

"My advocate before the throne, "My portion when I die?

4 " Have I profess'd his holy name!
"Do I his gospel bear

"To Ethiopai's scorched lands, "And shall I spread it there?

5 "Blefs'd pool! in which I lately lay, "And left my fears behind;

"What an unworthy wretch am I!
"And God profufely kind.

6 "Blefs'd emblem of that precious blood "Which fatisfy'd for fin;

"And of that renovating grace,
"Which makes the confcience clean."

7 This pattern, Lord, with facred joy
Help us to keep in view;

The same our work, the same, O make Our consolation too.

## THE LORD's SUPPER.

## CCCCLXXII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

A Preparatory Thought for the LORD's Supper, in Imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1—3.

- WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
  Comes marching downward from the skies,
  Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
  With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he, I know him by the fmiles he wears; Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me, Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- Jo, he reveals his shining breast,
  I own those wounds and I adore;
  Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
  Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favors so divine!

  Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?

  Why for such earthly souls as mine!

  This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed, That nail'd him to the curfed tree; 'Twas his own love this table fpread For fuch unworthy guests as we.
- 6 Then let us tafte the Saviour's love; Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord; With glad confent our lips shall move, And sweet hosannahs crown the board.

#### CCCCLXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

## An Invitation to the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, flarving poor, Behold a royal feaft! Where mercy fpreads her bounteous flore, For every humble guest.

2 See, Jefus stands with open arms; He calls, he bids you come: Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms But see there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart; There love and pity meet; Not will he bid the foul depart, That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the father reconcil'd
Invites your fouls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children tafte The bleffings of his love; While hope attends the fweet repaft Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice, Before th' eternal throne, Ten thousand thousand fouls rejoice, In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more, Are welcome still to come: Ye longing souls, the grace adore; Approach, there yet is room. 474, 475. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

# CCCCLXXIV. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC. Yarmouth Tune.

CHRIST dying, rifing, and reigning.

- HE dies! the friend of finners dies!

  A folemn darkness veils the skies!

  A fudden trembling shakes the ground!

  Come! faints, and drop a tear or two

  For him who groan'd beneath your load;

  He shed a thousand drops for you,

  A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
  The Lord, of glory dies for men!
  But lo! what fudden joys we fee!
  Fefus the dead revives again!
  The rifing God forfakes the tomb!
  Up to his Father's court he flies;
  Cherubic legions guard him home,
  And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
  How high our great deliverer reigns,
  Sing how he fpoil'd the hofts of hell,
  And led the monster, death, in chains!
  Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,
  "Born to redeem, and strong to fave!"
  Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
  "And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

## CCCCLXXV. C. M. J. STENNETT.

A Sacramental Hymn.

f JESUS! O word divinely fweet!
How charming is the found!
What joyful news! what heavenly fenfe
In that dear name is found!

- 2 Our fouls, all guilty, and condemn'd, In hopeless setters lay; Our fouls, with numerous sins depriv'd, To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jefus, to purge away this guilt
  A willing victim fell,
  And on his cross triumphant broke
  The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy;
  He mighty was to fave:
  He dy'd but could not long be held
  A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 Jefus! who mighty art to fave, Still push thy conquests on; Extend the triumphs of thy cross, Where'er the sun has shone.
- O Captain of falvation! make
   Thy power and mercy known;

   'Till crowds of willing converts come
   And worship at thy throne.

## CCCCLXXVI. L. M. J. STENNETT.

## A Sacramental Hymn.

- THUS we commemorate the day,
  On which our dearest Lord was slain;
  Thus we our pious homage pay,
  'Till he appears on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide The curtains of the parting fky: On a bright cloud in triumph ride, And on the wind's fwift pinions fly.

## 477. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train, Cherubs, and feraphs, heavenly hofts;
  Affume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
  As far as earth extends her coafts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once flood, There plant thy banner, fix thy throne; Subdue the rebels by thy word, And claim the nations for thy own.

#### CCCCLXXVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

## Holy Admiration and Joy.

- TESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
  Beholds thy wondrous facrifice,
  Love rifes to an ardent flame,
  And we all other hope difclaim.
- 2 With cold affections who can fee The thorns, the fcourge, the nails, the tree, Thy flowing tears, and purple fweat, Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?
- 3 Look, faints, into his op'ning fide, The breach how large, how deep, how wide! Thence iffues forth a double flood, Of cleanfing water, pardoning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my foul, a balfam flows,
  To heal thy wounds and cure thy woes;
  Immortal joys come streaming down,
  Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown!
- 5 Thus I could fit, and ever fing The fufferings of my heavenly King; With growing pleafures fpread abroad The mysteries of a dying God.

#### CCCCLXXVIII. L. M.

## Meditating on the Cross of CHRIST.

- COME fee on bloody Calvary,
  Suspended on th' accursed tree,
  A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
  With shame, and weltering in his gore.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold To usher in the age of gold? To make the reign of for ow cease, And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis He, 'tis He,—he kindly shrouds His glories in a night of clouds, That fouls might from their rain rife, And heir the unperishable skies.
- 4 See to their refuge and their rest, From all the bonds of guilt released, Transgressors to his cross repair, And find a full redemption there.
- 5 Jesus, what millions of our race Have been the triumphs of thy grace, And millions more to thee shall fly, And on thy facrifice rely?
- 6 That tree, that curfe-empoison'd tree, Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee, Shall in the noblet bleffings shoot, And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 The forrow, fhame, and death were thine, And all the stores of wrath divine! Ours are the glory, life, and blifs! What love can be compar'd to this!

## CCCCLXXIX. L. M. D. TURNER.

- Set him above all Principalities and Powers—Worthy is the Lamb that was flain to receive Glory and Bleffing, Ephef. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.
- NOW far above these starry skies, Our Jesus fills his brighter throne, Invisible to mortal eyes, But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 [The countless hosts that round him stand, The subjects of his sovereign power; Fly thro' the world at his command, Or prostrate at his seet adore.
- 3 Satan and all his rebel crew
  That rag'd to pull his kingdom down;
  Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
  Lie trembling at his awful frown.
- 4 His name above all creatures great,
  He all fustains and all controls;
  Yet from his high exalted state,
  Looks kindly down on humble fouls.
- 5 Tho' in the glories he posses'd, Long ere this world or time began, He shines the Son of God confess'd, Yet owns himself the Son of Man.
- 6 Here once in agonies he dy'd, Now in the heavens he ever lives; Of joy there pours th' eternal tide, Here faves the finner who believes.
- 7 All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail! Ten thousand bleffings on thy name? While thus thy wondrous love we tell, Our bosoms feel the facred flame.

### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

8 Come quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honors raife,
The full falvation promis'd, bring,
Then every tongue thall fing thy praife!

## CCCCLXXX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

## Love on a Cross and a Throne.

- NOW let our faith grow strong, and rife, And view our Lord in all his love; Look back to hear his dying cries, Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 See where he languish'd on the cross; Beneath our sins he groan'd and dy'd; See where he sits to plead our cause By his almighty Father's side.
- 3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
  There love in floods of forrow reigns;
  He triumphs o'er the killing fmart,
  And feals our pleafure with his pains.
- 4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills
  Where the dear Conqueror fits enthron'd;
  Still in his heart compassion dwells,
  Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show How much they love their dying God? Lord, here we'd banish every foe, We hate the fins that cost thy blood.
- 6 Commerce no more, we hold with hell, Our dearest lusts shall all depart; But let thine image ever dwell Stampt as a feal on every heart.

## CCCCLXXXI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

## The Triumphs of the Cross.

- NO more, dear Saviour, will I boalt Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause: The world hath all its glories lost, Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In every feature of thy face, Beauty her fairest charms displays; Truth, wisdom, majesty and grace Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends, 'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
  Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends;
  The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet, (O how marvellous the fight!)
  I fee thee on a crofs expire;
  Thy godhead veil'd in fable night;
  And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But, why from these sad scenes retreat? Why with your wings your faces hide? He ne'er appear'd so good, so great, As when he bow'd his head and died.
- 6 The indignation of a God
  On him avenging justice hurl'd:
  Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
  And nobly fav'd a falling world.
- 7 Thefe triumphs of stupendous grace Surprife, rejoice, and melt my heart; Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze, Nor would I ever thence depart!

# CCCCLXXXII. C. M. Wantage Tune. Dr. J. STENNETT.

## A Sacramental Hymn.

I LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

I that am all defil'd with fin,
 A rebel to my God;
 I that have crucified his Son,
 And trampled on his blood.

What strange surprising grace is this, That such a soul has room! My Saviour takes me by the hand, My Jesus bids me come.

4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you:
"For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,

"And rofe, and triumph'd too."

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts, Lord, we accept thy love: 'Tis a rich banquet we have had, What will it be above?

6 Ye faints below, and hofts of heaven, Join all your praifing powers: No theme is like redeeming love, No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord, I'd give them all to thee: Had I ten thousand tongues, they all Should join the harmony. CCCCLXXXIII. C. M. Bangor Tune. Dr. S. Stennett.

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53-55.

- HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
  To feed on food divine:
  Thy body is the bread we eat,
  Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repalt, Himself comes down and dies; And then invites us, thus to feast Upon the facrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd
  Upon the shameful cross,
  For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
  These heart reviving joys.
- 4 His body torn with rudest hands, Becomes the finest bread; And, with the blessing he commands, Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood, that from each op'ning vein, In purple torrents ran, Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine, That cheers both God and man.
- 6 Sure there was never love fo free,
  Dear Saviour, fo divine!
  Well thou may'ft claim that heart of me,
  Which owes fo much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt furely have my heart, My soul, my strength, my all: With life itself I'll freely part, My Jesus, at thy call.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER. 484, 485.

### CCCCLXXXIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

Jesus wept—he died—fee how he loved us,
John xi. 35.

- SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
  What beauty e'en in grief appears!
  He wept, he bled, he died for you;
  What more, ye faints, could Jefus do?
- 2 Enthron'd above with equal glow His warm affections downward flow; In our distress he bears a part, And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same, He knows the frailty of our frame; Our heaviest burdens he sustains, Shares in our forrows and our pains.

# CCCCLXXXV. C. M. Wantage Tune. STEELE. The Wonders of Redemption.

- A ND did the holy and the just,
  The Sovereign of the skies,
  Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
  That guilty worms mighty rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne, His radiant throne on high, (Surprifing mercy! love unknown!) To fuffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place, And fuffer'd in his stead; For man, (O miracle of grace!) For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell In thy atoning blood? By this are finners fnatch'd from hell,

And rebels brought to God.

5 Jefus, my foul, adoring, bends To love fo full, fo free; And may I hope that love extends Its facred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
 If or favors fo divine?
 O take my all—this worthlefs heart,
 And make it only thine.

# CCCCLXXXVI, C. M. Irish Tune. Dr. Doddridge.

Room at the Gofpel-Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

THE King of heaven his table fpreads, And dainties crown the board; Not paradife, with all its joys, Could fuch delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men, And endless life are given; Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd In sin's dark mazes, come; Come, from your most obscure retreats, And grace shall find you room.

Millions of fouls, in glory now, Were fed, and featted here; And millions more, still on the way, Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so, large, That millions more may come, Nor could the whole assembled world O'er-fill the spacious room.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER. 487, 488.

6 All things are ready, come away, Nor weak excuses frame; Crowd to your places at the feast, And bless the founder's name.

### CCCCLXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

Communion with CHRIST at his Table.

- TO Jesus our exalted Lord,
  (Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!)
  Fain would our hearts and voices raise
  A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know, Are weak and languishing and low; Far, far above our humble longs. The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet, And humbly worship at his feet; O let our warm affections move, In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble fenfes aid, To fee thy wondrous love difplay'd, Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins, Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe With painful, pleafing anguish, flow; And thy forgiving smiles impart Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

#### CCCCLXXXVIII. C. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the facred fong!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

## 489. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
  What mortal tongue display?
  Imagination's utmost stretch
  In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high, Left the bright realms of blifs, And came to earth to bleed and die!— Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
  Our humble thanks to thee;
  May every heart with rapture fay
  "The Saviour dy'd for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme Fill every heart and tongue; Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sacred song.

CCCCLXXXIX. 148. Carmarthen New Tune.
Dr. S. Stennett.

## A Song of Praise to CHRIST.

- That loves the Saviour's name,
  Your noblest powers exert
  To celebrate his fame:
  Tell all above, and all below,
  The debt of love, to him you owe.
- Such was his zeal for God, And fuch his love for you, He nobly undertook What Gabriel could not do: His every deed of love and grace All words exceed, and thoughts furpass

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell?
To fave our fouls from death and hell.

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky'the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

From thence he'll quickly come, His chariot will not stay, And bear our spirits home 'To realms of endless day: There shall we see his lovely face, And ever be in his embrace.

5

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet, tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give:
The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

# CCCCXC. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES. Self-Dedication at the LORD's Table.

I ORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and fav'd by blood divine?
With full confent thine I would be,
And own thy fovereign right in me.

2 Thee my new master now I call, And consecrate to thee my all: Lord, let me live and die to thee, Be thine thro' all eternity.

## TIMES AND SEASONS.

#### MORNING AND EVENING.

## CCCCXCI. C. M. Bedford Tune.

A Morning Hymn.

- TO thee, let my first offerings rise, Whose fun creates the day, Swift as his gladdening influence flies, And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh! So oft vouchfaf'd before! Still may it lead, protect, fupply! And I that hand adore!
- 3 If blifs thy providence impart,
  For which refign'd I pray;
  Give me to feel the grateful heart!
  And without guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
  As vice or folly's cure;
  Patient, to gain that gracious end,
  May I the means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future day Still wifer than the past! And when I all my life furvey May grace fustain at last.

## CCCCXCII. C. M. D. TURNER.

A Morning Hymn.

And stores of darkness lie:

Thou form'st the sable robe of night
And spread'st it round the sky.

- And when with welcome flumbers prefs'd,
  We close our weary eyes,
  Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
  And makes us joyous rife.
- 3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
  Their long eternal doom;
  And loft the joys of morning light
  In death's tremendous gloom.
- 4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
  And still their woes bewail;
  While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
  A thousand pleasures feel.
- 5 To thee, great God, in thankful fongs, Our morning thoughts arise; Propitious in thy Son, accept The willing facrifice.

## CCCCXCIII. 8. 8. 6. Chatham Tune. W-

## Morning.

- I ORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?
  I live to see another day,
  O let me live to thee!
  A thousand years to hope for this,
  Should be unutterable bliss;
  What must fruition be!
- 2 Eye hath not feen, nor ear hath heard, What Jesus hath for his prepar'd, Nor can the heart conceive; Thou hast commanded me, to-day, To live by faith, and I'd obey, Lord, help me to believe.

## CCCCXCIV. S. M. S ...

## A Morning Hymn.

SEE how the mounting fun Pursues his shining way; And wide proclaims his Maker's praise, With every brightening ray.

Thus would my rifing foul
Its heavenly parent fing;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down
 Beneath his guardian care;
 I flept, and I awoke, and found
 My kind preferver near!

Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

5 O! how shall I repay The bounties of my God? This feeble spirit pants beneath The pleasing painful load.

Dear Saviour, to thy crofs
 I bring my facrifice;
 Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And, in thy fervice I would fpend
A long eternity.

## CCCCXCV. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- GREAT God, to thee my evening fong With humble gratitude I raife,
  O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
  And fill my heart with lively praife.
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass, And every gentle rolling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.
- And yet this thoughtles, wretched heart, Too oft regardless of thy love, Ungrateful, can from thee depart, And fond of trifles vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
  Of Jesus: his dear name alone
  I plead for pardon, gracious God,
  And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this bleft hope mine eye-lids close, With sleep refresh my feeble frame; Safe in thy care may J repose, And wake with praises to thy name.

CCCCXCVI. L. M. Magdalen Tune. Br. KEN.

An Evening Hymn.

- GLORY to thee, my God, this night, For all the bleffings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That, with the world, myself and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

## 497. TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that fo I may Rife glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my foul on thee repose!
  And may fweet sleep mine eye-lids close siep that shall me more vigorous make,
  To serve may God, when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I fleeples lie,
  My foul with heavenly thoughts fupply;
  Let no ill dreams diffurb my rest,
  No powers of darkness me molest,
  Praise God, &c.

### CCCCXCVII. C. M. M-

## An Evening Hymn.

- NOW from the altar of our hearts. Let flames of love arife; Affilt us, *Eord*, to offer up Our evening facrifice:
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd, Have made up all this day; Minutes came quick, but mercies were: More fwift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favor, and new joys, Do a new fong require: 'Till we shall praise thee as we would, Accept our hearts defire.
  - 4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set New time upon our score;
    Thee may we praise for all our time,
    When time shall be no more.

#### THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

### CCCCXCVIII. C. M. NEEDHAM.

## On the Spring.

- THE icy chains that bound the earth Are now diffoly'd and gone: Wak'd by the fun, the blooming fpring. Puts his new livery on.
- 2 Where awful defolation reign'd Blest plenty rears her head; Exulting with 2 smile to see Her late destroyer sled.
- 3 Teeming with life th' advancing fun Protracts the falling day; Grand light of heaven! he feems to wiff To make a longer flay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him fet, Beyond the west he slies: Short is his nightly course, and soon He gilds the eastern skies.
- 5 My foul, in every fcene admire The wifdom and the power: Behold the God in every plant, In every opening flower.
- Yet in his word, the God of grace. Has wrote his fairer name:
  The wonders of redeeming love.
  My noblest fongs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace, Shine on this heart of mine;
  Turn thou my winter into spring,
  And be the glory thine.

## 499, 500. TIMES AND SEASONS.

#### CCCCXCIX. S. M.

The Return of the Spring celebrated.

- FROM winter's barren clods, From winter's joyless waste,
  The spring in sudden youth appears,
  With blooming beauty grac'd.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
  How warm the folar beams!
  And to refresh the ground, the rains
  Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 Great God, at thy command Seafons in order rife; Thy power and love in concert reign Thro' earth, and feas, and skies:
- With grateful praise we own
  Thy providential hand,
  While grass for kine, and herb and corn
  For men, enrich the land:
- 5 But greater still the gift
  Of thine incarnate Son;
  By him forgiveness, peace, and joy
  Thro' endless ages run.

#### D. C. M.

## Spring.

- BEHOLD! long wish'd-for spring is come, How alter'd is the scene!

  The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,

  The earth array'd in green.
- Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers
   Beauteous around us fpring:
   The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
   Invite our hearts to fing.

3 But ah! in vain I strive to join Oppress with sin and doubt; I feel 'tis winter still, within, Tho' all is spring without.

4 O! would my Saviour from on high, Break thro' these clouds and shine, No creature then more blest than I, No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive, And overcome my foes:
O make my languid graces thrive
And bloffom like the rofe.

## DI. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

## On a Year of threatening Drought.

- THE fpring, great God, at thy command Leads forth the fmiling year;
  Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers
  T' adorn her reign appear.
- 2 But foon canst thou in righteous wrath Blast all the promis'd joy, And elements await thy nod To bless or to destroy.
- The fun, thy minister of love,
  That from the naked ground
  Calls forth the hidden feeds to birth,
  And spreads their beauties round;
- 4 At the dread order of his God Now darts destructive fires; Hills, plains and vales are parch'd with drought, And blooming life expires.

- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around In angry terror burns, While the earth lies a joyless waste, And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, Lord, in our diffress, Nor with our land contend; Bid the avenging skies relent, And showers of mercy send.

## DII. C. M.

## On a Year of threatening Rain.

- HOW hast thou, Lord, from year to year,
  Our land with plenty crown'd!
  And generous fruit, and golden grain
  Have spread their riches round.
- But we thy mercies have abus'd
  To more abounding crimes;
  What heights, what daring heights in fin,
  Mark and difgrace our times!
- 3 Equal, the awful is the doom, That fierce descending rain Should into inundations swell, And crush the rising grain!
- 4 How just that in the autumn's reign, When we had hop'd to reap, Our fields of forrow and despair Should lie an hideous heap!
- 5 But, Lord, have mercy on our land, These sloods of vengeance stay; Dispel these glooms, and let the sun Shine in unclouded day!

None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

### DIII. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

## The God of Thunder.

- THE immense, th' amazing height,
  The boundless grandeur of our God,
  Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
  And sways the nations with his nod!
- 2 He fpeaks; and lo, all nature shakes, Heaven's everlasting pillars bow, He rends the clouds with hideous cracks, And shoots his fiery arrows thro'.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and sly
  At the blue light'nings horrid glare,
  Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
  When stame and noise torment the air:
- A Let noise and flame confound the skies, And drown the spacious realms below, Yet will we fing the Thunderer's praise, And fend our loud hosannas thro'.
- 5 Celestial King, thy blazing power Kindles our hearts to flaming joys, We shout to hear thy thunders roar, And echo to our father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come, And light'nings round his chariot play, Ye lightnings, sly to make him room, Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

504, 505. TIME OF HARVEST,

#### DIV. C. M.

Summer - an Harveft Hymn.

TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My foul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps; My tongue his goodness sing; Summer and winter know their time, His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleas'd the toiling fwains behold. The waving yellow crop: With joy they bear the sheaves away,

And fow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to fow The feeds of righteoufness: Smile on my foul, and with thy beams The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I Shall reap a glorious crop: The harvest shall by far exceed What I have sow'd in hope.

### DV. C. M.

Harvest-or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvation, Prov. x. 5.

T'SEE how the little toiling ant Improves the harvest hours:
While summer lasts thro' all her cells
The choicest store she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted ting.

3 To-day attend, is wisdom's voice, To-morrow, folly cries: And still to-morrow 'tis, when, Oh! To-day the sinner dies.

4 When confcience speaks, its voice regard, And seize the tender hour; Humbly implore the promis'd grace, And God will give the power.

#### DVI. C. M. STEELE.

#### Winter.

- STERN winter throws his icy chains Encircling nature round: How bleak, how comfortless the plains, Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The fun withdraws his vital beams, And light, and warmth depart; And drooping, lifelefs nature feems An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns In night's dark mantle clad, Confin'd in cold inactive chains, How defolate and fad!
- 4 Return, O blifsful Sun, and bring Thy foul reviving ray; This mental winter shall be spring, This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode, Where spring eternal reigns; And perfect day, the smile of God, Fills all the heavenly plains.

#### TIMES AND SEASONS.

6 Great fource of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

507.

#### DVII. L. M. NEWTON.

#### Winter.

- SEE, how rude winter's icy hand.
  Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the ground,
  But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
  And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My foul a sharper winter mourns, Barren and fruitless I remain, When will the gentle spring return, And bid my graces grow again?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
  'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
  O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
  And let me feel thy vital love!
- 4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry, I faint and droop till thou appear; Wilt thou permit thy plant to die? Must it be winter all the year?
- 5 Be still, my foul, and wait his hour, With humble prayer and patient faith; 'Till he reveals his gracious power, Repose on what his promise faith.
- 6 He, by whose all-commanding word, Seasons their changing course maintain, In every change a pledge affords, That none shall seek his face in vain.

# NEW YEAR'S DAY. 508, 509

#### DVIII. L. M.

The Seafons crowned with Goodness, Plalm Ixv. 11.

- ETERNAL fource of every joy!
  Well may thy praise our lips employ,
  While in thy temple we appear
  To hail thee, fovereign of the year.
- Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
  Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
  The sun is taught by thee to rise
  And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command, Persumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours-Thro' all our coasts redundant stores; And winters, soften'd by thy care, No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days Demand successive songs of praise; And be the grateful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
  And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
  'Till to those losty heights we foar,
  Where days and years revolve no more.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- DIX. 8.7. Jewin Street Tune. Robinson, Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.
- Tune my heart to fing thy grace!

Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for fongs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by slaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Fesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger
Interpos'd his precious blood.

O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm confirain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and feal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

#### DX. L. M.

Help obtained of God, Acts xxvi. 22.

New Year's Day.

- The opening year thy mercy flews:
  Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God; By his incessant bounty sed, By his unerring counsel led.

- With grateful hearts the past we own;
  The suture, all to us unknown,
  We to thy guardian care commit,
  And peaceful leave before thy seet.
- A In scenes exalted or depress'd,
  Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
  Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
  Ador'd thro' all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs, And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our Helper-God, in whom we trust, In better worlds our souls shall boast.

## DXI. L. M. S

The Barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6-9.

- GOD of my life, to thee belong, The thankful heart, the grateful fong; Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord Refounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 'Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath, And chas'd the gloomy shades of death; The venom'd arrows vainly fly, When God our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
  Why does thy hand fo kindly rear
  A ufelefs cumberer of the ground,
  On which no pleafant fruits are found?
- A Still may the barren fig tree stand!
  And, cultivated by thy hand,
  Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
  Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

## 542. TIMES AND SEASONS,

5 So shall thy praife employ my breath Thro' life, and in the arms of death My soul the pleasant theme prolong, Then rife to aid th' angelic song.

## DXII. 7s. FAWCETT.

## A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

- I MY Ebenezer raise
  To my kind Redeemer's praise;
  With a grateful heart I own,
  Hitherto thy help I've known.
- What may be my future lot, Well I know concerns me not; This should fet my heart at rest, What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee refign;
  Father, let thy will be mine;
  May but all thy dealings prove
  Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power, Guard me in the trying hour: Let thy unremitted care Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
  Be directed to thy praise:
  So the last, the closing scene
  Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest, Grant me but this one request, Both in life and death to prove Tokens of thy special love.

#### DXIII. C. M.

## A Wedding Hymn.

- SINCE Jefus freely did appear To grace a marriage-feast; O Lord, we ask thy presence here, To make a wedding-guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down, Who now have plighted hands, Their union with thy favor crown, And blefs the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow, Of all rich dowries best! Their substance bless, and peace bestow, To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
  That they, with christian care,
  May make domestic burdens light,
  By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed, In prayer, and faith, and hope; And fee with joy a godly feed To build their houshold up.
- 6 As Ifaac and Rebecca give A pattern chaste and kind; So may this married couple live, And die in friendship join'd.
- On every foul affembled here, O make thy face to shine; Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer, Than richest food or wine.

514, 515. TIMES AND SEASONS.

#### DXIV. L. M. NEWTON.

A Welcome to Christian Friends .- At Meeting.

- I KINDRED in Christ, for his dear fake, A hearty welcome here receive;
  May we together now partake
  The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
  To know the Saviour's precious name;
  And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
  Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet, Send his good Spirit from above, Make our communications sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme, When christians see each other thus; We only wish to speak of him, Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and faid, And fuffer'd for us here below; The path he mark'd for us to tread, And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away We'll love, and wonder, and adore; And hasten on the glorious day, When we shall meet to part no more.

# DXV. 7s. At Parting.

FOR a feafon call'd to part,
Let us now ourfelves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our eyer-prefent friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer! Tender thepherd of thy sheep! Let thy mercy and thy care All our fouls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong, Sweeten every cross and pain: Give us, if we live, ere long In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford, Ebenezers shall be rear'd; And our souls shall praise the Lord, Who our poor petitions heard.

#### DXVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

## The Christian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- THY prefence, everlasting God,
  Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
  Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
  In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain, Thou dott our lives and fouls fustain; When absent, happy if we share Thy smiles, thy counsels and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit, And feek our comforts near thy feat; Still on our fouls vouchfafe to shine, And guard, and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house,
  Again to pay our thankful vows;
  Or, if that joy no more be known,
  Give us to meet around thy throne.

# 517, 518. TIMES AND SEASONS.

#### DXVII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.

HOW foft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking slax.

2 The humble poor he won't despife, Nor on the contrite sinner frown: His ear is open to their cries, He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threat'ning winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble fouls he bears a part In all the forrows they endure: Tender and gracious is his heart, His promife is for ever fure.

5 He fees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Tho' press'd with fears on ev'ry side, They know not how the strife may end; Yet he will soon the cause decide, And judgment into vict'ry send.

## DXVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Encouragement young Perfons have to feek Christ, Prov. viii. 17.

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In fmiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converfe with you; And lays his radiant glories by, Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The foul, that longs to fee my face,
  "Is fure my love to gain;

"And those that early seek my grace, "Shall never seek in vain."

- 4 What object, Lord, my foul should move If once compar'd with thee? What beauty should command my love, Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys, Vain tempters of the mind! 'Tis here I six my lasting choice, For here true blis I find.

## DXIX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Seek first the Kingdom of God, Matt. vi. 33.

- NOW let a true ambition rife,
  And ardor fire our breafts,
  To reign in worlds above the skies,
  In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold, Jehovah's royal hand A radiant crown display, Whose gems with vivid lustre shine, While stars and funs decay.
- 3 Away each grovelling anxious care, Beneath a christian's aim; We fpring to feize immortal joys, In our Redeemer's came.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize purfue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

## DXX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

#### A lovely Youth falling Short of Heaven, Mark x. 21.

- MUST all the charms of nature then, So hopeless to salvation prove? Can hell demand, can heaven condemn The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—
- The man who fought the ways of truth,
  Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
  A modest, fober, lovely youth,
  Who thought he wanted nothing now?
- 3 But mark the change: thus spake the Lord, "Come part with earth for heaven to-day:"
  The youth, astonish'd at the word,
  In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues, that he boafted fo, This test unable to endure, Let Christ, and grace, and glory go, To make his land and money fure.
- 5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here! Ah fatal love of tempting gold! Must this base world be bought so dear? And life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine, If this vile passion governs me; Transform my foul, O love divine! And make me part with all for thee.

#### DXXI. S. M. FAWCETT.

How shall a young Man cleanse his Way? Psalm exix. 9.

WITH humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray;

O make me learn whilft I am young, How I may cleanfe my way.

Now in my early days,

Teach me thy will to know;

O God, thy fanctifying grace Betimes on me bestow.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone, Renew by power divine; Unite it to thyfelf alone, And make me wholly thine.

O let thy word of grace My warmest thoughts employ; Be this through all my following days, My treasure and my joy.

To what thy laws impart
Be my whole foul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,

O let them dwell within my heart, And fanctify my mind.

May thy young fervant learn,
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

DXXII. 8. 8. 6. D. BRADBERY's, altered.

#### FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Importance of educating Youth.

Congregation.

NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Let music, sweet as incense rise,
With grateful odors to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

#### Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face; Nor let our hearts forget thy grace, Or flight thy providence; When lost in ignorance we lay, To vice and death an eafy prey, Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

## Congregation.

3 O what a num'rous race we fee, In ignorance and mifery, Unprincipled, untaught! Shall they continue still to lie In ignorance and mifery? We cannot bear the thought.

#### Children.

4 Give, Lord, each liberal foul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the facred scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a fympathifing heart,

Lord, 'tis a pleafure to impart,

To thee thine own we give:

Hear thou our cry, and pitying fee,

O let these children live to thee,

O let these children live.

# DXXIII. C. M. J. STRAPHAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

- BLEST is the man whose heart expands
  At melting pity's call,
  And the rich blessings of his hands
  Like heavenly manna fall.
- Mercy descending from above,
   In sottest accents pleads;
   o! may each tender bosom move
   When mercy intercedes.
- 3 Be ours the blifs in wifdom's way To guide untutor'd youth, And lead the mind that went aftray To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim, And God will well approve, When infants learn to lifp his name, And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work! young fouls to win, And turn the rifing race From the deceitful paths of fin, To feek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God! thy influence fled To aid this good defign: The honors of thy name be spread, And all the glory thine.

#### DXXIV. C. M.

## OLD AGE approaching; or, Man frail and mortal.

- TERNAL God! enthron'd on high!
  Whom angel-hofts adore;
  Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
  Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age, And keep my passions cool: Teach me to scan the sacred page, And practise every rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on,
  What's human must decay;
  My friends, my young companions gone,
  Can I expect to stay?
- 4 Can I exemption plead, when death Projects his awful dart? Can med'cines then prolong my breath, Or virtue shield my heart?
- 5 Ah! no—then fmooth the mortal hour, On thee my hope depends: Support me with almighty power, While dust to dust descends.
- 6 Then shall my foul, O gracious God!
  (While angels join the lay)
  Admitted to the bless'd abode,
  Its endless anthems pay.
- . 7 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound, Thy matchless love proclaim, And join the choir of faints that found Their great Redcemer's name.

#### FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

#### DXXV. C. M. Carolina Tune.

## For a Public Fast.

- SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
  Thy mourning people bend!
  'Tis on thy fovereign grace alone
  Our humble hopes depend.
- Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
  Thy dreadful power display;
  Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
  And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is Columbia fpar'd, Ungrateful as we are!
  O make thy awful warnings heard, While mercy cries, "Forbear."
- 4 What land so favor'd of the skies,
  As these apostate states!
  Our numerous crimes increasing rise,
  Yet, still thy vengeance waits!
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine, For error, guilt, and thame! What impious numbers, bold in fin, Difgrace the chriftian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown, Their pleasures they require; And sink with gay indifference down To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord, By thy refiftless grace; Then shall our hearts obey thy word, And humbly feek thy face.

8 Then, should insulting foes invade, We shall not sink in fear; Secure of never-sailing aid, If God, our God, is near.

#### DXXVI. C. M. S-.

A Hymn for a Fast-Day, Gen. xviii. 23-33-

WHEN Abram, full of facred awe, Before Jehovah stood, And, with a humble fervent prayer, For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what fuccefs, what wonderous grace, Was his petition crown'd! The Lord would spare if in the place Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a fingle, holy foul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Columbia guilty as fhe is,
Her numerous faints can boaft,
And now their fervent prayers afcend,
And can those prayers be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee, Now as in ancient times? Or does this finful land exceed Gomorrah in its crimes?

Still are we thine, we bear thy name, Here yet is thine abode; Long has thy prefence blefs'd our land, Forfake us not, O God.

#### DXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

## On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

- I ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare Look up to thy divine abode? Or offer their imperfect prayer, Before a just, a holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful feat, And dazzling glories veil thy face: Yet mercy calls us to thy feet, Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our fouls thy grace adore, May Jesus plead our humble claim; While thy protection we implore, In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war In vain we dare the hostile field; In vain, unless the Lord be there; Thy arm alone our land can shield.
- 5 Let past experience of thy care Support our hope, our trust invite! Again attend our humble prayer! Again be mercy thy delight!
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide, Let thy right hand our cause maintain; Till war's destructive rage subside, And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 Great God, the promis'd period bring, Let standards be no more unfurl'd; Come peace! and bless with balmy wing, The eastern and the western world.

8 When shall the gospel's healing ray (Kind source of amity divine!)
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

# DXXVIII. L. M. Paul's Tune. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies pleaded, Amos iii. 1-6.

- WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
  We view the terrors of thy fword;
  Oh! whither shall the helpless fly;
  To whom but thee direct their cry?
- The helpless sinner's cries and tears
  Are grown familiar to thine ears;
  Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
  When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call, Before thy throne of grace we fail; And is there no deliverance there? And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn, To our forfaken God we turn; O fpare our guilty country, fpare The church which thou hast planted here.
- We plead thy grace, indulgent God; We plead thy Son's atoning blood; We plead thy gracious promifes, And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne, Have brought ten thousand blessings down On guilty lands in helpless woe; Let them provail to save us too.

#### DXXIX. C. M.

## Thankfgiving for Victory over our Enemies,

- TO thee, who reign'st supreme above, And reign'st supreme below, Thou God of wisdom, power, and love, We our successes owe.
- 2 The thundering horse, the martial band, Without thine aid were vain; And victory flies at thy command To crown the bright campaign.
- 3 Thy mighty arm unfeen was nigh, When we our foes affail'd; 'Tis thou hast rais'd our honors high, And o'er their hosts prevail'd.
- 4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
  Into our hands are given,
  Not from defert or strength of ours,
  But thro' the grace of Heaven.
- 5 What tho' no columns lifted high, Stand deep inferib'd with praife, Yet founding honors to the fky Our grateful tongues shall raife.
- 6 To our young race will we proclaim
  The mercies God has shown;
  That they may learn to bless his name,
  And choose him for their own.
- 7 Thus, while we fleep in filent dust, When threatening dangers come, Their father's God shall be their trust, Their refuge and their home.

## 530, 531. TIMES AND SEASONS.

## DXXX. L. M. BEDDOME.

## Peace prayed for.

- N us, oppres'd beneath thy stroke,
  And overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
  Deign, mighty God, with smiles, to look;
  The same thy power, thy grace the same.
- 2 Let peace descend with balmy wing, And all its blessings round her shed; Her liberties be well secur'd, And commerce lift its fainting head:
- 3 Let the loud cannon ceafe to roar, The warlike trump no longer found; The din of arms be heard no more, Nor human blood pollute the ground.
- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands The useless sword, the glittering spear And join in friendship's sacred bands, Nor one diffentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus fave, O Lord, a finking land, Millions of tongues shall then adore, Resound the honors of thy name, And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

#### DXXXI. L. M. STEELE.

Praise for national Peace, Psalm xlvi. 9.

- GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
  A word of thy almighty breath
  Can fink the world, or bid it rise:
  Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms, And rage, and noise, and tumult reign, And war resounds its dire alarms, And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;

- 3 Thy fov'reign eye looks calmly down, And marks their course, and bounds their power; Thy word the angry nations own, And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing, (Sweet peace, with her what bleffings fled!) Glad plenty laughs, the vallies fing, Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wife, and righteous Lord, All move subservient to thy will; And peace and war await thy word, And thy sublime decrees sulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful fongs,
  Thy kind protection still implore;
  O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
  Confess thy goodness and adore.

#### DXXXII. L. M.

Thankfgiving for National Deliverance and Improvement of it, Luke i. 74, 75.

- PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear Propitious to his people's prayer;
  And, tho' deliverance long delay,
  Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong; His power and grace shall be our fong; The tribute of our love we bring To thee, our Saviour, and our King!
- 3 Our temples guarded from the flame, Shall echo thy triumphant name; And every peaceful private home To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honor'd fight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy sear,
'Till life's last hour to persevere.

#### DXXXIII. DoddRidge.

Thanks to God for his ever-enduring Goodness.
Plalm exxxvi. i.

HOUSE of our God with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing; With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim; Let every tongue be vocal with his name: The Lord is good; his mercy never-ending, His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

- 2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills; Ye feraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills, His honors found; you to whom good alone, Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known, Thro' your immortal life, with love increasing, Proclaim your Maker's goodness never-ceasing.
- Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
  Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
  Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
  And lay themselves at his paternal feet;
  With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
  Which thro' each heart diffuseth every blessing.
- 4 Zion enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
  Blest with the rays of thine Immanuel's face,
  Zion, Jehovah's portion, and delight,
  Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his fight,
  In facred strains exalt that grace excelling,
  Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

5 His goodness never ends; the dawn the shade, Still fee new bounties thro' new scenes display'd; Succeeding ages bless this fure abode, And children lean upon their fathers' God:

The deathless soul thro' its immense duration, Drinks from this fource immortal confolation.

6 Burst into praise, my foul; all nature join; Angels and men in harmeny combine, While human years are measur'd by the sun, And while eternity its course shall run: His goodness in perpetual showers descending, Exalt in fongs and raptures never-ending.

#### DXXXIV.

## A general Thanksgiving.

SAY, should we fearch the globe around, Where can such happiness be found As dwells in this much favor'd land? Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds Her choicest blessings on our heads: By God supported still we stand.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore; Science and art their charms display; Religion teacheth us to raife Our voices in our Maker's praife, As truth and conscience point the way.

These are thy gifts, almighty King! From thee our matchless blessings foring; Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies, The raptures liberty bestows, The eternal joys the gospel shows, All from thy boundless goodness rife.

4 With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raife united fongs;
His power and mercy we proclaim;
And flill, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,
Jehòvah here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

Jung as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
May'st thou o'er fair Columbia reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her facred rights maintain.

#### DXXXV. L. M.

## Deliverances, Num. xxiii. 23.

- WHAT hath God wrought! might Ifrael fay,
  When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
  And gave a paffage to their bands,
  Safely to march across its sands.
- 2 What hath Goo wrought! might well be faid, When Jefus, rifing from the dead, Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night, And bless'd the nations with his light.
- 3 What hath Gop wrought! O blisful theme Are we redeem'd and call'd by him? Shall we be led the defert thro'?—
  And fafe arrive at glory too!—
- 4 The news shall every harp employ, Fill every tongue with rapturous joy; When shall we join the heavenly throng, To swell the triumph and the fong!

#### DXXXVI. L. M.

# Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates, &c.

- REAT Lord of all, thy matchless power Archangels in the heavens adore;
  With them, our Sov'reign thee we own,
  And bow the knee before thy throne.
- 2 Let dove-eyed peace with odour'd wing, On us her grateful bleffings fling, Freedom spread beauteous as the morn, And plenty still her ample horn.
- 3 Pour on our CHIEF thy mercies down, His days with heavenly wifdom crown; Refolve his heart, where'er he goes, "To launch the stream that duty shows."
- 4 Over our CAPITOL diffuse, From hills divine, thy welcome dews; While CONGRESS in one patriot band, Prove the firm fortress of our land.
- 5 Our MAGISTRATES with grace fustain, Nor let them bear the fword in vain; Long as they fill their awful feat, Be vice feen dying at their feet.
- 6 For ever from the western sky, Bid the 'destroying angel' sty; With grateful songs our hearts inspire, And round us blaze a wall of fire.

#### SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

#### DXXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

# Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

- THOU only centre of my rest,
  Look down with pitying eye,
  While with protrasted pain oppress
  I breath the plaintive sigh.
- z Thy gracious presence, O my God, My every wish contains; With this, beneath afflictions load, My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care control,
  Gild each dark scene with light;
  This is the sunshine of the foul,
  Without it all is night.
- 4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart Wirh thy reviving ray, And bid these mournful shades depart, And bring the dawn of day!
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight! Where thy full beams impart Unclouded beauty to the sight, And rapture to the heart.
- Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
   My spirit longs to know;
   My wishes terminate in this,
   Nor can they rest below.
- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart Aspire in vain to thee? Consirm my hope, that where thou are, I shall for ever be.

8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
T'hedarksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlassing day.

#### DXXXVIII. C. M. DR. WATTS.

# Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

- I ORD, I am pain'd; but I resign My body to thy will; 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine, Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are thy ways of providence, While they who love thee groan: Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense, Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak, And plead before her God, Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and slowing tears,
  Give my poor spirit ease:
  While every groan my Father hears,
  And every tear he sees.
- 5 [How shall I glorify my God In bonds of grief confin'd? Damp'd is my vigor, while this clod Hangs heavy on my mind.]
- 6 Is not fome fmiling hour at hand With peace upon its wings? Give it, O God, thy fwift command, With all the joys it brings.

#### DXXXIX. C. M. LEECH.

## For a Time of general Sickness.

- DEATH, with his dread commission feal'd,
  Now hastens to his arms;
  In awful state he takes the field,
  And sounds his dire alarms.
- 2 Attendant plagues around him stand, And wait his dread command; And pains, and dying groans obey The signal of his hand.
- 3 With cruel force he featters round His shafts of deadly power; While the grave waits its destin'd prey, Impatient to devour.
- 4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy, Nor let your fears prevail; Eternal life is your reward, When life on earth shall fail.
- 5 What tho' his darts, promifcuous hurl'd, Deal fatal plagues around; And heaps of putrid carcafes O'erload the cumber'd ground;
- 6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
  Were given him from above,
  Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
  And feather'd all with love.
- 7 These with a gentle hand, he throws, And faints lie gasping too; But heavenly strength supports their souls, And bears them conquerors thro'.

3 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad, And all in triumph rife To the fair palace of their God, And mansions in the skies.

## DXL. S. M. BEDDOME.

Submission under Afflicion.

DOST thou my profit feek, And chasten as a friend? O God, I'll kifs the smarting rod, There's honey at the end.

2 Dost thou thro' death's dark vale Conduct to heaven at last? The future good will make amends For all the evil past.

3 Lord, I would not repine At strokes in mercy sent; If the chastisement comes in love, My soul shall be content.

## DXLI. L. M. W\_\_\_\_

Sickness and Recovery.

A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife, 'Till Jesus gave me back my life, My life?—my foul, recall the word, 'Tis life to see thy gracious Lord.

Why inconvenient now to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?

3 He faw me make the fport of hell, He knew the tempter's malice well, And when my foul had all to fear, Then did the glorious Sun appear! 4 O blefs him!—blefs, ye dying faints, The God of grace when nature faints! He shew'd my slesh the gaping grave, To shew me he had power to save.

#### DXLII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness, Ps. cxviii. 18, 19.

- SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand In every chaftening stroke; And, while I fmart beneath thy rod, Thy prefence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried, And thou hast bow'd thine ear; Thy powerful word my life prolong'd, And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness, That, with the pious throng, I may record my solemn vows, And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand Renews our laboring breath: Praise to the Lord, who makes his faints Triumphant e'en in death.
- 5 My God, in thine appointed hour Those heavenly gates display, Where pain and sin, and sear and death For ever slee away.
- 6 There, while the nations of the blefs'd, With raptures bow around, My anthems to delivering grace, In fweeter strains shall found.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

#### DXLIII. L. M. STEELE.

The Shortness of Time and frailty of Man, Pf. xxxix.

- A LMIGH'TY Maker of my frame,
  Teach me the measure of my days!
  Teach me to know how rail I am,
  And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span, A little point my life appears; How frail at best is dying man! How vain are all his hopes and sears.
- Vain his ambition, noise, and show! Vain are the cares which rack his mind! He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe; And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine; My God, I bow before thy throne, Earth's fleeting treasures I refign, And fix my hope on thee alone.

#### DXLIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time, Eph. v. 15, 16.

- GOD of eternity, from thee Did infant-Time his being draw; Moments and days, and months, and years, Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and flow they glide away: Steady and strong the current flows, Lost in eternity's wide sea, The boundless gulph, from whence it rose.

## 545. ... TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 3 With it the thoughtless fons of men Before the rapid streams are borne, On to that everlasting home, Whence not one foul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side Presents a gaudy slattering show, We gaze, in fond amazement lost, Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great fource of wifd on, teach my heart To know the price of every hour; That time may bear me on to joys Beyond its measure, and its power.

## DXLV. 7s. RYLAND, Junior.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Diffosal of his Gon.—My Times are in thy Hand,
Pfalm xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1.

- SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies, Ever gracious, ever wife!
  All my times are in thy hand,
  All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the earth, Fix'd my first and second birth: Parents, native-place, and time, All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb, He shall guide me to the tomb: All my times shall ever be Order'd by his wife decree.
- Times of fickness, times of health; Times of penury and wealth; Times of trial and of grief; Times of triumph and relief;

- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove; Times to taste a Saviour's love; All must come, and last, and end, As shall please my heavenly friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly; Till he bids, I cannot die: Not a fingle shaft can hit Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 O thou gracious, wife and just, In thy hands my life I trust: Have I somewhat dearer still? I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand— Still to the furrender fland; Know that thou art God alone, I and mine are all thy own.
- 9 Thee at all times will I blefs; Having thee, I all posses: How can I bereaved be, Since I cannot part with thee.

#### DXLVI. C. M. STEELE.

Time and Eternity; or, longing after unfeen Pleafures, 2 Cor. iv. 18.

- HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
  Detain our hearts and eyes,
  Regardless of immortal joys,
  And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will foon decay, They fade upon the fight; And quickly will their brightest day Be lost in endless night.

## 547. TIME AND ETERNITY.

- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain! With conscious sighs we own; While clouds of forrow, care, and pain, O'ershade the smiling noon.
- Above these gloomy shades,
  'To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
  Which forrow ne'er invades.
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ever blooming prospects rise, Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, fend a beam of light divine,
  To guide our upward aim!
  With one reviving touch of thine
  Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
  Our ardent wishes rise
  To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
  Immortal in the skies.

#### DXLVII. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Divine mercies in conflant Succession, Lam. iii. 22, 23.

- I HOW various and how new,
  Are thy compassions Lord!
  Each morning shall thy mercy shew
  Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun, Dawn'd on our early days, Ere infant-reason had begun To form our lips to praise.

- 3 Each object we beheld Gave pleafure to our eyes: And nature all our fenfes held In bands of fweet furprife.
- 4 But pleasures more refin'd Awaited that bles'd day When light arose upon our mind, And chas'd our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies then!
  How fovereign and how free!
  Our fouls that had been dead in fin,
  Were made alive to thee.

#### PAUSE.

- 6 Now we expect a day
  Still brighter far than this,
  When death shall bear our fouls away
  To realms of light and blifs.
- 7 There rapturous scenes of joy Shall burst upon our sight: And every pain, and tear and sigh, Be drown'd in endless night.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy wing, O Sun of righteoufnefs, Our happy fouls shall fit and fing The wonders of thy grace.
- Nor shall that radiant day So joyfully begun, In evening shadows die away, Beneath the sitting sun.
- Are thy compassions, Lord!

  Eternity thy love shall shew,
  And all thy truth record.

#### DXLVIII. L. M.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

- I ETERNITY is just at hand:
  And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
  And careless view departing day,
  And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity, tremendous found!
  To guilty fouls a dreadful wound;
  But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,
  How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care, My high purfuit, my ardent prayer, An interest in the Saviour's blood, My pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain, The rising doubt, how sharp its pain! My fears, O gracious God, remove, Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O fearch my inmost heart, And light, and hope, and joy impart; From guilt and error fet me free, And guide me fafe to heaven and thee.

DXLIX. 8. 8. 6. Chatham Tune.

A Prayer for Seriousness, in Prospect of Eternity.

THOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful worm, 1 cry:
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded feas I stand, Yet how infensible! A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to you heavenly place, Or—shuts me up in hell!
- 3 O God, my inmost foul convert,
  And deeply on my thoughtful heart
  Eternal things impress;
  Give me to feel their folemn weight,
  And save me ere it be too late,
  Wake me to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in bright array,
  The pomp of that tremendous day,
  When thou with clouds shalt come
  To judge the nations at thy bar;
  And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
  To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
  With holy trembling, holy fear,
  To make my calling sure!
  Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
  And suffer all thy righteous will,
  And to the end endure!
- Then, Saviour, then my foul receive
  Transported from this vale, to live
  And reign with thee above;
  Where faith is sweetly lost in fight,
  And hope, in full supreme delight
  And everlasting love.

## DEATH.

DL. C. M. Canterbury Tune. Dr. WATTS'S LYRIC.

## Death and Eternity.

- 1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies, Go, search the world beneath, Where nature all in ruin lies, And owns her sovereign, death.
- 2 The tyrant how he triumphs here\*, His trophies fpread around! And heaps of dust and bones appear Thro' all the hollow ground.
- 3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
  How loathsome to the eyes!
  These are the heads we lately knew
  So beauteous and so wife.
- 4 But where the fouls, those deathless things,
  That left their dying clay?
  My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
  And trace eternity!
- 5 O that unfathomable fea! Those deeps without a shore! Where living waters gently play, Or stery billows roar.
- 6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss, Or sink in slaming waves, While the pale carcase breathless lies Among the silent graves.

<sup>\*</sup> Bunhill-Fields.

7 " Prepare us, Lord, for thy right-hand, "Then come the joyful day,

" Come, death, and some celestial band,

"To bear our fouls away."

DLI. 148th. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.

YE virgin fouls, arife, With all the dead awake. Unto falvation wife. Oil in your vessels take: Upstarting at the midnight-cry, Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

- He comes, he comes, to call The nations to his bar. And take to glory all Who meet for glory are: Make ready for your free reward, Go forth with joy to meet your Lord-
- Go, meet him in the sky, Your everlasting friend: Your head to glorify, With all his faints afcend: Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace To fee, without a veil, his face.
- Ye, that have here received The unction from above, And in his Spirit liv'd, And thirsted for his love: Fefus shall claim you for his bride; Rejoice with all the fanctify'd.

7 Rejoice, in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage-feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

The everlasting doors
Shall foon the faints receive,
Above those angel-powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and fin,
With God eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome found;
To fee our Lord appear,
May we be watching found!
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

#### DLIL C. M.

Villory over Death through CHRIST, I Cor. XV. 57.

- WHEN death appears before my fight In all his dire array, Unequal to the dreadful fight, My courage dies away.
- 2 But fee my glorious leader nigh! My Lord, my Saviour lives; Before him death's pale terrors fly, And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above, He met the tyrant's dart, And (O, amazing power of love!) Receiv'd it in his heart.

- 4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast Thy universal sway; To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost, Thy night, the gates of day.
- 5 Lord, I commit my foul to thee, Accept the facred truft, Receive this nobler part of me, And watch my fleeping dust:
- 6 'Till that illustrious morning come, When all thy faints shall rife, And cloth'd in full immortal bloom, Attend thee to the skies.
- 7 When thy triumphant armies fing The honors of thy name, And heaven's eternal arches ring With glory to the Lamb;
- 8 O let me join the raptur'd lays, And with the blifsful throng Refound falvation, power, and praife, In everlafting fong.

### DLIII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIE,

# The welcome Messenger.

- I ORD, when we fee a faint of thine Lie gasping out his breath,
  With longing eyes, and looks divine,
  Smiling and pleas'd in death;
- 2 How we could e'en contend to lay
  Our limbs upon that bed!
  We ask thine envoy to convey
  Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our fouls are rifing on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jefus, then purge my crimes away,
"Tis guilt creates my fears;
"Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 O! if my threatening fins were gone,
And death had loft his fting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7 I'd leap at once my feventy years, I'd rush into his arms, And lose my breath, and all my cares, Amid those heavenly charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this body down, And leave this lifeless clay, Without a figh, without a groan, And stretch and foar away.

# DLIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Defiring to depart and be with CHRIST, Phil. i. 23.

TWHITE on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on either hand, My spirit struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its slight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my foul would be; And faints my much-lov'd Lord to fee; Earth, twine no more about my heart, For 'tis far better to depart.

- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come, And lead the willing pilgrims home! Ye know the way to Fosus' throne, Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blifsful interview, how fweet!
  To fall transported at his feet!
  Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
  Thro' the full beamings of his grace!
- 5 As with a feraph's voice to fing!
  To fly as on a cherub's wing!
  Performing, with unwearied hands,
  The prefent Saviour's high commands,
- 6 Yet, with these prospects sull in fight, We'll wait thy fignal for the flight; For while thy service we pursue, We find a heaven in all we do.

#### DLV. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

- The Prefence of God worth dying for; or, the Death of Moses, Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.
- I ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
  To fee thy lovely face,
  To dwell whole ages in thy fight,
  And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and fings thy name, With rapture on his tongue; Moses the faint enjoys the same, And heaven repeats the song.
- 3 While the bright nation founds thy praife From each eternal hill, Sweet odors of exhaling grace The happy region fill.

4 Thy love, a fea without a shore, Spreads life and joy abroad; O'tis a heaven worth dying for, To fee a smiling God!

5 Sweet was the journey to the fky, The wondrous prophet try'd;

"Climb up the mount," fays God, " and die:"
The prophet climb'd and died.

6 Softly his fainting head he lay Upon his Maker's breaft; His Maker kifs'd his foul away, And laid his flesh to rest.

7 Shew me thy face, and I'll away From all inferior things; Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay, And firetch my airy wings.

#### DLVI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Children dying in their Infancy, in the arms of JESUS, Matt. xix. 14.

THY life I read, my dearest Lord, With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I fee a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
"Protection they shall find in me,
"In me be ever blost.

- 4 " Death may the bands of life unloofe, "But can't diffolve my love:
  - "Millions of infant-fouls compose
    "The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
  "And mould with heavenly skill:
  - " I'll give them tongues to fing my praife, "And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear, And shout with joys divine, Dear Saviour, all we have and are Shall be for ever thine.

# DLVII. C. M. Canterbury Tune. STEELE.

# At the Funeral of a young Person.

- WHEN blooming youth is fnatch'd away
  By death's refistless hand,
  Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
  Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rifing figh, O may this truth, imprest With awful power,—I too must die,— Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
  Behold the gaping tomb!
  It bids us feize the prefent hour,
  To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
  May every heart obey;
  Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
  Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Yefus fly, Whose powerful arm can save; Then shall our hopes ascend on high, And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy fovereign grace impart, With cleanfing, healing power; This only can prepare the heart For death's furprifing hour.

#### DLVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children, Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.

YE mourning faints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust, In fond distress ye lie, Rise and with joy and reverence view A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young branches torn away, Like withered trunks ye stand, With fairer verdure shall ye bloom, Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," faith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;

" No names of daughters and of fons Could yield fo high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight

" My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears, Thro' which thy face we see, And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts Prepare a way for thee.

#### DLIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

- WHAT scenes of horror and of dread, Await the sinner's dying bed! Death's terrors all appear in sight, Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His fins in dreadful order rife, And fill his foul with fad furprife; Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears, And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast, Where'er he turns, he finds no rest: Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries, And, in despair and horror, dies.
- A Not fo the heir of heavenly blifs;
  His foul is fill'd with confcious peace;
  A fleady faith fubdues his fear;
  He fees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and ferene, No terrors in his looks are feen; His Saviour's fmile dispels the gloom, And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love fincere, My judgment found, my confcience clear; And when the toils of life are past, May I be found in peace at last.

#### DLX. 104th.

#### On the Death of a Believer.

- Our brother is gone, the christian is dead; The christian is living in Jesus's love, And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honor and praise are Jesus's due; Supported by grace, he fought his way thro': 'Triumphantly glorious, thro' Jesus's zeal, And more than victorious o'er fin, death and hell, s
- 3 \* Then let us record the conquering name, Our Captain and Lord, with shoutings proclaim: Who trust in his passion, and follow their head, To certain falvation, shall surely be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care, And give us the crown of righteousness there; Where dazzling with glory, the seraphim gaze, Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.
- 5 Within us difflay thy love, when we die, And bear us away to mansions on high: The kingdom be given, of glory divine, And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

#### DLXI. S. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Preparation for Death, Matt. xxiv. 44.

PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

Now let us record the conquering name.

If the last three verses of this Hymn be sung alone, then begin verse the third, thus,

2 In Christ's obedience clothe, And wash me in his blood: So shall I lift my head with joy. Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my fins fubdue, Thy fovereign love make known; The fpirit of my mind renew,

And fave me in thy Son.

Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
'Till my full foul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

#### DLXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Departed Saints asleep, Mark v. 39. 1 Theff. iv. 13,

1 " WHY flow these torrents of distress?" (The gentle Saviour cries)

"Why are my fleeping faints furvey'd

"With unbelieving eyes?

2 "Death's feeble arm shall never boast, "A friend of Christ is slain;

"Nor o'er their meaner part in dust

" A lasting power retain.

3 " I come, on wings of love I come, "The flumberers to awake;

" My voice shall reach the deepest tomb, And all its bounds shall break.

4 "Touch'd by my hand, in fmiles they rife;
"They rife, to fleep no more;

"But rob'd with light, and crown'd with joy,

"To endless day they foar."

5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word; And, tho' fond nature weep, Grace learns to hail the pious dead,

And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing fouls thy fummons wait
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days.

#### DLXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Submission under bereaving Providences, Pfalm xlvi. 10.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the potentate supreme Of all the worlds above, Whose steady counsels wisely rule, Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand Our souls a facrifice; Yet scatters with unwearied hand, A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal blifs He weaves for every brow; And shall rebellious passions rife, When he corrects us now!

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name, We kifs the fcourging hand; And yield our comforts and our life To thy fupreme command.

#### DLXIV. L.M. S-.

Satisfaction in God under the Loss of dear Friends.

- THE God of love will fure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving figh, When righteous perfons fall around, When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought Should with our mourning passions blend; Nor would our bleeding hearts forget Th' almighty ever-living friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills, Our feeble flesh and heart may fail; Yet shall our hope in thee, our God, O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide, Thou art each tender name in one; On thee we cast our every care, And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father God, to thee we look, Our rock, our portion, and our friend; And on thy covenant-love and truth, Our finking fouls shall still depend.

#### DLXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to all, Heb. ix. 27.

- HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
  That Adam's race must die:
  One general ruin sweeps them down,
  And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb furvey, Where you must quickly dwell; Hark how the awful fummons founds In every funeral knell!

- 3 Once you must die, and once for all
  The solemn purport weigh;
  For know, that heaven or hell attend
  On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd, Must wake, the judge to see, And every word and every thought Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold My Saviour and my friend, And, far beyond the reach of death, With all his faints ascend.

#### DLXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE:

# Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

- NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
  And all our team be dry;
  Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
  Which view a Saviour nigh?
- What the of conquering death Does God's own house invade?
  What the of the prophet and the priest Be number'd with the dead?
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
  The aged and the young,
  The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
  And mute th' instructive tongue:
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives New comfort to impart; His eye still guides us, and his voice Still animates our heart.

5 " Lo, I am with you," faith the Lord, "My church shall fafe abide;

"For I will ne'er forfake my own, "Whose fouls in me confide."

6 Thro' every scene of life and death, This promise is our trust; And this shall be our children's song, When we are cold in dust.

DLXVII. 8. 7. 4. Jordan 'Tune.

The Grave; or, Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey thro': Strong deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears fubfide;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

# THE RESURECTION OF THE BODY.

#### DLXVIII. C. M. Carolina Tune.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raifed by the Spirit, Rom. viii. 11.

To grovel in the dust?

Or why should streams of tears unite

Around the expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die, And triumph o'er the grave? Did not our Lord ascend on high, And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the facred Spirit come, And dwell in all the faints? And should the temples of his grace Resound with long complaints?

4 Awake, my foul, and like the fun Burst thro' each fable cloud; And thou, my voice, tho' broke with fighs, Tune forth thy fongs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up, When he had bled for me; And, spite of death and hell, shall raise Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye faints, that dwell in dust, Your hymns of victory sing; And let his dying servants trust Their ever-living King.

#### DLXIX. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

# A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
  And triumph o'er the just;
  While the rich blood of martyrs slain
  Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the fcatter'd shades, The dawn of heaven appears; The sweet immortal morning spreads. Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I fee the Lord of glory come,
  And flaming guards around;
  'The fkies divide to make him room,
  The trumpet fhakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arife!"
  And lo the graves obey:
  And waking faints with joyful eyes
  Salute th' expected day.
- They leave the duft, and on the wing Rife to the midway-air, In shining garments meet their King, And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand Among them cloth'd in white! The meanest place at his right hand Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rife, When our returning King Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies, On love's triumphant wing!

# THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

DLXX. L. M. Angels Hymn Tune.
PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature,
Isaiah xxiv, 18-20.

- How great, how terrible that God Who shakes creation with his nod? He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame Sink in one universal slame.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek For shelter in the general wreck? Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown? See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry; In lakes of liquid fire they lie; There on the flaming billows toft, For ever—O for ever loft.
- 4 But faints undaunted and ferene Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene; Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire, And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend, To thee my ail I dare commend; Thou canst preserve my feeble soul, When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

#### DLXXI. L. M.

The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

METHINKS the last great day is come, Methinks I hear the trumpet found That shakes the earth, rends every tomb, And wakes the prisoners under ground.

- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust, Aw'd by the Judge's high command; Both small and great now quit their dust, And round the dread tribunal stand.
- Behold the awful books difplay'd, Big with the important fates of men: Each deed and word now public made, As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every foul, the books affign The joyous or the dread reward: Sinners in vain lament and pine, No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold, May life's fair book my foul approve: There may I read my name enroll'd, And triumph in redeeming love.

#### DLXXII. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked, Matt. xxv. 41.

- AND will the Judge defcend?
  And must the dead arise?
  And not a single soul escape
  His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips Shall this dread fentence found; And thro' the numerous guilty throng; Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd, "To everlasting flame,
  - " For rebel angels first prepar'd, "Where mercy never came."

- 4 How will my heart endure
  The terrors of that day:
  When earth and heaven, before his face,
  Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
  The mansions of the dead;
  Hark, from the gospel's cheering found,
  What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye finners feek his grace, Whose wrath ye cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of his cross, And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove, By which the Saviour bled; And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head.

#### DLXXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Final Sentence, and Happiness of the Righteous,
Matt. xxv. 34.

- ATTEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice, While Jefus from his throne, Before the bright angelic hosts, Makes his last fentence known.
- 2 When finners, curfed from his face, To raging flames are driven; His voice, with melody divine, Thus calls his faints to heaven.
- 3 "Bless'd of my Father, all draw near, "Receive the great reward;
  - "And rife, with raptures to possess" The kingdom love prepar'd.

.4. " Ere earth's foundations first were laid, "His fovereign purpose wrought,

"And rear'd those palaces divine,

"To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years, "Protested by my power;

"While fin and death, and pains and cares,

" Shall vex your fouls no more."

6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come, This jubilee proclaim; And teach us language sit to praise So great, so dear a name.

#### DLXXIV. L. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

# Come, LORD JESUS.

- WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
  When shall our eyes behold our God?
  What lengths of distance lie between,
  And hills of guilt? A heavy load!
- 2 Our months are ages of delay, And flowly every minute wears: Fly, winged time, and roll away These tedious rounds of fluggish years.
- 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains, Let the eternal pillars bow; Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains, And make the crystal mountains slow.
- 4 Hark, how thy faints unite their cries, And pray and wait the general doom: Come, thou, the foul of all our joys, Thou, the defire of nations, come.

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on, And bless our eyes, and bless our ears, Thou absent love, thou dear unknown, Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

# DLXXV. 8. 7. 4. Westbury Tune.

#### Lo, he cometh.

D! He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
Midst ten thousand faints and angels
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers, Thro' th' eternal deep refounds; Now refplendent shine his nail-prints, Every eye shall see his wounds: They who pierc'd him Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expection,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 "Come, ye bleffed of my Father, "Enter into life and joy;

"Banish all your fears and forrows,
"Endless praise be your employ."
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rife to glory,

Jefus brings them to the King;

There, with all the hosts of heaven,

They eternal anthems fing:

Hallelujah,

Boundless glory to the Lamb.

DLXXVI. 8. 7.4. Helmfley Tune.

Judgment, Rev. i. 7. vi. 14-17. xxii. 17, 20.

I O! he comes with clouds defcending,
Once for favor'd finners flain!
Thousand thousand faints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah,
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall see away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment!

4 Now redemption, long expected, See in folemn pomp appear! All his faints, by man rejected, Now shall meet him in the air! Hallelujah! See the day of God appear! 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

DLXXVII. 8. 7. 4. Painswick Tune. Newton.

# The Day of Judgment.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful found,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing, Cloth'd in majesty divine! You who long for his appearing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!" Gracious Saviour, Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rife to life from earth and fea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to slee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination,

Will furprise your trembling heart, When you hear your condemnation, "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

" Thou with fatan

" And his angels, have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed, Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below; He will say, "Come near, ye blessed, "See the kingdom I bestow:

"You for ever

" Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under forrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raife!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praife:
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

#### DLXXVIII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

# The Last Judgment.

"HE comes! he comes! to judge the world,".

While thunders roll from pole to pole,

And light'nings cleave the skies.

a Th' affrighted nations hear the found, And upward lift their eyes: The flumb'ring tenants of the ground. In living armies rife. 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends, Of hosts divinely bright, The Judge in solemn pomp descends,

Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as fnow,
His eyes a fiery flame,

A radiant crown adorns his brow, And Jesus is his name.

- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
  And fcars his vict'ries tell:
  Lo! in his hand the Conqu'ror bears
  The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
  And at his dread command,
  Myriads of creatures round his feet
  In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peafants here expect Their last, their righteous doom; The men who dar'd his grace reject, And they who dar'd prefume.
- 8 "Depart, ye fons of vice and fin," The injur'd Jefus cries, While the long-kindling wrath within Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now in words divinely fweet, With rapture in his face, Aloud his facred lips repeat The fentence of his grace:
- " Well done, my good and faithful fons,
  "The children of my love;
  - "Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones "Prepar'd for you above."

#### DLXXIX. 8. 8. 6. Chatham Tune.

# Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

- WHEN thou my righteous Judge shalt come
  To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
  Shall I among them stand?
  Shall such a worthless worm as I,
  Who sometimes am afraid to die,
  Be sound at thy right hand.
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
  Before thy gracious feet to bow,
  Tho' vilest of them all;
  But can I bear the piercing thought?
  What if my name should be left out,
  When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent prevent it by thy grace;
  Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
  In this th' accepted day:
  Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
  To still my unbelieving fear;
  Nor let me fall I pray,
- 4 Let me among thy faints be found,
  Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall found,
  To see thy smiling face;
  Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
  While heaven's resounding mansions ring.
  With shouts of sovereign grace.

# HELL AND HEAVEN.

DLXXX. C. M. RYLAND, mior.

Hell, the Sinner's own Place, Acts i. 25.

- LORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
  To "his own place confign'd,"
  What holy fear, and humble hope
  Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been, But fav'd by matchless grace, Or else the lowest, hottest hell Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd, And thitherward rush'd on; And there in my eternal doom Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! (what wondrous matchless love!)
  I call a place my own
  On earth within the gospel found
  And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy faints, A place at Jesu's feet, And I expect in heaven a place Where faints and angels meet.
- 6 Bleft Lamb of God, thy fovereign grace To all around I'd tell, Which made a place in glory mine, Whose just desert was hell.

#### DLXXXI. L. M. Sheffield Tune.

- S INNER, O why fo thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die; Daring to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless against thy God to sty?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal sate, Urg'd on by sin's santastic dreams, Madly attempt th' infernal gate, And sorce thy passage to the slames?
- 3 Stay, finner, on the gospel plains, Behold the *God* of love unfold The glories of his dying pains, For ever telling, yet untold.

#### DLXXXII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.

- I N what confusion earth appears, God's dearest children bath'd in tears; While they, who heaven itself deride, Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my foul attend, And, ere I censure, view the end; That end, how different, who can tell? The wide extremes of heaven and hell.
- 3 See the red flames around him twine, Who did in gold and purple shine! Nor can his tongue one drop obtain T' allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the faint, so poor below, Full rivers of falvation flow; On Abram's breast he leans his head, And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share The meanest of thy servants fare; May I at last approach to taste The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

## DLXXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

# The Joys of Heaven.

- COME Lord, and warm each languid heart, Inspire each lifeless tongue; And let the joys of heaven impart Their insluence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care, And discord there shall cease; And perfect joy, and love sincere Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The foul, from fin for ever free, Shall mourn its power no more; But, cloth'd in spotless purity, Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
  Th' exalted Saviour shines;
  And beams inestable delight
  On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb Join in immortal fongs; And endless honors to his name Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
  Our feeble notes inspire;
  'Till, in thy blissful courts above,
  We join th' angelic choir.

#### DLXXXIV. C. M. Cambridge New Tune. Dr. S. Stennett.

## The promised Lana.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
- 2 'O the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers of delight!
- There generous fruits that never fail,
  On trees immortal grow:
  There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
  With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day: There God the Sun for ever reigns, And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore: Sickness, and forrow, pain and death Are selt and sear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place, And be for ever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd foul Can here no longer stay: Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

DLXXXV. 50th. Cherriton Tune. J. STRAPHAN.

#### Heaven.

N wings of faith, mount up my foul and rife, View thine inheritance beyond the skies:

Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell:

Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin and death and hell, he reigns victorious.

No gnawing grief, no fad heart-rending pain, In that bleft country can admission gain; No forrow there, no foul-tormenting fear, For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear. Here our Redecmer lives, &c.

- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides, Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides: Here the fair tree of life majestic rears Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears. Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rifing fun his needless beams displays, No fickly moon emits her feeble rays: The Godhead here celestial glory sheds, Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads. Here our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!

  Fesus, to thee, my longing soul aspires!

  When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,

  When leave this earth, and when begin to live?

  For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,

  O'er sin and death and hell, he reigns victorious.

#### DLXXXVI. P. M.

Departing flight of the Happy Spirit.
VITAL spark of heavenly flame;
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the blis of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away:
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
The world recedes; it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

With founds feraphic ring; Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy fling?

# DLXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

The Worship of Heaven, John xvii. 24.

- To a fweet, infpiring ray,
  To animate our feeble strains,
  From the bright realms of endless day,
  The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne, Adoring faints and angels fall; And with delightful worship own His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head, While tuneful hallelujahs rife, And love, and joy, and triumph fpread Thro' all th' affemblies of the skies.

- 4 He fmiles, and feraphs tune their fongs, To boundless rapture while they gaze; Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the favorites of the Lamb Shall join at last the heavenly choir; O may the joy-inspiring theme Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit feal Our interest in that blissful place; 'Till death remove this mortal veil, And we behold thy lovely face.

#### DLXXXVIII. C. M. Elim Tune:

# The everlasting Song.

- TARTH has engrofs'd my love too long;
  'Tis time I lift mine eyes
  Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
  And to my native skies.
- 2 There the bleft Man my Saviour fits; The God how bright he shines! And scatters infinite delights On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains, Circle the throne around; And move and charm the starry plains, With an immortal found.
- 4 Jefus, the Lord, their harps employs; Jefus, my love, they fing:
  Jefus, the life of both our joys,
  Sounds fweet from every ftring.

- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds Of time and space they run; And echo in majestic sounds The Godhead of the Son!
- 6 And now they fink the lofty tune, And gentler notes they play; And bring the Father's equal down To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O facred beauties of the Man!
  (The God refides within:)
  His flesh all pure without a stain;
  His foul without a fin:
- But, when to Calvary they turn, Silent their harps abide: Sufpended fongs, a moment, mourn The God that lov'd and dy'd.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains They summon every chord: Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains, And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their fong, And be an angel too; My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.
- It I would begin the music here,
  And so my soul should rise:
  O for some heavenly notes to bear
  My passions to the skies!
- There I would fain have place,
  Among your thrones, or at your feet,
  So I might fee his face.

#### DLXXXIX. 75.

GLORY to the Father's name, Jesu's excellence proclaim, Sing the bleffed Spirit's praife, Angels swell the notes we raise.

DXC. 112th.

PRAISE Father, Son and Holy Ghofts Ye fuff'ring and triumphant host : One God, in persons three adore, The fame in majesty and pow'r:

Shout to the great Jehovah's praise Ye fons of glory and of grace.

DXCI. 8. 7. 4.

GLORY be to God the Father, Glory to the eternal Son; Sound aloud the Spirit's praifes, Join the elders round throne:

Hallelujah,

Hail the glorious Three in One !

DXCII. 148th.

GIVE to the Father praise, Give giory to the Son; And to the Holy Ghoft, Be equal honor done: Our mercies thee their author claim, All honor to th' eternal name.

#### DXCIII.

TO God the great Father be praise, All glory to Jesus the Son; And to the bleft Spirit of peace, Let honors coequal be done.

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